

**MODERN
NOVELS:**

V O L. IV.

CONTAINING,

- I. Character of Love.
 - II. New Disorders of Love.
 - III. Triumphs of Love.
 - IV. Victorious Lovers.
-

L O N D O N,

Printed for *R. Bentley*, in *Russel street*,
in *Covent-Garden*, 1692.

MODERN

NOVELS:

VOL. IV.



THE
CHARACTER
OF
LOVE,

Guided by
INCLINATION.

Instanced in Two true Histories.

Translated out of French.

Licensed, Octob. 16. 1685. Ro. L'Estrange.

L O N D O N :

Printed for R. Bentley in Russel-
street in Covent-Garden, near
the Piazza, 1686.

CHARACTER

LOVE

ENCLOSURE



London, 10 August

My dear Sir,

I have the honor

to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 2nd inst.

and in reply to inform you that the same has been forwarded to the proper authorities for their consideration.

I am, Sir, very respectfully,
Your obedient servant,
J. B. Esq.

(I)

THE
CHARACTER
OF
LOVE,

Guided by
INCLINATION.

A Man of Quality, not having
Estate enough to support his
Quality and Birth at the
Court, was forced to retire
into the Countrey; and espe-
cially because the Peace, which then
reigned throughout all Europe, bereaved
him of the hopes of those Employments,

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which he might pretend to in a time of War: his Name was *Polydamus*. This made him choose to settle in one of the greatest Province-Cities of this Kingdom, where having married a Lady of Riches and Quality, whose Name was *Olympia*, he lived with a great deal of Consideration and Splendor.

Polydamus and *Olympia* having lived several years without having any Children, were at length rewarded by Heaven for this long and patient expectation, with a Son. To this Son they gave the Name of *Alexander*, who being born of a Family, wherein Wit and Vertue were as it were hereditary, and his Veins filled with illustrious Blood, promised all that could be hoped for, from so happy a Birth. These Parents did not, as most Fathers and Mothers do, leave the Education of their Children solely to the Conduct of Tutors and Governours, whose mercenary Souls make them very often little concern themselves with the Improvement of the Children they are intrusted with. *Olympia*, Mother to *Alexander*, hardly suffer'd him to go out of her sight; and *Polydamus*, his Father, who was as it were the Overseer of his Edu-

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Education, had always an eye to the Conduct of those who governed him, to correct them when they committed any Error, and to encourage them when they shewed any remissness.

In the first years of his Infancy, *Alcander* made the Tenderness of his Parents, and the Skill of his Masters become desperate. He had a Fieryness in his Mind, which nothing was able to stop: His Motions were so sudden and violent, that for a long time he was thought incapable of Discipline. Whatever he had a mind to, he desired with an invincible Heat, and an unsupportable Obstinacy; yet this Mind which nothing could tame, had Intervals which discover'd in it a great and a charming Goodness. He made appear at several times in his Actions and Words an admirable Nature, a great generosity of Mind and Courage, a great deal of Reason, Equity, and a Love for all great things; but nothing was able to fix him, or make him tractable, either for the Exercises of the Mind or Body. This extream eagerness of Mind, and this Intractability, which was thought unconquerable, lasted till he was 15 years old: And it is here we are to

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admire the power of Inclination, and the surprizing Effect it had upon *Alcander*.

Lirana, who was a Friend and Neighbour to *Olympia*, had a Daughter called *Celintba*, who often was in company with *Alcander*, she often coming to visit *Olympia*. *Celintba* had a tolerable Beauty, an agreeableness and a sweetness in her Temper, and a great stock of Goodness in her Heart, which was her principal Merit: And as she was some years older than he was, she had over him some superiority of Reason, and a great Ascendant. This Commerce which the conveniency of the Neighbourhood kept up, doubled it self by Pleasure and Custom, and this Custom insensibly became a Necessity to *Alcander*; he could now no more be satisfied without seeing *Celintba*; his Mind, which nothing before could settle, now applies it self solely to *Celintba*; he neither lives, acts, nor sighs but for her: And that which is most wonderful, is, that *Alcander* who loved Beauty, and who suffer'd himself to be taken every time it presented it self before him, finds in *Celintba* an I know not what, which makes him forget all the Beau-

The Character of Love. 5

Beauties of the World ; his desire of seeing her, became violent, hasty and restless. *Olympia* who had always her eyes upon her Son, was the first that perceived it ; she soon found that this Passion for a young Gentlewoman, whose Wit or Beauty had nothing of extraordinary in them, and who had nothing in her which should cause any great Passions, could proceed from nothing, but that blind Inclination, and that invincible Instinct, which makes us sometimes love Persons, who have nothing that is amiable in them in the eyes of others.

This sort of Passion which is so violent, even in those who are fortified with Reason and Experience, is much more so in the Minds of those who know neither Love nor Reason, and who give it more power by Ignorance, and the weakness of their Age. This had produced such great Effects upon *Alcander*, that to oppose such a dangerous beginning, *Olympia* resolved to break the Commerce which he had with *Celintia*. She had at first allowed of her frequent Visits, because she was glad to see her Son was capable of fixing his Mind upon any thing ; but seeing that this Engage-

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ment went too far, she thought it necessary, without any delay, to hinder the Consequences. This Remedy was worse than the Disease ; for if her Sons Thoughts were naturally too much distracted by his too great vivacity of Mind, they were yet much more so by the heat of his Passion, and by the continual Disturbances which the absence of *Celintha* caused in him. This impetuous Vivacity which appeared in all his Actions, yielding at last to a deadly Melancholy, he was soon seen to fall into a deep and lasting Thoughtfulness, which made *Olympia* very much apprehend the consequence of so prodigious a Change. This fear caused her to take another method for his Cure : She had a Niece, whose Name was *Parthenia*, whom she tenderly loved, and she invited to accompany her, many young Ladies of her own Age and Quality , who helping to divert her, made use at the same time of their Wit and Beauty to amuse *Alexander*, and to divert him from, or at least to weaken the Passion he had for *Celintha*. These Ladies, who were but just out of their Childhood, had however heard the noise, which this new and so extraordinary a Pas-

Pas-

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Passion of *Alcander* for *Celintba* had made, so that they conceived towards her a sort of Jealousie, or Envy, or Emulation, which made them forget nothing of what their Age could furnish, of little Plays and Pastimes, to divert the sad *Alcander*, and to please him. Their Endeavours succeeded well at first; *Alcander's* Passion seemed to lye asleep sometimes, but also at other times, even in the midst of his Pleasures and Diversions, this Passion would awaken it self with so much force, that he often fell on a sudden into a dismal Melancholy. These little Rivals of *Celintba* were offended at it; for there is a little jealous Pride incident to all Ages: They could not restrain themselves from letting it appear, and took at these Disturbances of *Alcander* such offence, as usually wounds Beauties so cruelly, when they see themselves neglected; one discovers a great deal of Sharpness and Anger; another in a low Tone, but loud enough to be heard, terms the Passion he has for *Celintba*, a ridiculous Whimsie. What mortal Wounds did not these Discourses make in the heart of the amorous *Alcander*? What Efforts did not he make to restrain his Resentment and Im-

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patience? And to what a degree was his Pride, which was little less than his Love, humbled to see himself, for a Person, of whom so little account was made, so great a Slave to a Passion, which he was not able to overcome? Having at last master'd the Transports with which he was agitated, and being willing to speak to excuse himself, and justify his Passion, all the Company left him upon a sudden, and leaves him in a strange Confusion. *Parthenia*, who was not less provoked than her Friends, by the procedure of *Alcander*, made him such Reproaches, as made him desperate. *Ab* my dearest Kinswoman, said he, with a Tone which was able to disarm the most just Resentment, *If you knew the violence which I have done to my self, to bring me again to my self, and to render me some way acceptable to those lovely Persons, whose quarrel you so justly take up, you would have some pity on an unhappy man, whom you now think worthy of your Anger! You do not know the Torment I have suffer'd, in seeing my self forced to entertain Persons that are indifferent to me, and to make answer to them all, whilst I spoke at the bottom of my heart to none but the Person I love: What was I*
able

able to do, or what was it in my power to say in a place where I saw no body, but a Person who was not there?

Polydamus, who was a severe, and an imperious Father, and who for a long time had been from his own house, upon affairs of great Importance, heard at his Return with great Affliction, the headstrong-passion his Son had for *Celintha*; and he having hoped to find in *Alcander* wherewith to re-establish his Family, and to call back Fortune, which had almost abandon'd it, seeing nothing in *Celintha's* Fortune, which was not much below his Ambition, and the Projects of Preferment, which he had formed for his Son, was resolved to remove him to a greater distance from *Celintha*, and to carry him to an Estate he had in an another Country. He forms his Design with Precipitation, not so much as consulting even with *Olympia*; he gives his Orders, and the Execution of them is so quick, that *Alcander* has not time to take leave of *Celintha*. So soon as *Polydamus* was arrived at his Country-house, not being ignorant of his Son's Grief, nor wanting natural Affection, he endeavours to divert him with all that a fine House can have of Diversions

sions and Pleasures. He now expects from him but a sleight Application to his Study and Exercises, and dispenses with those rigorous Duties to which his severity was accustomed indispensably to oblige him. But all that *Polydamus* can do for his Son cannot comfort him for the Absence of *Celintha*; all the Pleasure he finds in the Liberty allowed to him by his Father, is sometimes to steal from those which accompany him, and to go into some retired private place to enjoy this Grief, and taste the only Pleasure left to the unfortunate, that is, to shed Tears with freedom; which cruel Decency forces them sometimes to refrain. The Image of *Celintha* took him up so much, that being come to the Bank of a little Brook, which divided the Lands belonging to *Polydamus* from those of one of his Neighbours; and seeing a young Lady who came upon the Bank on the other side of the River, he thought he saw *Celintha*, and without hesitating, threw himself into a little Boat which was there, and came near her before she could perceive him; *Is it you* (cryed he) *my dearest Celintha?* *Is it you* (answered she) *Lisidor?* So after having

having looked upon each other with some Disorder and Shame, for having been mistaken, they asked each other Pardon for the Error they both had fallen into : *It is then* (said Alcander) *the charming Philismena which I see.* *It is then* (replied she at the same instant) *the Illustrious Alcander which I see.* *I know* (said she) *by common report the severity of your Parents, and the Reasons which have forced you to remove so far from your usual abode ; whatever coldness there may be between our Families, the advantageous things which have been told me of you, do make me interest my self in all that concerns you ; and if I did not owe my self some Thoughts of Pity for Misfortunes, which are very like to yours, you should have all my Tears, and all my Compassion.* *Alas !* (replied Alcander) *Is there in the World then another Example of a Misfortune like mine ? My Misfortune is the more to be pitied, because there are few who pity me. I love Celintha, but her merit being not sufficiently known to others, People cannot believe, nor conceive the greatness of my Suffering, because they cannot be perswaded of the Violence of my Passion.* *I love Lisidor,* (replied Philismena) *he is of a noble Extraction, but low in the*
World,

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World, and of small Fortune. My Parents who have Eyes only for Riches, see nothing of Lovely in his Person; and I am moved by another sort of merit; I find in Lisidor all that can give birth to a true esteem, and to the greatest Passions. But since I have said too much in saying I love Lisidor, I may venture to trust you with the knowledge of all my adventures, and by this Relation give some ease to the cruel Torments which oppress me.

My Mother, who, notwithstanding all the tenderness she has for me, who am her only Daughter, and one of the richest Heiresses in the Province, breeds me up with a strictness which is almost without Example, and endeavours to breed in me a horrible aversion for all that can be called Love and Gallantry. She keeps me, as much as possible, from any Conversation with Men, and makes me live solitary in the middle of a great Town; and she, fearing some Engagement, which might hinder her disposing of me as she would, and seeing some sparks of Goodness and Complaisance in me, uses all her endeavours to inspire me with contrary Sentiments; all her Lessons tend to give me a savage, and an ungentile Vertue, and to possess my mind with more Severeness than Civility.

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What my Mother does out of the motives of Pride and Ambition, my Father does out of Policy and Covetousness. He would chuse a Son-in-law as rich as himself, and allowing nothing to be good, but the Goods of Fortune; he accounts the most glorious merit ridiculous without them.

Lisidor, whose unfortunate merit is one of the most just Reproaches which may be cast upon Fortune, and one of the greatest Instances of her Injustice grew up; and because the little Estate he had, he held from my Father, he behaved himself to him, as a Tenant ought to do to his Lord: the small Proportion which there was between his Family and mine, gave him a very easie access to us both in the Town, and in the Country. This young Gentleman posselt every thing which could make him to be beloved; and this respectful Familiarity, which he had contracted in our Family, gave no Suspicion to my Relations; yet as accustomed as he was to see me, I began to observe, that he never approached me without some disorder in his Countenance, which I could not guess the cause of. When he lift up his Eyes, and cast them towards me, his looks which were always full of
life,

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life, shewed a timorousness which was not usual in him, and mixed with a passionate Languishing. I felt at the sight of him Emotions which I did not in the least understand; my great youth, and my small Experience, the horrible Aversion which had been instilled into me for all that could be called Love, and above all that extream distance, which Fortune had set between us, made me not suspect the least, either on *Lisidor's* part, or on that of my own Heart. I had, notwithstanding, an impatient Curiosity to know from whence proceeded these secret motions, which did thus disturb my quiet. When it happened that my Mother leaving me with persons she had not the least suspicion of the Conversation concerned any thing of Love; if I asked any innocent Questions upon that Subject, *Lisidor* would speak of it with a great deal of Wit, and good Breeding; so that I came to feel a great Disposition in my self to believe what he said; but he nor I daring, for many Reasons, to dive into the bottom of these Mysteries, I address'd my self to a young Gentlewoman, who was placed to wait upon me by my Mother, and in whom I had
most

most confidence; but before I explained my self, I used all the caution I could to be assured of her Silence and Fidelity. So soon as I had discover'd to her what pass'd between *Lisidor* and my self, her Surprize seemed so great to me, that I repented her having learnt my Secret. I perceived her on a sudden to lose that submissive and complaisant Behaviour, which she always used to shew me, and to take up a scrupulous Severity, which my Mother endeavoured to inspire in all Persons who approached me. She made me so ashamed of my Weakness, and think all that I felt for *Lisidor*, to be so great a Crime, that I promised her to rob my self for ever of the sight of so amiable and dangerous a Person: My resolution seemed to her to be too violent. *Have a care, Madam,* replied *Madonte* to me, (this was the Name of my Confident, or rather my Rival, as I soon afterwards discover'd) *avoid carefully the coming to Extremities, which will make too great a noise: What Reasons could you give your Mother, for a Behaviour which will appear to her so new and phantastical? and what would become of the unfortunate, and, it may be innocent Lisidor? What a judgment*

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ment would be made of so surprizing and sudden a Disgrace to him ? Lisidor may have Troubles, or some secret and unfortunate Passion, which causes in him this Disorder and Melancholy, which you have hitherto interpreted wrong : every thing is naturally passionate in Lisidor, his Air, his Looks, his Discourse, nay even his Silence it self ; shew therefore to him the same Favour you are used to do, and do nothing which may be below that noble Pride, which becomes Persons of your Quality so well. No, I will never, replied Philismena, put any more in danger so tender a Reputation as mine is ; the Trouble and Surprise you shewed to me, in learning the Thoughts I had for Lisidor, have too fully convinced me what danger there is in seeing him ; I will never see him more : It is your part who are his Friend, to dispose him to this absenting of himself, nay, I expect also that you should break off all manner of Correspondence with him ; the Place you have about me, and the Kindness I have for you, would give me in the judgment of all the World, too great a share in all the Familiarities you may have with him. Oh Madam, cried out Madonte, trembling all over, and with a tone of Despair in her Voice, If you banish Lisidor, I am undone ; for it is
now

now past disguising to you my thoughts, since I find by yours you have a Courage which is above all your Weakness, and that in the favourable thoughts you have for Lisidor, there is nothing strong enough to oppose the Kindness I have for him. You love then, Lisidor, said I, with a soft Air mixt with sorrow and trouble: Since you assure me then, that what I feel for him, which I was loth at first to believe, may have such dangerous Consequences, do me the justice to think, that I am Mistress enough of myself, to stop the progress of a Passion in its birth. Love still Lisidor, but be sure you do not discover to him my Secret; and since he loves you without doubt as much as you love him, the least suspicion which he might take of what I feel upon his account, would put him into Trouble; therefore you may well think that your Silence is of importance, as well for my Reputation, as his Quiet. I will not tell you, Alexander, the cruel Reflections which possess my mind when I was alone, and with how many strange motions my heart was overwhelmed; I shall only tell you, that so soon as I knew that what I felt for Lisidor, was from Love, neither the fear of my Relations, nor the pride of my Quality and Fortune, could ever have the power to make me condemn the
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Inclination which I had for him: But I still was fully satisfied of his Merit, notwithstanding the smalness of his Fortune; whether by reason of the pleasure which one finds when one begins to love, made me believe, that the Aversion which they had perswaded me to have for Love, was but the false advice of an affected Severity, which Avarice and Ambition had inspired my Parents with, or that at last the violence of the Inclination I had for Lisidor, made me forget what I owed in duty to them and my self. That which at last fully convinced me that I was in Love, and that it had crept farther than I thought into my heart, was, That I felt several secret and new motions in it, which raised themselves on a sudden. I began equally to fear and wish for the presence of Lisidor, to distrust Madonte, and to feel for her such a coldness, as at last proceeded to absolute Hatred: Jealousie, Spite, Indignation, and the fear of seeing, prefer'd before me a Rival, who was so very much beneath me, caused such violent Troubles within me, that I found it a very hard task to dissemble them. Madonte had Wit, Beauty, Courage, and Birth, and she being almost always with me, I feared that the disorder which I
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discover'd in *Lisidor*, and which I interpreted in favour to my self, might rather be an effect of the presence of *Madonte*, than mine. I particularly wish'd for an opportunity to clear this doubt; but how was it possible for me to deceive the many eyes which watched me, so as to have a private Conversation with *Lisidor*? Waiting for some favourable opportunity, which I hoped for rather from Chance, than my Skill, one day as I pass'd very near to him, I told him softly, *Your Secret is known*. At this word a strange and violent disorder appeared upon his Face, which pierced even into my Soul. I thought at first that *Lisidor* had believed that what I had then said to him, was a Reproach I made to him for his Rashness, and that his Respect would make his condemned Passion either die, or be silent for ever; or it may be, said I within my self, *Lisidor* thinking I have discover'd his secret Intrigues with *Madonte*, is troubled to see himself convicted of Infidelity towards her, in daring to love me; or of a more criminal Treachery towards me, in pretending a Love which he did not feel. These melancholick thoughts increased the desire I had

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to talk with *Lisidor*, and to clear this Point with him: Fortune soon after happily furnished me with an opportunity; for walking in one of the long Walks in the Park with my Mother, who was led by *Lisidor*, she was forced to leave us on a sudden, being called away by my Father, who was in an Arbor at some distance from us, he having some secret News of great importance, which he had just then received, to impart to my Mother in private.

So soon as I saw my self in full liberty to make *Lisidor* explain himself to me, and I explain my self to him, I was seized with an extraordinary joy, accompanied with those fears, to which the modesty of our Sex, and the strictness of my Parents had accustomed me. I found *Lisidor* in the same disorder; Oh! that I could but tell you what we told each other before we spoke, by our Looks and by our Silence, it being my part to speak first, without standing upon any Punctilio, nor to lose an opportunity wished for with so much passion. Well, *Lisidor*, said I, tell me if it be *Madonte* that you love; and what is it you would have me believe, from that disorder which you so
of-

often shew before us, from those unsettled Looks and those Transports, which seem to escape from you against your will? Ah, Madam, cried *Lisidor*, to what a dangerous tryal do you expose the Respect which I owe to you? the Disorder wherein you have seen me, and which I have so often blamed my self for, as too visible a sign of an unpardonable rashness, has spoken but too plainly: Do you desire it should finish my Destruction by a fuller Explanation, and that I thereby attract your greatest Indignation? No, no, *Lisidor*, answered I quickly, you must speak, and not loose in useless Talk these precious Minutes which Fortune has lent us; and such as, it may be, will never return again: I know but too well what Decorum and Behaviour that unfortunate Inequality which Heaven has put between us, requires from us both, speak without all Moments Hesitation, and at least spare me the Confusion of explaining my self first. Well, Madam, replied *Lisidor*, since you will have it, and since you force me to it, I will confess to you, that I have a great Esteem for *Madonte*, and that I bear towards her that just acknowledgments which is due from me

me to her for all her Favours, which she has shewed towards me ; but I must, Madam, at the same time also tell you, That that invincible Inclination which carries us away against our Wills ; that that infinite Esteem which extraordinary Vertue wrests from the most obdurate Heart, that the deep Impressions which great Beauty does make upon tender and sensible Hearts ; I say, I declare to you, Madam, that I feel all these, and that I feel them only for you: And as for me (said I) the Account which I can give you of what passes in my Heart, is, That by the Motions and Lights, which proceed from Heaven and you, I find it very much changed, I learn in one Moment what I was so long ignorant of ; I find that now pleasing to me, which before raised Horror in me ; you have made such charming Truths, or such pleasant Errors, succeed all those Maxims which I had been formerly taught, that I am not sorry I wander a little in following them. At these words *Lisidor*, transported with Love and Joy, throws himself at my Feet, not reflecting that our Conversation had insensibly brought us near to the Arbour where my Mother was, who
coming

coming out upon a sudden, before *Lisidor* could rise from his Knees, she seemed extremely surpris'd. *Lisidor*, who saw his Imprudence, and my Mother's Disorder, immediately thought of repairing his Fault by a happy Invention which his Wit furnished him with upon a sudden, he runs to my Mother; Ah, Madam, saies he, you just now saw an unfortunate Lover prostrate at the Feet of my Lady your Daughter, to beg her leave to love *Madonte*: This word of loving appeared so strange and new to her nice Temper, that she looked upon my Prayer as an unpardonable Rashness. My Daughter has reason, answered my Mother with an angry look, you ought not to approach her Ears with Terms which are offensive to her, and to keep for all that are near her, the same Respect which you have for her; it is only to me that you are to address your self; you had no need of gaining my Daughter's Approbation, much less her Assistance. Whilst my Mother was speaking, *Madonte*, who came from walking in another Walk, being come to us, *Madonte*, said my Mother, the Thoughts which *Lisidor* has for you, are come to my

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Knowledge; I do not at all condemn his Passion, the Match is advantageous; you may make him a Return, and leave the Success to me; but I do not intend that the Hopes which I give you, shall authorize a Commerce which displeases me, and a Custom which I have always condemned; I will not suffer *Lisidor's* Passion to shew so near my Daughter all that those sorts of Passions have of the extravagant and ridiculous; that importunate Officiousness, that officious Care, and that shameful Weakness; the Example of all which might poison the wise and noble Education, which I have given her. I will obey you, Madam, answers *Madonte*, in this Affair, as I have done in all others. I have observed in *Lisidor* indeed some Complaisance, which seems to distinguish me from the rest of my Companions; but I did not imagine that this preference went so far as Love, much less did I think that it would come to your Knowledge. I will make no step, Madam, nor indulge my Desire, but according to your Orders. I will be sure continually to avoid any Commerce which you do not like, and which may make me offend in the respect due to so
nice

nice and scrupulous a Vertue, as that of my Lady your Daughter.

Judge then what a Joy I felt to see my self thus delivered from the Reproaches of so severe a Mother, by *Lisidor's* ready Wit. But though it was easie for us to deceive her, how could we be able to deceive *Madonte*?

Lisidor disguised and constrained himself to little purpose, and I to as little, shewed a Coldness towards him; a clear-sighted jealous Rival, and present at all our Conversation, penetrated through all the Mysteries of our Reservedness, and our Silence. All our Artifices could not rescue us from her Distrust; her restless and impatient Jealousy, resolves to assure to her self the Conquest of *Lisidor*; but not daring to explain her self, either out of Modesty or Pride, she causes it to be demanded of my Mother by secret and by-ways, but such as were effectual and cunning ones. My Mother speaks of it to *Lisidor*, and rallies him for his small Impatience. *Lisidor* seeks all Delays by some false Pretences, or feigned Reasons. All his Inventions were also founded and discover'd. There was at this time a very hot Report of a War begun between

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Sweden and Poland. *Lisider*, who sought only an opportunity of signalizing himself, and who having had the boldness to love *Philismene*, thought himself obliged to do actions which might answer so high, and so ambitious a Passion, and not meeting with any opportunity for it in his own Country, which then enjoyed a profound Peace, was extremely delighted to find one in a foreign Kingdom; being the Son of a Father who had served and commanded in the victorious Army of the great *Gustavus*, and who died in his Service, he hoped the Memory of his Name might procure from the King who had succeeded him, the same kind Reception which his Father had found, and as good Employments. He prepares for this Voyage, provides an honourable Equipage, and places all his Hopes in the Fortune of his Arms. He proposes his Design to my Mother, who approves of it, not thinking of *Madonte's* Concern. *Madonte* hears this News with a deadly Grief; she attempts to make *Lisidor* change his Resolution. *Lisidor* defends himself with a thousand Reasons grounded upon Honour, Decency, and Fortune. And as
he

he was obliged to manage her for my sake, he flatters her with the Hopes of a quick Return. All that he had said to my Mother, and to *Madonte*, and which they both told me again, had almost made me think his Departure absolutely necessary; but there were other Reasons besides for it, which were in Relation to my self alone. It not being possible for us to hope for any private Interview, he writes to me, without knowing how, or by what means to convey the Letter to me, amongst so many jealous Persons, who besieged me continually.

One day being come into my Chamber, with a Design of giving me his Letter, and having let me see cunningly, that he had it in his Hand, there came into my Head this Trick, which I performed without Delay. I arose from my seat, and pretending to go to speak to my Mother; I ran hastily, and passing near *Lisidor*, I pretended to stumble, and leaning my Hand upon his to recover my self, I took the Letter; the Contents of which were these, as near as I can remember.

What will you say, Madam, of the Resolution which I have taken concerning my

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self? I have formed a Design to leave you, and it may be for ever. But ought I to have consulted you, when I had taken it, or to expect your Orders, when it so greatly concerned your Honour and my own? I expose my self to all manner of Grief, by parting from you. But can I be able continually to present to your Eyes an unfortunate Person, who is honoured with your Esteem, and who has hitherto done nothing to deserve it? I go to seek an Opportunity of doing honourable Actions, thereby to justify your choice. For, not daring to ask Fortune to equal you with me, I dare promise my self from my Courage, I shall force her, either to destroy me, or to make my Destiny such as may better enable me to approach you. Do not, however think, Madam, that amongst such ambitious Thoughts, I should be so unjust as to desire you should oppose the Pleasure of your Parents; for if they offer you any good Match, you ought to follow your Destiny, and not let your self be overcome by the Inclination of your Heart. I can never lose you, without dying my self; but I shall die without complaining, if you live but as happy as you deserve.

Ah Madam , cried *Alcander* , what Love and Courage do these thoughts discover to be in *Lisidor's* Soul ! Heaven has made you for each other, it cannot fail accomplishing that which it promises you, by the union of Hearts which it has so well formed between you both. I cannot tell, replied *Philismena*, what Heaven has determined for us, but I know that the loss of *Lisidor* would be unsupportable to me. I feel it by the grief which his departure has caused in me, by that which I suffer because of his absence, and above all by a silence of two years, which he keeps out of respect, and for the danger would be run by us both, in the conveying his Letters to me. I will tell you only——

As she was going on in her Discourse, she heard a noise, and fearing to be surprized with *Alcander*, she rose up, took her leave of him, and desired him to repass immediately the River. *Alcander* obeyed, and in parting they promised to meet each other again so soon as they could possibly. They saw each other often, and these Conversations contracted between them the bands of a strict Friendship; there it was they offer'd each

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each other all the Helps which lay in their power, to assist one another in their Amours. *Alcander* engaged *Philismena* to see *Celinta* often, and to use her Interest on his behalf. *Philismena* also obliged *Alcander* to promise to write to *Lisidor*, and to keep a continual Correspondence by Letter, so that she might be informed both of his Fortune and his Love.

Polydamus was at last informed of these secret Meetings, which he heard with great joy, in the hopes he had that they might work a change in *Alcander*, and that this Complaisance he shewed to *Philismena*, might be an effect of some Passion which they had for each other. In order to the advancing of which, he used all means to reconcile himself with the Father of *Philismena*; and made several Advances, beyond what he ought to have done. The Father of *Philismena* being struck with the noise which *Alcander's* Merit made in the World, and yet more pleased with the great Estate he was in prospect of, and which would one day make him one of the greatest Matches in the Kingdom, answers the Intentions of *Polydamus*. The ill Weather having forced

ced them to leave the Countrey, and to come back into the Town, the Commerce between *Alcander* and *Philismena* is renewed, with the good liking of all their Relations, who did not know that they were less Lovers than Confidants to each other. These things went so far, that *Polydamus* made Propositions of Marriage. The Father of *Philismena* hearkened to them; but as Persons of his Character, I mean covetous Fathers, never quit any part of their Estates but as late as they can, to their Daughters, and that besides, he was desirous Time should give him a nearer prospect of what he expected from the Merit of *Alcander*, and the Hopes which were given him of his Fortune, which he saw but afar off, he accepted of the Match, but upon this condition, that it should be deferr'd for some years. *Polydamus* desired no better, not desiring his Son, who was then just entred into the World, and had not yet finished his Exercises, should then marry a Lady as young as himself. But this Alliance being so earnestly wisht for on both sides, their Parents would oblige them to an engagement of their Word and Honour, which might secure the success of it. *Al-*

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cander and *Philismena* coming to know the Intentions of their Parents with an extream grief, before they had it from their own mouths, they consulted together what Answer they were to give. Their first Discourse, upon so important a Matter and so tender, had a great deal of disorder in it, for they knew not what to say to each other. They esteem'd each other infinitely, but they loved elsewhere. Their consent is required; they answer only with silence, which proceeded not less from their Astonishment than their Respect. They reproached one another afterwards with a Consent, which appeared so quiet and so voluntary: Will you, says *Philismena*, will you abandon your dear *Celinta*? No, Madam, answer'd *Alcander*, I wish I were able to do it; but it is impossible for me, and yet can I refuse the charming *Philismena*, whose Merit and Fortune might bound the most ambitious Desires? Will you, replied *Philismena*, have a young Woman revolt against her Parents? What help can I afford to my Weakness? What pretence can I have for my Disobedience? I who have no other Reason, but that of a Passion, which must be hidden, and
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which cannot appear? All the World knows that you love *Celinta*. Have you not in a Passion which you cannot conquer, a Reason which will surely prevail with your Father, and which no reasonable Person can condemn? This very Reason, replied *Alcander*, is it not much stronger on your side? Cannot you without Reproach and without Injustice, refuse a Man whose Heart is in the Breast of another? Well then, *Alcander*, said she, I will have the Weakness, since you will have it so, to yield to your Reasons; but I shall never have the power of resisting my Parents. I see then very well Madam, replied *Alcander*, that I must take upon my self all the trouble and shame of the refusal. I shall expose myself to my Father's Passion, and the Blame and Reproaches of all the World; but it will be less for the sake of satisfying the Love which I have for *Celinta*, who loves me not, than it is to serve the Inclination which you have for *Lisidor*, who loves you entirely. Oh what shall I not owe you for this Favour, dear *Alcander*! I shall be forced to love you almost as well as *Lisidor*. So soon as *Alcander* had left *Philismena*, he ran home to speak to his

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Father, who was in his own Apartment : He presented himself before him in a disorder, which made him tremble, threw himself at his feet, and bedew'd them with his tears : I know Father, said he, that never Son was so obliged to a Father as I am to you ; for besides an advantageous Post I have in the World by the honour of my Birth, there is something yet more precious which I hold by your Lessons and Example ; yet notwithstanding I depend upon a Power which is above yours, and which having disposed of me to *Celinta*, will not suffer me to yield my self up elsewhere. I see that your Eyes sparkle with Anger at this Discourse, but I beg you will hearken to me without being angry : You are Master of my Life, you ought to be so of my Heart ; you offer me in the Person of *Philismena* an advantageous Match, and a most accomplisht Person. I know what your thoughts must be of a Son, that rebels against the will of such a Father as you are ; but I defy all your Severity to inflict so cruel a punishment upon me, as that which I suffer by the fatal necessity which I see my self in of refusing *Philismena*, and of displeasing you. Therefore

fore I do not come to implore your pity, but rather to provoke your anger against an unfortunate Person, whose Life is hateful to him: I refuse an accomplisht Beauty, who, it may be, one day may love me, and adore an ordinary Beauty, who, I am satisfied, will never love me.

Alcander spoke those last words in so sad a Tone, that his Father was shaken by them notwithstanding his Severity; but the shame he had of his Weakness made him take a more violent Resolution: Go, said he, Son, unworthy of me, go out of my presence, and never offer any more to my sight a Wretch, who has not power to overcome a Passion which dishonours him. *Polydamus's* Passion had gone further, if it had not been restrained by the Tears of *Olympia* his Wife, who made him fear that *Alcander's* Despair might make him relapse into the extream danger of a Sickness, which he had been so difficultly cured of. He thought also that he ought not to make a noise of this refusal of his Son, that he might still have the liberty of seeing *Philismena*, and that by this Commerce he might be able to manage an Affair, which he wished for with so much eagerness. But the Ladies

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Father seeing the pursuit which *Polydamus* made for his Daughters Marriage, grow cold, was glad to have this pretence, to release himself of an Engagement, which gave bounds to his Avarice; and the Mother was not sorry to have, by this means, some of the Visits, which *Alcander* made to her Daughter, retrenched, to satistie her natural Severity, and her Ambition, who desiring to have full liberty to dispose of her Daughter to such Matches as should offer, was afraid *Philismena* should enter into any Engagement, by reason of these continual Visits of *Alcander*, whose Merit was to be feared.

Polydamus being forced to leave his Family for some private Affairs, or for those of the Province, with which the King had intrusted him, left the whole management of his Sons Education to his Wife. *Olympia*, who was the best Mother that ever was, and who sought continually all the Inventions which natural Affection and her wise Goodness could furnish her with, to accomplish the Education of her Son, whose Passion had put it into so great disorder, sends for *Celinta*, thinking that for the design she had,
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it was necessary to make use of her herself; and to dispose her to what she desired, she thus discoursed to her: You know, *Celinta*, what a constant Friendship there has always been between our two Families, the Neighbourhood, and a great resemblance of Birth and Fortune, has made these Tyes, and may make us one day incline to a Marriage between you and my Son. I know that *Dorilas* makes Court to you, and that his Relations may have the same thoughts for him; but that prospect being yet so far distant, and that Time, and above all, Heaven disposes of us, and that besides *Dorilas* his Fortune is yet very uncertain, and lyable to very dangerous Chances, you may have, it may be, some interest in managing that violent Inclination which my Son shews he has for you, this Passion of his being very unseasonable in respect of his age, which ought to be employed in cultivating his mind. You see that it is highly necessary to put some stop to the progress of an affection which is already become too strong, and which may make him unworthy of your esteem, and of the hopes of possessing you: my instructions, and all the care of his Governor

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vernor have not had power to remove this disturbance of his mind, it is you *Celintba* who are of an age a little above his, and who have a judgment above your age; it is you that must bring him back into the right way. As for me Madam, answer'd *Celintba*, I long to second your intentions, but tell me by what Art we may obtain that which I wish with as much earnestness as you: you must, replied *Olimpia*, make use of all the power you have over my Son, you are much dearer to him than a Mother, and the desire of pleasing you will do more than the obedience which he owes me; make him understand you can never be able to like a Lover who has no other qualification but his Love, and that if he will be lov'd, he must use all his endeavours to content his Parents and his Tutor, by a continual application to his Duty and his Exercises. *Celintba*, whose thoughts were bent towards *Dorilas*, whom she passionately loved, was much troubled to know how to behave her self as she ought towards *Alcander*; but Goodness being her predominant Quality, she yields to the Prayers of *Olympia*, dissembles the Love she has for *Dorilas*, and hearkens with a
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prudent complaisance to the Sighs of *Alcander*, with the design of governing him according to the Intentions of his Mother. Although she had not judgment or experience enough to act alone in so nice an Affair, she had nevertheless sufficient to profit by the Instructions which were given her; and if she reduced the Mind of *Alcander*, and so suddenly made him change his Behaviour, it was less by her skill, than by the ascendant which the Inclination *Alcander* had for her, did give her over him. The earnest desire of pleasing *Celintba*, made him make a wonderful progress in all Learning, and the ambition of making himself more amiable, raised in him that of distinguishing himself from his Equals. The Academy where he went to learn his Exercises, founded of nothing but the Name of *Alcander*, who by a constant and ambitious Emulation endeavoured to out-do all his Companions. If he disputed any Prizes in running of the Ring, or any other Exercises, he was so accustomed to overcome, that he could not endure to be vanquished; he would be so much troubled when he was, that he always shed tears; What will *Celintba* say, said he,

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he, with a passionate and sorrowful Voice! and he hardly dared to come near her, or to shew himself in the day of his Defeat. *Olympia*, who made advantage of every thing to the Education of her Son, seeing him so concerned with the fear of displeasing his Mistress, never failed, when-ever he neglected his duty in any thing, to make him sensible of the trouble it would be to *Celinta*, if she thought him capable of committing such faults; *Alexander* alarm'd with such threats would throw himself at his Mothers feet, and beg her to spare him the reproaches of *Celinta*, and with sincere tears of repentance would give her an infallible assurance that he would repair his fault. The desire he had to gain *Celinta*'s whole Esteem went so far, and tyed him with so much assiduity to all his Exercises, that his Mother trembled for fear of his Health, and began to frighten herself extreamly with the Examples we have of the prejudice, which Youths every day receive by an intemperance of Study, and excess of Application. It was then that *Olympia*, instead of awakening the diligence of her Son, desired his Masters to retrench part of the time
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allotted for his Studies and Exercises, and to allow it him for his Diversions. And then she allowed him full liberty to visit *Celinta*; and seeing with what assiduity he waited upon her, with what eagerness he devoured her with his Eyes, and with what earnestness he did her a thousand Services, she asked him very often the cause of so extraordinary an Attendance. *Alcander*, who answered so well to all Questions which were asked him, and who always gave Reasons for all his Actions, answered thus, *I feel, without taking time to examine himself, I feel, at the sight of Celinta* ———

At these words interrupting himself, he shewed in his Eyes and his whole Countenance, with what labour and disturbance of Mind he sought for what he had to say, *I feel*, said he again, so strange a pain, that I am ashamed of the condition wherein I am, and I am not less so to tell you of it, and yet I find in this pain a certain pleasure which surpasses all others, but a pleasure which I cannot express, and the loss of which would be intolerable for me to bear. How shall I blame my self enough, said he, that I cannot satisfy your Curiosity, and that I have

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have so little wit, as not to be able to comprehend the Charm which chains me to *Celintba*, and which affords me the greatest of all pleasures, or to speak more properly, the only pleasure which I love, or the only one I ever can love. Do not blush, said *Olympia*, at an Ignorance which is common to you with the most learned Men of the World. What, continued he, with an angry and sorrowful voice, I am now almost 16 years old, and am I not able to tell what passes in my heart? I am resolved to study my self so well———Ah Son, replied *Olympia*, interrupting him, it is no matter whether you know how to express this Inclination for *Celintba*, but it is of consequence to overcome it! Do you wish so much hurt, replied *Alcander*, to that Passion which has raised me above my self, and which has made me overcome that stubbornness of mind, which troubled you so much before, and made me so ashamed. Do not deceive your self, answered *Olympia*, this sort of passion will correct some faults, and corrupt a thousand Vertues, nothing is secure against its violence; Honour and Duty, every thing is in danger, when Reason is not
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Mistress. Fear not Madam, said *Alcander*, all that I feel for *Celintha*, can never make me forfeit my Reason, all the desire I have in the World being solely to see her, and to please her. Has this desire of mine any thing in it, with which the most scrupulous Vertue can be offended? Do but leave me to this innocent Passion, and I quit every thing else to you; I will then sacrifice to you all my actions, all the desires of my heart, and every moment of my Life. *Olympia* being softened with these his tears, Love on, says she, love *Celintha*, and do not make me repent the tenderness I have for you.

Alcander satisfied with this permission of loving *Celintha*, let himself loose to his Passion, and studying at the hours left him for Recreation, the ways how to shew it, it hapned that one day a Brother of *Olympia's* coming from his Countrey-house, and relating to his Sister the beauty and the abundance of Flowers and Fruit he had seen there, made a thought come into his head, which he was resolved to execute immediately. The impetuoufness of his temper not allowing him to make any reflection, he steals away suddenly from his Mother and his Gover-

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vernour, takes with him two of the Servants of the House that were readiest to obey him, orders Horses to be made ready for him to go to his Uncles House, which was about half a Leagues distance from the Town : But his impatience would not suffer him to stay while they were ready ; he goes therefore on Foot at mid-day, in the hot season of the scorching Dog-days ; he passes through a Field, where he saw Sweat running down in great drops upon the Faces of those that were at Harvest ; he runs without slackening his pace, breathing nothing but Disorder. No sooner was he arrived, but without allowing himself the time to rest, he goes into a great Flower-garden, which was as large as the front of the Castle ; he runs it over from one end to the other, he makes his eyes ramble over it. All this vast *Parterre*, filled with an infinite number of Flowers, could hardly satisfy his desire ; and although the multitude of them did rob him of the power of choosing, yet he still wish'd that Nature would make new ones to grow for his sake. At length he commands his Servants to gather the finest and most curious of them, he himself

self shewing them an Example : From thence he goes to the Walls, and visits all the Fruit-trees ; if the fairest Fruit be upon the highest Trees or Branches, he either bows them down or breaks them, that he may gather the Fruit with his own hand. After having robbed some of the Trees of what was best upon them, being tired with his Walk, and weary with the pains he had taken, he rests himself under the shade of a Tree, but less in order to defend himself from the heat of the Sun, than to shade the Flowers and Fruit, which being separated from their Stalks and Branches, would have lost a great deal of their freshness, had they been exposed to the Sun at Noon ; and not to be idle whilst he reposed himself, picks out the Flowers which seemed finest to him, he makes several Nosegays of them, and comparing them together, he chooses those with the most suiting and agreeable sortings, to present to *Celinta*.

Whilst he walks about, and prepares his Present, a company of young Ladies, who were come the day before under the conduct of their Mothers to this fine House to divert themselves, and who
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were not less jealous of *Celintba*, than those whom *Olympia* had gotten to bear *Alcander* company, in order to cure his Passion, and who were passing their time in little Sports, in a Walk which was covered from the rays of the Sun. One of the Company having spied *Alcander* through a pallisade of *Jeffamine*, told it to her Companions, who all run together through the Walk to surprize him: He was so attentive upon what he was about, that they continued some time before him before he saw them; but at last lifting up his Eyes, and shewing some trouble at the sight of them, he paid them the Civility which was due to them. These young Beauties, either to torment him, or out of Jealousie, laught at the Employment which they had found *Alcander* busied with, and reproaching him with the Plunder he had made of all those Flowers for the sake of *Celintba*, they added, That it was not fit she alone should be adorned with the Spoils of the Garden; and lastly, That they had at their first arrival marked these Flowers, out of the desire and hope they had of gathering them. *Alcander*, who saw himself obliged to remember the

the Respect he owed unto his Uncles House, and who as young as he was, knew how to behave himself as he ought, was in such a disorder, that he did not know what to answer. When he saw them all seize upon the Flowers which he had at first designed for *Celinta*, one may easily guess how violent the condition such a heart as *Alcander's* was in; he had however the power of restraining himself, and only desired their leave to gather some other Flowers, to repair the loss which he had received from them. These young Ladies perceiving the violence which he used to himself, restored to him all his Flowers: One of them in a scornful manner told him, It was not just for them thus to rob his Mistress; another with somewhat of a severer Look, accompanied with Spite, letting him know, That she would have no Flowers that were gather'd for another, and that she could well enough dispence with the loss of an Ornament which he owed to *Celinta*. *Alcander*, who hearkned to nothing that was said, and who grudged all the minutes which were lost in useless Complements, thanks them all equally, and asks their permission to

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leave their Company, to pay those duties which his younger years had indispensably obliged him to. At these words he goes out of the Garden, and finding at the door a Coach which was brought for him, instead of the Horses which he had ordered to follow him, he goes into it, and returns to the Town, burning with love and impatience: He goes strait to the House of *Liriana*, he flies through her Apartment, and enters upon a sudden into the Chamber of *Celintha*, to offer her himself his Present, full of confidence and joy; but casting his eyes upon *Celintha*, he sees *Dorilas* sitting by her, who bending his head towards her hand, was just going to kiss it. *Alexander* struck with this sight, as with a Thunder-bolt, remains insensible and unmoveable, his smiling and serene Countenance was cover'd with a dark cloud, the red and liveliness of his Complexion gives place to a deadly paleness, his Eyes that were wont to sparkle with joy, and would with a violent transport advance outwards, and sparkle, were now quite darkned, and did retire inwardly; he had a mind at length to complain, but his grief stopt his words. In short, this trou-

trouble and disquiet which is shut up within his Soul, breaks out; his Eyes kindle with disdain; he takes the Flowers and the Fruit, throws them upon the ground, tears the Nosegays, throws them under his feet; and not being able any more to bear the presence of *Celinta*, he goes out of her Chamber, and returns home in so strange a passion and disorder, that his Parents who were alarmed, his Governor who was provoked at an absence of three or four hours, had not the power to chide him; they seemed more concerned at his grief, than angry at his fault. *Alexander* throws himself at the feet of his Parents, and after having given them a sincere Relation of all that had pass'd, protests openly to them, that to provoke them no further, he was resolved to break with *Celinta*, and to apply himself solely to his duty: He conjures them, pouring out a flood of tears, never to force him more to visit the ungrateful, the unfaithful and cruel *Celinta*. *Olympia* having settled his mind by her sweetness and reasons, he lived for some time with much less disquiet than formerly, and flattered himself in private with an appearance of

quiet, which made him believe he had forgotten *Celinta*, and his Love for her. But how is it possible always to stem a Torrent, I mean an invincible Inclination? it begins again to make it self be felt as violent as ever. *Alexander* resists it with all the power he has, he flies the sight of *Celinta*, but when chance offers her to his eyes, he can restrain neither his Looks nor his Sighs, which make their escape towards her, he is surprized with thoughts which are all of *Celinta*, when he would think of any thing else. And forgetting already his trouble and resentment, he enquires how she does; if he hears *Dorilas* named, he seems to be moved and to tremble, and changes colour; if he finds *Dorilas* amongst his Companions at Play, he shews sufficiently by his cold reception, or by his forced Courtesies, the aversion he has for his Rival, and even his whole behaviour towards him, plainly shews the desire he has to quarrel with him, in order to find a pretence of claiming that sort of coming to a right understanding, which was commonly practised in those days, out of a nice point of Honour, which has cost France so much noble Blood. But *Dorilas*,

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las, who had a great deal of Love and Courage, and who had also a great deal of Prudence; excused his Rival, as being a Youth, and pardoned his mis-government, imputing it to the excess of an unfortunate Passion.

All that *Alcander* did, shewed but too much, that the resolution which he had taken of not seeing *Celintba* any more, was founded upon a false Cure, and was supported only by the strength of his disdain. And as this obstinate humour, which he had made appear from his Infancy, had changed into a strength of mind and firmness of courage, he had made it a point of honour to himself to break for ever with *Celintba*, and to resist the torrent which carried him away towards her. This constraint which he put continually upon himself was so violent, that it had like to cost him his Life; he falls sick, the Physicians are called, who immediately think to cure the Disease without examining the Cause, resolve, but to no purpose, upon a method of Cure for him according to the usual forms. *Olympia*, who never lost sight of her Son, had observed, that the absence of *Celintba* was the only cause of

Alcander's sickness, has recourse to the true Remedy: She obtains a Visit to him from *Celinta*, who loving only *Dorilas*, and being of her self removed at some distance from him, to avoid giving him the trouble which the sight of her had caused, was brought with some difficulty to grant the request of *Olympia*; but at last she yielded to the desires of an afflicted Mother, to her natural goodness, or it may be to the pleasure she took in insulting over the ignorance of the Physicians, and to do that by her presence, which the Physicians had not been able to effect by their Medicines. *Olympia* prepares her Son for this Visit, to prevent the dangers of a sudden surprize: The bare hope of this sight restores strength to the Patient; his eyes which before were almost out by a deep sorrow, rekindled, and sparkled with joy. One of his Friends who sat near his Bed, and who took notice of this sudden change, out of an unseasonable joy mentioned it aloud, which had like to have spoild all; for *Alcander* had some shame of his weakness, and suffering himself to be transported with disdain that still remained, was upon the point of refusing
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the visit from *Celinta*; but being come again to himself, by seeing in the sorrowful silence of his friend his repentance for his imprudence, he received *Celinta*; who came in a moment afterwards. At her first approach *Alcander* was in so great a disorder, he being somewhat ashamed to appear in this condition to the eyes of those who were about him; but the more he endeavours to hide his Concern, the more it breaks out; those spirits which began to revive and restore his Countenance, did retire back, and leave it pale, his Looks becoming fixt, and full of astonishment. *Celinta*, who had pity on him, made signs to those who were about his Bed, to go out of the Room. *Alcander* is affected with this goodness of *Celinta*, it affords him some hopes, and makes him put on a different air from that which he had before; there returns immediately upon his Looks a certain sprightfulness of charming sweetness, and vivacity in his eyes, and an agreeable smile spreads itself over his lips. In short, there appears throughout his whole Person, that which may be called the effect of Joy and Hope; he would have spoken, to thank

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Celinta for the honour of her Visit, but speech failed him as well as expressions. *Celinta*, who had for *Alcander* all that a Woman could have of most kind and favourable, excepting her Love, which was wholly engaged to *Dorilas*, said to him the most obliging things, and such as were most proper for the restoring him to his health. But this motive of pity, which made her speak so tenderly to him, and whose language resembled so much that of Love, was carried too far; she began to fear, that in going about to cure *Alcander's* Disease, she should increase his Love by false hopes; and this fear threw her into some disorder, which was observed by *Alcander*, and which made him immediately relapse into his jealous diffidence of her. Thus all his pain returning again, No, no, *Celinta*, answered he, with a feeble and languishing voice, flatter no more a Wretch with your goodness which he does not deserve, and which your own heart disowns: Take less care of a Life, which can serve only to disturb your quiet; Heaven has caused me to be born for you, but it has made you for *Dorilas*; live for the sake of that happy Lover, and suffer an un-
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fortunate Wretch to die, who is not allowed to live for you. Alas dear *Alcander*, replied *Celinta*, I would not have you die ! I had rather——There making a stop, fearing to say too much, or not to say enough, being prest by her too great natural goodness, and being too much moved by the deplorable condition of *Alcander*, she was going, without doubt, to speak what she would afterward have repented of, when some Persons of Quality coming into the Chamber, hindred her from pursuing her Discourse. She takes her leave, *Olympia* goes out with her, and after having thanked her for her Favours, May I presume, said she, to beg you to continue your Visits ; I know very well all that passes, but you are as good, as a Mother is unjust ; be pleased, dear *Celinta*, to vouchsafe to entertain and amuse his passion, without injuring that Love you have for *Dorilus* ; give some encouragement to *Alcander's* hopes, until his reason which prevails more and more every day can make him conquer a passion, which can never make him happy. *Celinta*, who was too sincere to deny what she felt for *Dorilus*, and too modest

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to confess it, and besides was not able to deny *Olympia*, answered her with some disorder, and promised, but it was with some little trouble, (as she was leaving her) to do all that was in her power towards her quiet, and that of her Son.

Alexander, flatter'd with some hopes which the tenderness of *Celintba* gave him, recovered, and his strength returned, and as he was in a continual search for any thing that might be pleasing to *Celintba* ; and that this earnest desire stirred up all the powers of his mind, those talents which hitherto had remained buried, and as it were suspended by the weakness of his Youth, began now to display themselves, and above all the disposition he had to the making of Verses. So soon as he had felt this noble fire which comes from above, and which makes the greatest Poets, his first Essays surprized every body with wonder, and his love having given a further degree of heat to this divine fire, he made Verses with an incredible facility ; the turn of them was easie, and the expressions bold, and they had a wonderful exactness, which proceeding neither from Art nor Study, shewed the excellency of his nature.

tural Parts, and his great Ingenuity. It was at the time when the new *Sapho*, who surpasses in every thing the ancient Greek *Sapho*, I mean *Mademoiselle de Scudery*, by that lawful Authority which she has obtained in the amorous and witty World, introduced a word of admirable use into the language of Lovers; it is the word *Tender*, and that of *Tenderness*, which giving a more discreet Idea of Love, hath spared the use of terms, which were a little too licentious for the modesty of persons who are scrupulously vertuous. This term of *Tender* in this sence appeared so agreeable to the mind, and was so well received by all persons who had any relish for Poetry, that there was neither Song nor Madrigal made wherein it was not used, and to which it did not add a great deal of grace by its novelty, and by the beauty of the expression. *Alcander*, who had hitherto felt but only a blind inclination for *Celintba*, which he did not know how to define, insensibly found that it was Love; this Love began to grow into Desires, and this violent Passion not being able to conceal it self, but shewing it self too openly, forced *Celintba* to retrench her complaisance, and
to

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to arm her self with all her severiry. *Alcander* fought it with all his weapons, and did not fail to make use of this word *Tender*, which was newly invented ; and as Respect always accompanies great Passions, when-ever he made any Song for *Celintha*, he concealed her Name under the term of *Phillis*, and that of his Desires under the respectful term of *Tender*. The number of the fine Verses which he composed, was more for the honour of *Celintha*, than his own ; but he did not like certain Poets of Quality, whereof some out of a proud modesty do keep to themselves all the Verses they make, and blush at the exposing a Talent, which does honour to every body : or as others, who out of a ridiculous vanity do affect raising themselves into Authors, would have the meanest of their Trifles be seen by all the World, and out of this forward ambition do beg the praises which are given them aloud in complaisance, but which are refused them in private out of justice. When *Alcander* shewed his Verses, it was without shame as well as without forwardness ; but yet that which had any thing of fine and passionate in it, shaked more than once the
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constancy of his Mistress, and made her Love for *Dorilas* to stagger. *Celintba* had for *Alcander* new Complacencies, and *Alcander* felt in himself for her new Motions, which he had not yet known ; this indiscreet joy, which a great passion suffers to discover of it self, when it thinks it self happy, became so visible in all the actions of *Alcander*, that *Celintba* was very much concerned at it. She reproached her self for that innocent weakness she suffered to appear in favour of this Lover , notwithstanding the Love she had for *Dorilas* ; but it was not without great difficulty that she subdued her sweetness of temper, which continually betray'd her, and that she endeavour'd by some forced hardships which she put upon *Alcander*, to revenge the Cause of *Dorilas*, upon the credulity of *Alcander*. *Alcander* , who was of a penetrating Judgment , was quickly undeceived ; this knowledge raised his indignation, awakned his pride, and his Reason with these Helps thought it self able to overcome this passion : But finding himself utterly unable to conquer it, much less to satisfy it, he turns all his thoughts on the side of Honour, and hopes to be comfort-

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forted by it, for all the disgusts of an unfortunate passion. His Parents, his Governour, his Masters, his own Reason, and his Courage, do withdraw him from the presence of *Celinta*; and he being of an age and in a condition very proper to make a Journey to Court, to receive there his last Accomplishments, which are not to be found elsewhere, they were resolved to send him to *Paris*. He himself being desirous to have his departure hastned, and to that end coming into his Mothers Chamber with his usual hastiness, he was tenderly struck with the Beauty of a young Lady, who being just come from *Paris* with her Mother, paid her first Visit to *Olympia*. Having seated himself next to this young Person, whose Name was *Rosolinda*, he looked upon her with all the earnestness which Respect and Decency would allow him; he let some Glances slip, which seemed to be fixt upon the Eyes of *Rosolinda*, and so soon as he had met a return, he let fall his own, out of a respectful awe, and with an air which seemed to shew somewhat of passion. *Rosolinda*, whom Fame had prepared to favour *Alcander*, but who had not yet heard what had passed be-

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between him and *Celinta*, perceived with some joy the little disorder which appeared in the Countenance of *Alcander*, and finding in it some glimmerings of a Conquest, she immediately did all that the Art of pleasing, without prejudice to her modesty, could do to add to her Beauty. This first Conversation began with a silence, which yet uttered many things; it was kept up by a sort of Complements, which often signifie nothing, and continued by mutual Commendations, which were given and returned with a sincere esteem, but in so gentle and well turned a manner, that it made praises to be agreeable and compatible with the nicest modesty. Their Conversation had gone farther, if the Mother of *Rosolinda*, taking her leave of *Olympia*, had not interrupted it; but being forced to part, they shewed each other that they had a great deal yet to say. *Alcander* being retired into his Apartment, his imagination being filled with the thoughts of *Rosolinda*, he thought he felt in his heart some disposition to revenge the loss of *Celinta*: At least, said he within himself, I feel some agreeable motions, which the Civilities
of

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of *Rosolinda* have raised in my mind, and which seem to comfort me in some measure in my despair, and do a little sweeten the bitterness of my Afflictions; and it may be Heaven it self, which offers me so favourable an opportunity for my cure, will give me the power to finish it, and make me to bear a gentler yoke, and such as will leave me in some hope. Whilst *Alcander* flattered himself with these Reflections, *Rosolinda*, who began to bear a great part in all that concerned *Alcander*, having now known his affliction, and the engagement of *Celintha*, thought it would be easie for her to make a conquest of what *Celintha* had neglected. She longed to see *Alcander*, who owed her a Visit, and to endeavour in so favourable a Juncture to dis-engage him from a desperate passion, and to render her self Mistress of a heart which the cruelty of *Celintha* had broken and tormented. *Alcander* soon satisfied her Impatience; he went to see the Mother, to get her leave to visit the Daughter: He obtains it, and immediately gives himself up wholly to the design which he had of loving her, and making himself be beloved by her. When he is with
her,

her, he displays before her to the utmost, whatsoever he used to shew of the amorous and the witty, at times when he was most ambitious of pleasing : He shews in his Conversation that vivacity of Wit, and greatness of Soul, which do use to attract esteem, and especially since the terms in which he expresses himself, have an I know not what of lively and natural, which agrees with the sincerity of his thoughts. *Rosolinda*, who had, like him, a lively imagination, and a haughty mind, thought and did every thing like him, (that is to say) with a great deal of gentleness. This conformity of them both in their thoughts and in their expressions, seemed to prepare them for a perfect union : There was between them this difference, that *Rosolinda* having nothing in her heart which opposed the passion she begun to feel for *Alcander*, in the ardent desire she had to please him, followed her Inclination ; whereas *Alcander* having also a design to please *Rosolinda*, was forced to encounter the Inclination which carried him towards *Celinta*. Thus *Alcander* finding himself too much pre-engaged, endeavours the more to love *Rosolinda* : In order

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der to this, he forces himself, as much as possible, to fill his imagination with the merit of *Rosolinda* : He fixes all his Looks upon what he sees in her, to be the most moving, and the most engaging ; he examines, he studies all her Beauties, he searches, and thinks to find a certain delicacy in all her thoughts, a certain accurateness in her expressions, and in all that she does, a new sort of agreeableness, which no body had yet observed ; he fancies Graces in all her Person which she had not, although indeed she posselt many of them to a great degree. *Rosolinda* seconds his Intentions, and forgets nothing of those strokes which may gain her so advantageous a Victory. This first Visit, which had lasted much longer, if it had been to be measured by the pleasure which it gave to them both, being ended by the Laws of Decency , they parted with some assurance of having raised in each an esteem the one for the other. *Alexander* went from this Conversation, with a satisfaction and agreeable disturbance which he took, for a certain presage of the change he wished for with so much earnestness. He continues his Visits, and now far from hastning his Journey to
Paris,

Paris, he does seek excuses to retard it. Now because the motive which continually inclined him to *Celintha*, did disturb the happy beginnings of this Enterprize, he found himself still in an uncertain condition, his Heart belonging neither to *Rosolinda*, nor to *Celintha*, since it was tyed to the one by a Chain, which Fate had made with her own hands, and to the other by a violent desire of his own, to bestow all his Love upon her; he was resolved to enter into an Engagment in despite of his Heart, which nothing might be capable of breaking. He would therefore needs lay an obligation upon himself, by shewing to all the World, that he is the Lover and Adorer of *Rosolinda*; he says it so often, that he perswades himself that he is so; and to forget nothing of what may advance this Love in a Mind prepossessed by another Passion, he draws the Picture of *Rosolinda* in Verses, he fills himself with her *Idea*, and he presents to his mind a Collection of the delicate Stroaks and Features of which her Beauty is composed.

Scarce had he finished his Verses, but without giving himself time to examine

mine and polish them, he sends them to *Rosolinda*, and shews them to his Friends with a forwardness which was not usual in him; it was enough for him to believe that this impetuous desire which had made him make this Picture with this great quickness, was an undoubted mark of his new Passion. *Celinta*, who knew already something of it, was extremely pleased to see in *Alcanders* Verses the confirmation of a Change which she so earnestly wished for. Coming therefore to *Rosolinda*, to whom she owed a Visit, she makes the Conversation to fall upon this Subject, not out of an indiscreet and jealous Curiosity, which is so common to all Women, but out of a generous Goodness, which made her concern her self for *Alcander's* quiet, and who pleased her self in congratulating *Rosolinda* for so honourable a Conquest. How happy are you, said she, to *Rosolinda*, to find in *Alcander* a Lover who knows how to praise as well as to love! who shews you so much Wit when he gave you a Heart, and who mixes with his Presents such precious Incense! What likelihood is there, replied *Rosolinda*, that a Heart which
loves

oves you once, can or will ever love another ? The Verses which *Alcander* made for me, do form the *Idea* of a Beauty which never was in being ; and as the Picture does not resemble me, and is so much above me, *Alcander's* Love is no less incredible than his Praises. *Rosolinda*, said *Celintha*, has not less Modesty than Beauty. *Celintha* answered, *Rosolinda* has not only all that can make a person be beloved by all the World, but she has for the Eyes of *Alcander* a certain Charm, which ties him to her Person with Knots which he can never be able to break. It is in that, replied *Celintha*, lies the Privilege of a Beauty like yours——As she was pursuing her Discourse, word was brought that *Alcander* desired to see her. At this Name of *Alcander*, imagine what was the surprize of them both, who had such different Motives and Interests. *Rosolinda* ordered him to be conducted in, being desirous to see the effect which the Presence of *Celintha* would cause before her, upon the mind of a revolted Lover, and *Celintha* was overjoyed to be upon this occasion with *Rosolinda*, that *Alcander* comparing the one

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one with the other, might be the better convinced of the preference which was due to her Rival, and give himself up at last wholly to this his new Mistress. *Alcander* came into the Chamber, and seeing *Celinta* with *Rosolinda*, was so surprized, that he could not dissemble the disorder it put him into, and he knew not which to fix his eyes upon. This distraction and disorder which appeared in his thoughts, made *Rosolinda* ashamed, and raised a great deal of pity in *Celinta*: All three were struck dumb, and not knowing with what to begin the Conversation, kept silence for some time; *Rosolinda* broke it at last, and not being able to abstain from thanking *Alcander*, for the description he had made of her in Verse. *Alcander* answer'd her Complement, in terms which shewed the great disturbance of his mind: He turns his eyes towards *Celinta*, and seems with submissive and languishing Looks to tell her, he repented the having contradicted by his Verses which he had made for another, all that he knew belonged to her: He finds he loves none but *Celinta*, and seems to have forgotten that she loved no body but *Dorinda*.

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Celintba, who would have rescued him from this Disorder, said to him with her usual sweetness, I see *Alcander*, that loving Honour as you do to the highest point, you fear the offending against it, by shewing before me, that you have taken back your heart to give it to another; but does not Honour it self dictate to you, that it is a shameful thing for such a Person as you, to lose upon me such precious Sighs as yours are? I must confess, I do esteem the heart which I had the disposal of so much, as to believe it was not unworthy of you, and if it were possible for you to gain it either by force of Merit, Love, or Constancy, it would then (it may be) be shameful for you to yield it up to another; but since it belongs to another, by the irrevocable Command of that Power which absolutely disposes of us, nothing can be more honourable for you, than to free your self from such an unfortunate bondage, and to put your self into the chains of a Beauty you ought to prefer before me, though I were capable of returning your Love. *Celintba* having spoken these words, rises up, thinking she ought to spare *Alcander* the confusion of answering;
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she takes leave of *Rosolinda*, and leaves her in an astonishment, no less than *Alcander*. *Rosolinda* seeing her self alone with him, having made some endeavours to re-settle her mind, Lift up your eyes, *Alcander*, said she, and do not blush by reason of the condition which the presence of *Celintha* has put you into : I see very well that an invincible charm draws you to her, but since with the help of such a desert, and such a Love as yours, *Celintha* cannot overcome the inclination which she has for *Dorilas*, can it be thought strange, that you cannot overcome for my sake the Love which you have for *Celintha* ? Yield therefore to that destiny, which ties you to a Person infinitely amiable ; love her still, and if so sweet a heart as hers seems not to be made for you, force it to yield it self to your own power. The illustrious *Alcander* is not born to be always unhappy, his destiny is stronger than that of *Dorilas*, and even that of *Celintha* it self ; and lastly, there is nothing impossible to Love, Merit, and Perseverance, when you unite them all together. Ah Madam, answers *Alcander*, with a great sigh, and as it were coming out of a deep

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deep study, With what hopes would you flatter an unfortunate Lover ! I too well feel that I loved *Celinta*, and I too well see that I shall always love her ; but you may imagine that I shall always love her against my will, since it will always be without any hope ; and this will be at least a just punishment inflicted upon a heart that will not obey me : If I could take any other course, it should be, without doubt, that of casting off the fetters put upon me by *Celinta*, to give myself wholly to you. The sight of you alone does often charm my melancholy, and I found myself so filled with the thoughts of you when I made your Picture, and I did it with so quick and lively a warmth, that I thought that fire in my mind had passed into my heart : But I now see my Error with shame ; and though I might hope one day to restore it to myself, that I might offer it entirely to you, would it be just that you should be a moment in doubt of your conquest ? How could I still have the rashness to demand of you your heart, for a heart that is yet a prisoner in the chains of another, and which has made so many successful Attempts to free itself ? Can I

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enter into your presence, after having ventured to take upon me openly the Name of your Lover, and after having exposed my self to the shame of belying so glorious a Name? I ought to deprive my self for ever of the pleasure and honour of seeing you. At these words he goes out, without staying for her Answer, and as soon as he was got home, he thought of going immediately to Court; he asks leave of his Parents, and makes the best excuse he can for the inconstancy of his resolutions.

After having resided some time at Paris, and after having added to his mind, and to all those accomplishments he brought with him out of the Countrey, that agreeable air which is to be gained no where else but there; the progress which he soon made in gaining the general esteem of the World, upon his entrance into it, the reputation of his Name and Fortune, augmented by a great Estate, made him looked upon as a very considerable Match. The greatest of the Court had their eyes upon him, and wished for his Alliance: An absence of some years, his Reason fortified by Age, and by the Conversation he had with the

rational World, the application which he made to every thing that could give the last perfection to a Gentleman of Quality, some little Amours which employed his leisure time, and which young People look upon as a necessary Pleasure. All this seemed to have extinguished the Love which he had for *Celinta*, to such a degree, that one of his Friends having spoken to him of a great Match, he hearkens to the Proposition with pleasure, writes about it to his Parents, procures their Consent, and afterwards courts and gets the Consent of *Florisa*, for that was her Name. The Match is concluded upon, the day is appointed for all Parties to sign the Contract, and yet see the power of Love guided by Inclination. In the midst of these Preparations for so advantageous a Marriage, he receives News, which stops the execution, which was a misfortune befallen *Dorilas*, whom the loss of a Law-Suit had totally ruined, and forced to renounce the possession of *Celinta*; he feels in himself a hope spring up, which he had before lost, and this hope re-kindles his Flames. Having known afterwards that *Celinta* was sick, and that the beginning of her sickness

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ness was so violent, that she was in danger of her life, his *tenderness* towards her increases ; imagine then what was the disturbance of a mind agitated with so many motions at the same time. On the one side, the necessity of accomplishing a Marriage resolved upon, the shame of seeing in danger the honour of his Word and Promises, the indispensable obligations of Duty and Decency, the interest of Reputation and Fortune ; and on the other side, the Love he has for *Celinta*, the pity he has of her Sickness, the passion he has to succour her, the impatience he has to see her again, and the hopes of possessing her. In this perplexity, his first thoughts were to disengage his word ; he goes to the Parents of *Florisa*, throws himself at their feet, makes a sincere confession to them of the condition of his mind, and protests to them, that if notwithstanding the passion which he has for *Celinta*, which he feels the return of with greater force than ever, they esteemed him worthy of their Daughter, nothing should hinder him from doing his duty, and keeping to his promise. Her Parents, who would not endanger the quiet of their Daughter
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they loved so tenderly, soon released *Alcander* from his word. *Alcander* goes home with all the diligence which his age and his natural activity, his love and his hope, enabled him to do. So soon as he was come thither, he asked for *Celintba*, and hears that she had been in great danger of her life, by the malignity of that sort of disease which may be called the Scourge of Beauty, since it sometimes dis-figures the finest Faces, and does at least take away that which is called the flower of Beauty, I mean the gloss and fineness of the Complexion, which was the chief Beauty of *Celintba*. This accident surprizes *Alcander*, and far from abating his passion, gives rise to a generous compassion, which inflames and softens him the more. He asks leave of *Celintba* to visit her: She who yet saw no body, and who waited till time had worn out those cruel impressions which her Sickness had left upon her Face, does notwithstanding at last yield to the pressing desires of *Alcander*, and to her own good nature. She receives *Alcander*, who cannot conceal his disorder at the first sight of *Celintba*, although he had prepared himself against the surprize,

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which the change of her Complexion had occasioned. *Celintha* perceived it, and both having paid the Civilities they owed each other, after so long an absence. Well then, said *Celintha*, you see how bad a recompence you have for the impatience which you had to see me; you see how the Heavens take care to cure you of a passion which I have so little merited. If that had been the intention of Heaven, answered *Alcander*, I should have been inspired with other thoughts towards you, and should have had another heart: Time, absence, nor the accidents of life, and the inconstancy which is so natural to men, are able to change, and even to destroy the strongest passions, but yet can have no operation upon mine; I have received it with my life, and it cannot be extinguished but by my death. To answer you, *Alcander*, replied *Celintha*, I have only to say the same things over again, which you have said to me, with this difference, that although the passion which I have for *Dorilas*, is not less violent than that which you have for me, yet it is much more unfortunate; for I loved *Dorilas*, I had the consent of my Parents, was beloved

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again by him, and cruel Fortune hath thrown my Lover into so extream a poverty, that although I might obtain him in this condition with the consent of my Friends, yet I should never be able to gain his own consent. If you love me enough to desire me without desert, and without beauty : *Dorilas* loves me too much to desire to possess me, when I must go contrary to my duty, and sacrifice my self to his bad Fortune ; but that which grieves me most, is to see us all three involved in an inextricable misfortune. You can never obtain what you love, and if Fortune should do a miracle for the sake of *Dorilas*, by restoring him wherewithal to obtain me from my Relations, can I give my self to him, and refuse at the same time so generous a Person as you are ? No, no, *Alexander*, I cannot give my self to either ; I equally hate Treachery and Ingratitude ; *Dorilas* shall have my Love, but you shall have my Esteem and Gratitude. We must then, said he, yield to the severity of our Fates : I must lose you and leave you ; as unfortunate as I am, I shall never repent the having loved you, and these excellent thoughts, which at the same time decla-

red to me both our misfortunes, do but increase the esteem which I have for you. I will obey this fatal power, which having tyed me to you, does now separate me from you for ever. If my absence cannot cure me, yet I shall have this advantage from an invincible inclination, that it will guard me from all other engagements, which though they may be more happy, yet can never be so glorious, as that inclination which engages me to the most lovely and most generous Person in the World. After having spoken these words, he leaves her, and takes the most passionate Farewel that ever was known. *Celinta* afflicted with the loss of that little Beauty which Nature had bestowed upon her, for *Dorilas* his sad condition, and for *Alcander*'s sorrow, was resolved to leave the Conversation of the World, and to pass the rest of her days in a religious Retirement. *Alcander* being able no more to pretend to *Celinta*, seeing himself prest by his Parents, and by the strong Reasons of Honour and Decency, not to suffer so great a Name as his to be lost, could not avoid hearkening to some Proposals of Marriage. His Father being re-
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turned, as imperious as he was, would not notwithstanding impose upon his choice; for he believed that his Son would at last master a passion that was without hope, and being born with a great deal of courage, he would do nothing which was unworthy of his Birth. He saw great advantages in making a Match with *Philismena*, but he was also very much disgusted with the selfish and difficult ways of proceeding which he observed in her Relations. *Alexander*, notwithstanding the great esteem he had for *Philismena*, was resolved not to oppose the inclination which she had for *Lisidor*; he thought it best to turn all his thoughts towards *Rosolinda*, whose extraordinary Beauty, even at the time when he loved *Celintha*, had made strong impression upon his mind. *Rosolinda* was returned to *Paris*, and had entertained in her self something beyond a bare esteem for *Alexander*. *Polydamus* and *Olympia*, who had very much better'd their Estate, and the hopes of their House, by their long living in the Countrey, and the important Services they had done for the State, resolved to make a Journey to Court: And that they might by their presence

and endeavours contribute to the settling of *Alcander*, they departed almost at the same time with *Philismena*, whose Parents carried her up with them to chuse for her a Match which might answer their Ambition: there it was that *Alcander* received news from *Sweden* of *Lisidor's* Condition and Fortune, which he informed *Philismena* of, together with his Rise in that Court, and the admirable progress which he made in Military Employments. He received there also Letters from *Lisidor* in particular, both for himself and for *Philismena*, and by an exact and faithful Correspondence, he privately kept up this kind Commerce of Letters, which served to increase the inclination they had for each other.

Madonte, to whom *Lisidor* wrote from time to time, to amuse her Hopes, and to make her Jealousie sleep, having surpris'd one of the Letters which *Lisidor* sent to *Philismena* by the hands of *Alcander*, had so violent a concern for it, that she would have revealed all, had she not feared for her self the Consequences of so dangerous a discovery. To revenge her self without danger therefore, she has recourse to this Artifice, she makes a false dis-

discovery to one of her Friends, who she knew was under great ties of Friendship to *Lisidor* upon many important accounts. She makes him believe that *Philismena* loved *Alexander*, and that absence had absolutely banished from her mind the favourable thoughts that she formerly had for *Lisidor*. She prepares this Imposture with a great deal of art, and gives it all the Colours which might render it probable. This Friend of *Lisidor*, who had for him a hearty and impetuous zeal, writ to him the same day in terms capable of alarming the most incredulous mind. The remoteness and Fortune of *Philismena*, the merit and quality of *Alexander*, were powerful reasons to gain *Lisidor's* belief; that which served to convince him throughly was, that *Madonte* her self had insinuated it in her Letters to him, pretending not to explain her self fully, that she might not render her self suspicious, which tormented him without intermission. Impatient to clear them himself, he seeks for some favourable opportunity to return into his own Country; but not finding any, he begs the King of *Sweden's* leave, with a great deal of importunity, and

and tells him the true reasons of his Journey ; but that they might be concealed from others, he desired that he would please to contrive some pretext of a Negotiation which he might manage privately with the King his Master, and which being plausible enough, although the success might be of no great consequence, might serve for an excuse of his Journey, and might make him appear in his own Country with the honourable marks of his Trust. The King of *Sweden*, who loved him extremely, granted his desire, but made him promise a quick return as a recompence of this kindness to him ; *Lisidor* being arrived in the Court of *France*, remained there some time without making himself known ; his restless Passion carried him immediately to seek for some light from *Madonte*, whom he visited secretly. *Madonte* compleated the poisoning his mind with false relations, which her Jealousie inspired her with, and which she spoke with so great a disturbance of mind, that that alone might easily have undeceived him, had he not been powerfully prepossessed by his doubts and his fears. The King in the
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private Audiences he gave him, shewed that he had a pleasure in seeing and hearing him, he observes in him a strength of Wit, and in all his person an Air of Modesty and Greatness joyned together, which obtained in him a very advantageous Opinion of his Vertue and Courage, and which made him resolve to bind him to his Court by an honourable Chain. *Rosolinda*, whose Beauty and Vertue made so great a noise, was a very proper means for the effecting of his design. *Lisidor*, who now no more doubted of the change of *Philismena*, and who believed that the inequality of Fortune and Quality which she had so lately seen between them, was the true cause of it, was resolved to vindicate his Honour by seconding the Kings Intentions. Neither the Inclination he had for *Philismena*, nor the Engagement which was upon him to the King of Sweden his Benefactor, could divert him from this thought. He sacrificed every thing to the pleasure he should have of triumphing over *Alexander*, by whom he thought himself betrayed, and to insult over the Inconstancy of *Philismena*. In the mean while *Philismena* being mortal-

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ly afflicted for the Error that *Lisidor* was in, but too proud to take care to undeceive him, resolved to watch him, and having heard he went often to visit *Rosolinda*, she took it mortally to heart, for she had so tender a sense of it joyned with so infirm a temper of Health, that she fell sick, and her Life was despaired of the very first day. *Alexander*, who had for her a most tender Esteem, incensed at *Lisidor* for the unjust suspicion which he had harboured of her and himself, and allarmed besides at the pretensions which he made to *Rosolinda*, was just upon the point of challenging him, and of letting *Philismena* thereby have the pleasure of seeing her self vindicated before she dyed. But being more concerned to do her good, than to revenge her Quarrel, he goes to *Lisidor*, and without losing time, reproaches him, and demands of him the reason of his Inconstancy. He tells him the condition wherein *Philismena* is, and the need she has of his assistance. *Lisidor* being struck with a sudden surprize, and a deadly Grief, forgetting his last Jealousie and Indignation, feels the sleeping Passion which he had for *Philismena* awaken'd

waken'd, throws himself at the feet of *Alcander*, and begs pardon for his Error; then immediately railing himself, let us go, said he, dear *Alcander*, let us go to relieve *Philismena*, or to dye with her. They were no sooner entred her House, but *Alcander* sent her notice that she might be prepared for the sight of *Lisidor*. At this Message there appeared through the thick Paleness which covered the Face of the sick *Philismena*, to escape some Rays of Hope and Joy. All those who were in the Room retired, to give her the opportunity of a free Conversation with *Lisidor*. *Madonte* alone being troubled and struck dumb did not know at first what course to take; she could not bear the Presence of *Lisidor*, who being just upon the point of justifying and clearing himself, would discover the Cheat which had made him to suspect the Innocence and Faithfulness of *Philismena*, and being also prest with remorse of Conscience, she was tempted to declare all publickly, and to lessen the Crime, accuse her self whilst she was in this uncertainty. *Lisidor* approached the Bed wherein *Philismene* lay in a strange disorder, which increased

creased at the sight of the terrible Change he observed in her Looks. It is I then, said he, who have brought you into so deplorable a Condition, I who am not able to repay with the loss of my Life, the Goodness you have had for me ! No, no, cryed out *Madonte*, with a Voice which shewed her Grief, and the violence of her Despair, it is I, said she, addressing her self to *Philismene*, it is I alone, who have been cause of *Lisidors* Crime, and who have brought you into this miserable condition ; it was my jealous Rage, which made you to pass for unfaithful in the mind of *Lisidor* : there is no kind of Torment great enough to punish my Treachery. She spoke these words with so loud a Voice, that they were heard into the next Chamber, where the Mother of *Philismene* was, who returning into her Daughters Chamber, found *Madonte* in a Weakness which took away both Motion and Speech from her. She ordered her to be carried into her own Chamber, and after having known the cause of so great a disorder, she leaves our two Lovers in a full freedom of Conversation. It was then, said *Philismene*,
with

with a Voice weakned by her Sickness, the Jealousie of *Madonte* which has been the cause of all my Misfortunes, and I shall at last have this content in dying, that it is not to you alone that the grief which kills me is to be imputed. Oh *Lisidor*! could you give credit to the relations of a suspicious and an interested Person? How could you believe that I, who loved you at a time when you had nothing to recommend you but your Person, and at a vast distance removed from me, should cease loving you at a time when the Reputation of your Name and Employments render you more amiable, and that a glorious Elevation does bring you nearer to an Equality with me? Could you mistrust me in so favourable a Conjunction? I see your Repentance in your Tears. It is enough *Lisidor*, comfort your self for the loss of a Life which did belong to you, but which naturally could not last long. I was born with too tender a Health, tho' Heaven gave me a Heart to love you always, yet it has given me a Life which cannot be of long continuance. Nothing, replied *Lisidor*, can lessen my Crime or my Grief, should I have
hasten'd

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hasten'd your Death but a minute ; a Life like mine, no not my whole Life, can repay one minutes loss of so precious a Life as yours. Oh Heavens ! unjust Heaven ! jealous Fortune ! hold cried *Philismene* in raising her Voice, do not draw down upon you the vengeance of that Sovereign Power which disposes of us, do not disturb these last moments which seem happy enough to me, since they restore me all your Esteem and all your Kindness. What a Reconciliation, cryed *Lisidor*, is this, which reunites our Hearts only to separate them again with more cruelty ? His Grief had gone on further, if having still some hopes of the life of *Philismene*, he had not feared her Sickness would have increased by a longer Conversation ; he calls her Women, restores her into their hands, and conjures them to double their Care of her. *Lisidor* was scarce gone out of the Chamber before she relapsed into a Weakness which proved mortal, and she being full of the Image of *Lisidor*, seeks him round her Bed with distracted and dying Eyes, and imagining she saw him, she directed her last
 over ! blood, and you to farewells

farewells to him with so tender and moving a Languishment, that it almost killed with grief and pity all those that heard her.

So soon as *Lisidor* had heard of the Death of *Philismene*, he was so afflicted at it, that looking upon himself as the principal occasion of this Misfortune, he abhorred himself, he would no more see any body, and think of- nothing but removing from all that can put him in mind of his Loss or of his Crime, he begs the King to give him his Audience, of Leave in private, and to dispense with his appearance at Court in the disorder he was in. The King notwithstanding this Resolution which he had taken of having him near his Person, could not refuse him this Request.

Alcander having given some time to his Grief for the Loss which he had suffered of his Illustrious Friend, being prest very much by his Relations to chuse a Match amongst all those proposed, chose *Rosolinda*, and having obtained her, he endeavoured to

comfort himself for the Death of *Philismene*, and the Retirement of *Celintha*, by the Possession of a Beauty which was far beyond the other's.

THE

The Second

HISTORY.

IN the tempestuous Times which were in *France*, when the *Princes of Bourbon*, being fallen from the Greatness and Priviledges due to their Birth, the *House of Guise*, and the *House of Montmorency*, raised to the highest Dignities, gave a natural birth to so many Factions and Jealousies, the natural Springs of fatal Changes and great Revolutions. These Troubles were maintained and augmented by the sudden and precipitate Death of *Henry the II.* who after having given Peace to *France*, was unfortunately killed in a Turnament by *Montgomery*. The Weakness of *Francis the II.* and afterwards the Minority of *Charles the IX.* the Jealousies about the Government, between the *Princes of the Bloud*, those of *Guise*, the *Constable*, and *Queen Ka-*
the-

therine de Medicis, raised new Disturbances, which at last brake out into a Civil War. Yet amongst these Dissentions, in the midst of these Fires which were kindled in all Parts, Love did kindle many others, as if Heaven had a mind thereby to unite Hearts, as Ambition endeavour'd to divide them. The Passion which *Henry the II.* had for *Diana Dutches*s of *Valentinois*, is very well known : He was more imployed about this Love, than the Laws of his Kingdom, and this Dutches was seen to have so great a power with the King, that the Duke of *Guise*, sought in her Alliance the surest foundation of his Greatness, and the *Constable* could find only in the same Alliance, wherewith to balance the Interest of his Competitor. These two Rivals, with the hazard of making themselves odious to the Publick, were resolved to unite with the Bloud of *Diana*, whom the Covetousness of possessing the Government and Riches, had render'd odious to all *France*. The Duke of *Aumale*, a Brother to the Duke of *Guise*, married one of her Daughters, one of her Nieces being married also to the Lord of *Argile*, the *Constable's* second Son ; *Diana* in so great a
Post

Post giving her self wholly up to the Pleasures of the Court, which a Favour without bounds had furnished her with in abundance, inspired every where an Air of Gallantry, and drew all the World after her by her Example. This I thought fit to premise, to give some Idea of the *Genius* of that Court, and of the spirit of the Scene where the Adventure happened, which I am going to relate.

Two Gentlemen of Quality, united by an ancient Friendship, and for a long time having espoused the Interest of the Royal Family of the *Bourbons*, were desirous to find a new occasion of uniting their Families more firmly, by the Marriage of their two Children, whom Heaven seemed to have made for each other: The one had a Son whose Name was *Octavius*; and the other a Daughter called *Henrietta*.

Octavius was born with a Physiognomy which gave great Hopes, and with too fine Features and Complexion for a Person of his Sex. His Beauty increased with his Age, without his having any of those Faults which commonly accompany Beauty in Men. He avoided with great care, all that might make it be thought of

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of him, that he affected the looking handsome, or that he flatter'd himself with being so. But there appeared in him with his fineness of Feature, a noble and charming Greatness, and a meen of Quality.

Henrietta was born with an extraordinary Beauty, and that which she had of singular, was a kind of a tender and languishing Air, which was equivalent to the most sparkling Vivacity. This languishing way of hers, was neither fearfulness nor weakness, but an agreeable impression of the sweetness of her mind, which manifested it self in her face, and did not want a firmness and greatness of Courage which nothing was able to shake.

With this Equality of Birth, Quality, and Merit, it was not difficult to form a perfect Intelligence between *Octavius* and *Henrietta*, and such a one as their Parents would doubtless wish for one day, to unite them by Marriage. In order to prepare them for this Union, Heaven had given to each for the other so violent an Inclination, that no History can give a more singular and great Example of this sort of Love. This was not all: The
Death

Death of the Mother of *Henrietta*, served very much to keep up and fortifie this happy Sympathy. Her Father, whom we shall here call *Gaston*, which was his proper Name, although he most commonly lived in the Countrey, would not leave his Daughter there; and so soon as he saw himself forc'd to follow the Court, to manage all opportunities of serving his Party, in a time when two powerful Factions were in a continual motion, he carried her thither with her Governess, and put her into the hands of *Octavius* his Mother. *Henrietta* was now entring into her 8th. year, and *Octavius* was very near the lame Age.

So soon as they met, there did not appear in their Faces that reserved and cold air, which is commonly observed in Children, at the first sight of Persons they do not know: There was no need of the Governour and Governess taking care to teach them mutual civility: a sudden motion, a hasty attraction pushes them forwards towards one another; they run to salute, and to embrace each other like Friends, who had been acquainted for a long time. I need not tell you, by how many sensible signs, and by what a

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conformity of opinions, thoughts and desires, they made appear every moment the effects of this wonderful Sympathy; they did so resemble in mind and in heart, that the most exact Picture could less resemble its Original; so that the World was apt to believe, that that which was only the effect of a natural Inclination, was rather that of a studied Imitation. There was no difficulty in making them agree in their Pleasures and Diversions: The first of them who named the Diversion, was followed without hesitation by the other; for when one shewed to have a mind to any thing, there was always found in the other an implicit compliance. There was not to be found between them, those Jealousies which are usually seen between Children, about the Presents, Carresses, or Praises, which are given to them; they put them off from one to the other with a becoming and sincere modesty, when they vied in their application to the Studies which were common to them both, as History and Geography. This emulation was not the effect of the desire of the one to go beyond the other, but of a violent desire of each to become the more amiable unto the other.

It may be easily judged by the things, that I have now said, what a trouble it was to them, when the different employments of a different Sex forced them to part, and what trouble they underwent by suffering the shortest absence, and by the impatience they had of seeing each other again.

So soon as they pass'd their Childhood, Age had given to *Henrietta* more light to know her self, and that that Inclination which was disguised under the mask of a bare Friendship, made it self be felt as a dangerous Passion: That Reason which she had supported by a becoming Bashfulness which usually accompanies the fair Sex, made her apprehend the disorders which commonly follow the greatest Passions. Although hers was allowed by her Parents, yet she thought that she ought to retrench a little that great familiarity she had with her Lover, and conform her self to the decency of an Age, which required a more reserved and cautious Behaviour. But all these Reflections were of very little effect, against that Inclination which carried her away continually towards *Octavius*; so that her Governess, for this Reason, was forced

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to make use of all the severity of her Lessons, and her Authority; and *Octavius*, who owed a part of his time, to the Exercises which his Age call'd him to, was forced, against his will, to deprive himself of the pleasure which he had of seeing her at all hours. They could comfort themselves sometimes with the joy which they had, of seeing each other from time to time, and by the certain hopes of their Marriage, which their Parents very earnestly wished for, and only waited for a favourable opportunity to accomplish. But observe to how many Changes their Fortune was exposed, by the Tyes which it had with that of the State. The *Prince of Conde*, who was of an unquiet stirring humour, and capable of undertaking any thing, in order to gratifie his revenge, and to make himself still greater, having rendred himself suspected by the height of his Fortune, and by his Conduct, to have a share in all the Commotions which the *Hugonots* had stirred up in the State; and especially the Conspiracy of *Amboys* provoked *Katherine de Medicis*, and the *Princes of Lorrain*, so much against him, that they thought after many uncertain and unsettled Deliberations.

it was absolutely necessary to be rid of him, to secure the King's Authority, and the Constitution of the Government. To effect so difficult and so dangerous a Matter, many Artifices were made use of : They resolved to hold a general Assembly of the three Estates, and to draw the Princes of the Blood thither, who were retired from Court. There were very favourable Declarations publisht, which lull'd asleep the Suspicions of the Great ones, and quieted the minds of the Conspirators. The *Princes of Bourbon*, and the *Constable*, being called to the States by the King's Writ, promised to go, but prolonged the time by false pretences and frivolous excuses, the *King* making them be prest by the *Count de Crussol*, and the *Marshal de St. André*, and especially by the *Marshal de Termes*, who raised an Army, and threatned he would make them obey by force of Arms, the resolution which they had taken to believe only their own Judgment, which continually filled them with invincible distrusts, is at last shaken. The *Cardinal of Bourbon*, a Prince who was a Friend to Peace, and a mortal Enemy of Factions and Novelties, having at length gained

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them, the *King of Navarr* and the *Prince of Bourbon* depart from *Bearn*, and come to *Orleans*, where the States were assembled. There are immediately new Guards put upon the *King of Navarr*, to be secure of him, and the *Prince of Conde* is arrested and condemned to lose his Life: What were the Alarms of *Octavius* and *Henrietta*, to see the Heads of their Party in the hands of their Enemies, and in Dangers that were inevitable? but also what was the joy which succeeded these cruel Afflictions, when the sudden Death of *Francis the 2d.* restored liberty to the *Prince of Conde*, safety to the *King of Navarr*, and hopes to all those of their Party? In the Conjunction of so favourable a Revolution, *Octavius* presses his Marriage, the Parents Consent and all was disposed for the satisfaction of our two Lovers, when the accomplishment of it was suspended by the Impatience of the Princes, who now thought of nothing but their Interest, which was without delay to make a good use of so advantageous an opportunity, and to seize immediately upon the Power of the Government. The *King of Navarr* sends the Father of *Octavius* to the Con-
sta-

stable, who was absent, to stir up his diligence, and to hasten the helps which he expected from the stability and wisdom of his Councils. On the other side, the *Prince of Conde* burning with the desire of revenging himself, and making use in order thereto of the *Hugonot* Faction, which was stirring almost in all Parts of the Kingdom, sends the Father of *Henrietta* to the chiefest of the Party, to keep up their heat, and to make it break out upon occasion. Things being in this condition, imagine if you can, the Trouble *Octavius* and *Henrietta* were in, whose tender minds, afflicted by the present Disorders, were yet more so by the Fears of a more terrible futurity. What, said they to each other, must the fate of our Love follow the Revolutions of State? and must our happiness depend upon a calm, which so many different Interests render almost impossible? The Jealousie of two powerful Factions, the Ambition of the Queen, who was resolved to preserve a Sovereignty and an Independance in her Government of the King and Kingdom, the just pretensions of the Princes of *Bourbon*, who by the privileges of their Blood, ought to have

the greatest share in the administration of Affairs, during the King's Minority, the credit of the House of *Lorrain*, whom a long possession of the principal Dignities of the State, had made more obstinate to preserve the haughtiness of the *Duke of Guise*, who knew himself to have a greatness of mind so proper for Command: the courageous vertue of the *Constable*, who without intermission used all his Endeavours for the publick good, without suffering himself to be corrupted by the Friendship he owed to the *Princes* of the *Blood* his Allies, nor by the Hatred which he bare to the *Princes* of *Lorrain* his Rivals, and his declared Enemies. Add to this, the zeal for the Protestant Religion: How many Obstacles, said the sorrowful *Henrietta*, in that languishing tone which rendred her voice so sweet and tender? how many Obstacles, said she, do oppose this Calm so much wished for, which contributing so much to the safety of the State, ought to be the height of our Wishes? Do our Parents serve the *Princes* with so much passion, that they cannot be allowed to give themselves a moment of rest to accomplish our Happiness? But why, added she,

she, should we complain of our Fate? Is it not enough for us, that Heaven has poured into our hearts that perfect harmony which makes the happiness of Lovers? Oh Madam, cried out *Othavius*! do you count the possession of that which one loves nothing? and does there want any thing towards that conformity of thoughts and desires which ought to be between us, to answer to this mutual inclination? Let us equally wish for what may render us equally happy: All that comforts us, is to see that the Disorders of the State which retard our Happiness, cannot separate us asunder, because my Father and yours are of the same Party, my Father belonging to the *King of Navarr*, yours to the *Prince of Conde*; for who can ever separate two Brothers, united with so many Tyes of Blood, Friendship and Honour?

Whilst our Lovers flatter'd themselves thus, the *Prince of Conde* who could not remain in a quiet condition, whilst he saw himself kept at a distance from the Place, which he thought belonged to him by the right of his Birth, and the greatness of his Courage, seeing himself seconded by Admiral *Chastillon*, made

himself Protector of the *Hugonots*, whose Number and Power increased daily. This Prince being bred up in the Doctrine of *Calvin*; and full of that Spirit of Independency and Rebellion, which animates his Followers, endeavours in vain to get to his Party the *Constable* and the *King of Navarr*. The first being fixt in the Religion of the State, and of his Ancestors, who bragged of their being the first Christians, hearkned to nothing against his Duty; the other, whose unsteady Belief was at last fixt in that of the Roman Catholicks, condemns aloud that which the Church of *Rome* has condemned, and takes her Part. - Queen *Jane* his Wife endeavourd to make him change his Resolution, but he judged that for a Prince, who might pretend to the Crown, the Religion of our Kings was the easiest way to it.

This resolution of the King of *Navar*, which united him with the Duke of *Guise* and the *Constable*, although it was grounded upon plausible reasons and pretences, did notwithstanding astonish all the World, surprise the Politicks of our Courtiers, throw confusion into the *Hugonot* Party, and indignation
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into the mind of the Prince of Conde, and especially struck the hearts of *Octavius* and *Henrietta* with the most mortal stroke that they could ever receive. They immediately saw that their Separation must necessarily follow the Division of the two Brothers. In effect, *Gaston* Father to *Henrietta*, who though bred up a Roman Catholic, yet had no other Religion but that of his Master, or rather that which suited best with his Ambition, a man full of the Spirit and Character of his Party, that is to say, fiery and impetuous, thinks immediately of withdrawing his Daughter out of the hands of the Mother of *Octavius*. He goes to her House, and having found *Octavius* with *Henrietta*, *Octavius*, said he abruptly, all commerce must be broken between you and my Daughter; Heaven and Love had given her to you, and I had designed her for you my self; but the King of *Navarre* out of a weak and ambitious Policy, suffering his Eyes to be dazzled with the prospect of a Crown, although he sees it but afar off, sacrifices, with distant and doubtful hopes, his Party, his Honour, and his Conscience. This Prince

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in breaking with his Brother to joyn with his Enemy, has broken all the Bonds which tied my House to yours ; more especially, since it is your Father who (being one of his greatest Favou-rites) has chiefly contributed to-wards this Re-union, and thereby has declared himself the greatest of our E-nemies. I will give you no advice which may make a breach between the Son and the Father, every one ought in the Interests of a Party or Religion, to follow his own Reason or his Pretensi-
ons. I shall only say, that if you love my Daughter, Love is able to do all things in so great a Heart as yours, and ought to set you above the weakness of common Men. I give you the rest of this day to think of it. I have also bu-
siness of my own to look after, and Or-
ders from the Prince of *Conde* to exe-
cute unto the Queen, so I must leave you in the mean while to take your Re-
solution.

Our two Lovers overwhelmed by a Discourse which threatned them with an inevitable Separation, asked each o-
ther, in a Language mixed with Sighs and Tears, what course was to be ta-
ken

ken in this horrible extremity of Affairs. It is now dear *Octavius*, said the disconsolate *Henrietta* to him, with a mortal Grief, that we must part for ever. Yes, for ever, replied *Octavius*, in a Tone which even pierced the Heart of *Henrietta*, but what miracle can ever unite Interests which are so opposite to each other? If hitherto your Father by the little zeal he had for his Religion, suffered you to be bred up a Roman Catholick by your Mother, at present that he is thus carried away with zeal for the Hugonot Religion, will he ever suffer his Daughter to be of another? and I, whose Birth and Inclination have made me of your Religion; must I change, if you are forced to change your Religion? Nothing *Octavius*, replied *Henrietta*, can make me change either my Religion or my Love, both come to me from Heaven, and that perfect Sympathy which is between us, inspiring us with the same thoughts, answers me for your Constancy, and it is, cried out *Octavius*, that which makes the greatest of our Misfortunes, and which exposes us to the violence of our Parents. We owe them an Obedience without any reservation,
and

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and that supream Power which Heaven gives them over us, engaging us in different Parties, must most unmercifully deprive us of the Conversation of each other. Add to the mortal Affliction I shall suffer by ceasing to see you, all the Misfortunes which are natural Consequences of Civil Broils. Being now of an Age to bear Arms, I may (perhaps) be forced to fight with our best Friends, and it may be (I tremble at this terrible Thought, in the blind Fury of the Fights, the first stroak of my Sword may fall upon the Father of my dear *Henrietta*.

In the mean time, whilst our two Lovers discoursed of a matter which was so afflicting and sorrowful, *Katherine de Medicis* was full of mortal Disquiet, and took strange allarms at the extraordinary Union between the *King of Navarre* and the Duke of *Guise*. This cunning and distrustful *Queen* judging others by her self, imputed their Union to as dangerous a Policy as her own; and doubted not but that the Chiefs of the Party had promised each other mutual Assistance, to procure themselves all the share they pretended to in the Government.

ment. To break their Designs, she thought it necessary to make use of the Counterpoise which she had always done with so much success; that is to say, to balance the strength of the two Parties, and hinder the one from weighing down the other, that she might not be oppress'd by that Party which should have the advantage.

In order to this, she pretends to manage a secret Correspondence with the contrary Party; she expresses her self concerning their Beliefs in ambitious and suspicious Terms, which made her own become doubtful; she confers with the most intimate of the *Prince of Condé's* Councils, and makes them advantageous Promises. She writes to her Ambassadors Letters which seem to favour the *Hugonots* Religion, and which allarm'd the Court of *Rome*; she hearkens to the Propositions made to her by the Father of *Henrietta*, on the behalf of the *Prince of Condé*. She does more, she desires the Father of *Henrietta* to let his Daughter be one of her Maids of Honour, and promises him to procure her a very advantageous Settlement. *Gaston* accepts of the Offers made to him by the Queen with

with a great deal of joy, and tells her she may entirely dispose of his Daughter, and that it was absolutely necessary to break the Commerce which was between her and *Octavius*, and destroy the Friendship which they had contracted from their Childhood; the Queen promises every thing for the sake of the Complaisance she would shew to one of the Favourites of the Prince of *Condé*, and for other private ends. For she thought that she might be able to bring over to her Party those in whom so extraordinary a Beauty as that of *Henrietta* might inspire Love. She thought also the King being just entering into an Age which would enable him to feel this Passion, it was fit to give him a Mistress, or at least an *Amusement* which she could dispose of, and so prevent his engaging to any other Beauty, whose Quality and Ambition might renew the Example of *Diana* Dutches of *Valentinais*, who was a long time her Rival in Authority and Greatness.

The next morning *Gaston* brings his Daughter to the Queen; and having informed her of the Intentions that Princess had in relation to *Octavius*, leaves her

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her with her, greatly surpris'd that the Threats of her Father, which were to remove her into the Country for ever, ended in so honourable a Retreat, as this Relation to the Court, which left her some hopes of seeing her Love sometimes, although she should not have the liberty of speaking to him. *Octavius's* Joy was not less; but it was soon changed by the sudden departure of his Father, who being obliged by the Orders he received from the King of *Navarr* to put himself at the Head of some of his Forces to surprize a Town which was of the *Hugonot* Faction, was desirous to have his Son with him in this Expedition, that he might instruct him in the Rudiments of War.

Whilest *Octavius*, who was not less valiant than handsome, signalized himself under his Fathers Command, *Henrietta* shined at Court, as much for her Vertue as for her Beauty, she attracted the Eyes of all the World, and the King himself lookt upon her with an attention which made the whole Court believe that what he felt for her might in time become a true Passion.

Octavius

Octavius who had gained Reputation in this last Enterprize which his Father had executed with a great deal of Vigor, came back to *Paris*, and brought back with him from this little Campaign, which he had made, a certain masculine and warlike Air, which with that natural Greatness which accompanied his Beauty, did very much set him off. He came back by the Orders of his Father to give an account of an Expedition to the King, which the King of *Navarr* had entrusted him with. He made the Relation of all that had happened, with an assurance, and in terms which were beyond his Age and his Experience. The Queen who was present, heard him with pleasure, and as she made every thing of use to her own interest, she thought she ought to gain a young Gentleman, who in the first tryal that way made of him, gave such great hopes of his Wit and Courage. But it was also of importance to her, not to displease the Father of *Henrietta*, she therefore renewed the Prohibition which she had made to *Octavius* not to speak to her. It is true, that to correct the severity of this Order, it was given him

him in the sweetest terms, and with those flattering Promises wherewith she was wont to amuse those she thought fit to make use of.

Octavius not daring immediately to offend against the Duty which he owed to the Queen, answered exactly her Intentions, but finding the Court filled with the Name of *Henrietta*, and the noise of her Conquests, seeing her besieged with a crowd of Lovers, and even distinguished by the Complaisances the King had for her, he could not hinder himself from being touched a little with Jealousie, and from mistrusting the constancy of *Henrietta*, and he thought that he could not overcome his Mistrust, if he were not cleared, and assured of it by the mouth of his beautiful Mistress. But what way was there to approach her, without being seen in the great Light where she stood, nothing could hide him from so many Eyes, whether curious, amorous, or jealous; which notwithstanding the violent desire he had to see *Henrietta*, at last made him venture to pass through.

The Queen having at last by her skill ballanced the Power of the two Parties,
and

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and settled by this conduct her own liberty, and that of her Children, goes out of *Paris*, and carries the King to *Fountain bleau*, to ease her self of the importunity of both Factions.

The King who as young as he was, had skill and penetration of mind, and by the example of the most skilful and cunning Queen that ever was, had learnt the Art of Dissembling, Disguised all his thoughts of her conduct, with which he was not too well satisfied. The Partialities and the Cabals which rent the Estate, and which the Queen kept up; this Jealousie of Authority which she would have entirely in her self, troubled him very much; but not daring to make it appear, to hide it the more, he affected a contented neglect of his Greatness, and an earnest pursuit of all sorts of Diversions. One day having prepared a magnificent Hunting-match, where the Ladies were to assist on Horse-back with a most glorious Equipage, and *Henrietta* being of the Match, *Octavius* thought, being advised by a Lady that was his Friend, that his Face being handsom enough to disguise himself in Womans Cloaths, and very like a Sister of his that was at Court,
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he might dress himself like the other Ladies, only desiring his Sister to hide her self the Hunting-day, to give him the opportunity of passing for her. Although he was startled at the shame he should be in, if he were surprized in such a disguise, yet he was resolved to hazard every thing for this satisfaction. Being therefore thus disguised, he goes not to the general Rendezvous with the others, but stays till the Chase was begun: The Lady who accompanied him, and assisted him in this Stratagem, leaving him behind in a remarkable place, puts on her Horse towards the Company there to speak with *Henrietta*. Having approached her, she leads her away insensibly, and conducts her to the place where *Octavius* waited for her with impatience. So soon as she had perceived him, his disguise did not at all make him unknown to her: At the first sight the different motions which were raised in her heart appeared in her Face; the surprisal of the disguise, and of so unforeseen a Meeting, the fear of having this mystery discovered, and the joy of having the opportunity to converse with a Lover. *Octavius* whose mind was wholly possess'd with

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with the pleasure of seeing the Person he loved so near, without considering the danger of his disguise, and all the circumstances of so dangerous an interview, throws himself at the feet of *Henrietta*, and abandoning himself to all that his passion inspired him, he expresses to her the troubles which her removal from him had caused, and the disorders of an amorous and a jealous heart, and at last requires from her new assurances of her Constancy. *Henrietta* makes him some soft reproaches for his Fears and his Jealousies, and says to him a hundred obliging things with that charming and innocent sweetness, that it fully perswaded him, and affected him very nearly. Whilst they were both thus tasting the particular Joys, which commonly private and stolen Conversations do afford to Lovers, two unknown young Gentlemen, who were invited to the Forrest by the noise of this Hunting, having perceived *Octavius* and *Henrietta*, and having taken them both for Women, were immediately seized with that indiscreet curiosity which commonly accompanies imprudent Youths. They alighted from their Horses to approach them with the
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less noise, but having looked upon them nearer, they were stricken the more with their beauty. Their surprize was followed by a violent disturbance, which was caused by a confused mixture of fear, respect and desire. Full of an impetuous and giddy passion, which place and opportunity had given rise to in these two young hearts, they take a resolution of undertaking any thing. Hereupon they accost our two Lovers with civility enough, but withal discovered a confidence which would not stop there: Imagine what astonishment *Octavius* and *Henrietta* were in at so surprizing an accident; the different thoughts and motives which agitated their minds in so strange a Conjunction, cannot be exprest. *Henrietta* immediately, foresees a thousand dangers for her self and her Lover, *Octavius* shakes too with horror and anger. After some discourse, wherein these unknown Sparks intermingled flat and gross praises, accompanied with raillery, wherein they shewed a great deal of impudence, and little breeding, one takes *Henrietta* by the hand, and the other *Octavius* telling them they must part, and make two Conversations by themselves, to explain them-

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themselves with more liberty, and to taste the sweets of one to one alone. *Octavius* provoked by this Insolence, who seemed to affect the fears of another Sex, the better to disguise his own, could no longer restrain himself; he falls upon the Sword of one of these rash Youths, and having disarmed him, attacks the other, who surprized and amazed at the courage of *Octavius* whom he took for a Woman, did only parry in going back, but *Octavius* pressed him so home, that he was forced at last to defend himself. The Combat was at last bloody; in the mean while he who was without a Sword, runs to his Pistols, and returns again upon *Octavius*, who had already dangerously wounded his Adversary. *Octavius* receives a Pistol-shot, which hurt him in the Arm, and without feeling his hurt, pursues his Enemy, who seeing his Companion upon the ground, saves himself by flight, and loses himself in the thickness of the Forrest. The noise of the Duelists, the report of the Pistol, the cares of *Octavius* his Friend, who having perceived from afar what passed, had called for help, drew together some of the Hunters to the place of Fight. They found

found *Henrietta* oppress'd with grief and fear; one of the unknown Men, dying of his wounds, and *Octavius* pale and fainting with the loss of blood, and who being less concerned for his Life than the secret of his Disguise, would have stollen from the sight and assistance of those who were come thither. The disconsolate *Henrietta* employs all that the oppression and natural languishment she was under, had left her of voice and strength, to implore the assistance of those who were about her for *Octavius*. She disguises nothing, and relates the Adventure, with the plainness which always accompanies great Grievs. All those who heard her were moved, and especially a foreign Prince who was in the service of the King of *Navarr*, and being present at this Spectacle, was pierced by the tears of *Henrietta*, and having naturally a passionate and a sensible Soul. The noise of this great Accident being spread amongst all the Hunters, and being come to the ears of the King and the Queen-Mother, the King who felt some inclination for *Henrietta*, finding the noise which the passion between her and *Octavius* now made, suffered himself to be overcome with a jealous

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lous melancholy, notwithstanding which he knew how to dissemble, and at last had power to conquer his Resentments. The Queen was openly incensed at the rashness of *Ottavius*, and the foreign Prince, who had been so affected with the misfortune of *Henrietta*, felt this pity change into another passion which was more tender and more violent. But as he had as much Generosity as Love, the first step which he made to please *Henrietta*, was to concern himself for *Ottavius*, and to obtain his pardon from the Queen; he supposed that this service would render the design he had upon *Henrietta* more plausible and agreeable; he was desirous at least to diminish the grief of his Rival, and make his misfortune more supportable. He obtains therefore from the Queen *Henrietta* for himself, and a Pardon for *Ottavius*, upon condition that *Ottavius* should remove from the Court some time, for an expiation of his Fault. *Ottavius* having with an intolerable grief heard all that had pass'd, and seeing there was nothing to be hoped for from the Queen, resolved to go unto his Rival. He hoped that he should find him generous enough to be moved by his tears,

tears, or at least if he had hard-heartedness enough to keep from him *Henrietta*, the sense of his injustice would make him fear the fury of a desperate Lover. He comes privately to *Paris*, where the Court was, and having met with a favourable opportunity to speak with the Prince in private, without being overheard by any body, he spoke to him in such moving terms, and in so passionate a tone, that the Prince could not forbear shedding of some tears. But perceiving that he could obtain from his Rival but a useless pity, and seeing it would not prevail with him to yield up *Henrietta* to him, My Lord, said he, with a respectful grief and indignation, Would a Prince like you, who are the glory of your own Nation, and the admiration of ours, break the finest knots that Heaven and Love ever yet tyed? Would you possess *Henrietta* without her consent, and dishonour your self by so hateful a violence? Cruel *Octavius*, answer'd the Prince, with a little trouble, but in a modest and soft voice, Would you have me impose upon my self the most cruel of all Violences, to spare you that which you reproach me with? Would you have my

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passion and my generosity render me the most unhappy of all men, and a little Honour cost me Troubles which will never cease? No, no, replied *Octavius* somewhat briskly, *Henrietta* is not a Jewel that can be yielded voluntarily, and she is not one which can be easily torn from my Love, much less possess against her own will. So soon as he had finished speaking, he left the Prince, without giving him time to answer. The Prince who did not doubt but that *Octavius* would venture a Visit to *Henrietta*, what danger soever he might run thereby, was resolved to be there before him, believing he might easily be so, for he did not think it was so easie for *Octavius* to obtain leave to do it; but the diligence of *Octavius* was so great and so happy, that he came first to her, by reason of the Correspondence he had with a Servant which had been with her a long time. So soon as he was come to her, What do I see, cried *Henrietta*? do you come to ruine me by your presence, and to renew my Fears, by exposing your self afresh again to the Queens Resentment? Alas! what have I to consider, answer'd *Octavius*, when I lose you? what Dangers do
you

you fear for me; when you take from me that which is dearer to me than my Life? If you speak of my Heart, replied *Henrietta*, and of all the tenderness of which it is capable, comfort your self *Octavius*; there will nothing of it be taken from you, it is and ever shall be yours, both by the gift which Heaven hath made of it to you, and by a merit which I prefer to the most cryed up Fortunes. The Queen and my Relations may dispose of my Person, but not of my Love. Ah! replied *Octavius*, Such a Husband as my Rival, so accomplisht a Prince, whose vertue equals his birth, being Master of your Person, will soon be so of your Heart. I could wish it would please Heaven, said she, that I were able to change, and that the force of the duty which I owe to the Husband who shall be given to me, could break those chains which tie me to you; but I know my self too well to expect so happy a change. Separated from what I love, and indispensably united with a lovely Prince whom I shall never love, I shall suffer all that can be endured by a Soul that is sensible in the most violent and dismallest of conditions. All that can comfort me or

you, dear *Octavius*, is that the violence of my torment will hinder the duration of it ; you will soon lament my Death, but you shall never have the trouble to bewail my Inconstancy. The Prince who was come to the House of *Henrietta*, and who had been prevented by *Octavius*, having slipt behind a Skreen in her Chamber, so as to hear without being seen, was so moved by this tender and sad Conversation, that he could not restrain that generous pity which he naturally had for the sufferings of others. No, no, said he, discovering himself, you shall not die, fair *Henrietta* ; my passion as violent as it is, knows how to respect yours ; I should deserve the just anger of Heaven, if I separated two hearts which it has so well united : The gift which has been made to me of your Person, although it be of an infinite value, cannot defend me from the cruel reproaches which I should make unto my self without intermission, if I should take you away from your Lover, and from your self ; I had rather deserve you by yielding you, than possess you by making my self unworthy of you.

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At these words, which were so moving and generous, what a sudden change was there made in the Souls of our Lovers ! A transport of Joy and Gratitude succeeding a fatal Despair, makes them immediately throw themselves at the feet of the Prince : What do you do, said he, in raising them up ? would you by this excess of joy make me feel the more the greatness of my loss ? let me steal away from your thanks, and go without delay to the Queen to finish your happiness, that I may be no more in a condition of disturbing your quiet, and of re-taking the Treasure which I now yield. He goes out, speaking these last words, and after having wiped away some tears which he could not forbear, he runs to the Queen, begs of her the Pardon and Return of *Octavius*, and her consent to his Marriage with *Henrietta*. The noise of this Action of the Prince was immediately spread abroad, and he was comforted for the unhappiness of his Love, by the Honour which he had of overcoming it, and by shewing this great Example in a Court, where every thing was actuated by an ambitious and selfish Policy.

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Octavius and *Henrietta* were soon informed of their Happiness, and the time of their Marriage soon agreed upon, which was accomplished with a great deal of Joy and Magnificence.

F I N I S.

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To his Honour'd Friend,
RICHARD BERNEY, of
Grays-Inn, *Esq;* El-
dest Son to Sir THOMAS
BERNEY, Knight and
Baronet, of Nor-
folk.

SIR,

NEver till I had the Ho-
nour of your Conversa-
tion, was I sensible how
uneasie Ambition sits
upon Mankind. This has made
me labour long under the Pride of

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The Epistle Dedicatory.

presenting something to your Patronage; and design'd it upon a Graver Subject than what now implores your Protection. But considering the Politeness of your Learning, and that there is nothing in the whole Circle of Sciences, that has escap'd the justness and severity of your Censure, I durst not stand the Test of so nice and universal a Critick, in offering any Philosophical Essay to your View. This made me change the Design of putting off some of my imperfect Tracts under the Glory and general Approbation of your Name, in the Common-wealth of Learning, into that of Contributing to your Diversion. A Relaxation of the Mind from more serious Studies, is often
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The Epistle Dedicatory.

necessary to the largest and most vigorous Genius's; and I am sure by furnishing to your Recreation, I gratifie all that know you. Besides, Sir, I fancy the fair Sex will justifie me in this Address: and there is possibly a World of Ladies of a Noble Gentleman's Acquaintance, whose Hearts, if we consulted, would tell us, with how much Justice the Disorders of Love lay Claim to his Protection. And here, Sir, an infinity of Matter presents its self for Panegyrick. And might I expatiate, I could run through a long History of the Glories of your Family; but that the World would tell me, that as the best of Families might pride themselves in your Ancestors, yet your own Vir-

The Epistle Dedicatory.

tues are so transcendent, that the most illustrious of your Ancestors, can pride themselves in nothing more than you. And indeed, when the whole Nation was almost tainted, your Loyalty was Ermine-like. And thus you credited Arms, and Letters, and Good Mien. A Plain Dealer, Sir, would tax me here, I am sure, with being wanting in your just Eulogies; but I am sure I shall never be wanting in the Zeal, Respect, and Passion, wherewith I am,

Sir,

Your most Obedient,

And most Humble Servant,

RICH. GIBBS.

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A Gallant Novel.

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Written by WILLIAM
of the Phil. Soc.

I have
Printed for R. B. Smith
in the City of London
at the Press of the
British Museum

THE NEW
DISORDERS
OF
LOVE.

A Gallant Novel.

TWO Persons of Quality
in *Picardy*, being at va-
riance about some Lands,
plung'd themselves over
head and ears in Law ; and for a
long while persecuted one another.
They were near Relations, and of
the same Family ; both bearing the
B same

same Name, and the same Arms. Their Dispute was about the sharing of an Estate, and of such great Consequence, as tended to one or the other's ruin. As they were eminent in their Province, their mutual friends made it their business to procure a Reconciliation, and for that purpose propos'd a Match. They had no more Children than one Son and one Daughter; and these friends having made them understand, that the means of removing all their differences, was to marry them together, they accordingly resolved so to do. The Son was not unhandsome, but whymfical in his humour: and as the advantages of the mind are to be prefer'd to those of the body, he was not in the best Repute imaginable in his Neighbourhood. The Daughter was agreeable, and promis'd much. She was yet so green in years, as not to know the meaning of an Husband. Thus when they

they talk'd of marrying her, she seem'd indifferent; but when she knew it to be to her Cousin, she was extreemly afflicted. She told a woman that had had care of her Education, that better would it have been for her, that her Father had been cast in his Law-suit. The woman made her answer, that she wondered to hear her talk in that manner, and that there was nothing to be found fault with in the Person that was proposed to her. As a Dispensation was necessary in this case, they sent to the Court of *Rome*; and while the Messenger was on his journey, the Marquis *de Florange*, so was her Suiter's Name, made love to her. He had lived almost altogether in his Country; insomuch that his Deportment could not wipe out the disadvantageous Impression she had entertained of him. On the contrary, the more she saw him, the less she esteemed him; in him find-

ing many bad, and few good Qualities.

From that time she did nought but weep, foreseeing all the misfortunes wherewith she was threatened. At last, the Dispensation being come, she could not decline marrying him : but he enamoured her never the more after he was her Husband, than he had done when he was her Gallant.

In a little while after the Wedding, a great Estate fell to *Florange* : and this enabled him to spend at an high rate. His Wife studying to distance him, told him then, that we liv'd now in a Reign wherein Martial Men were only valued, and that though the bare thoughts of his absence troubled her extreamly, yet could she not but advise him to take upon him some Military Employ : That their Lands lying in the passage of the Forces, the means to preserve them, was to do as Persons of Quality did : That she had
heard

heard, how that in the time of his Ancestors a Soldier did not approach 'em but with respect; and should be overjoyed he might again have the same influence.

The Marquiss *de Florange* was of a Family that had produc'd brave men; but the Valour of his Ancestors had not reach'd his Person; insomuch that he had been but one single Campaign in the Army : Nay, and he returned thence two months before the rest, as in no wise delighting in that Profession. Thus finding little satisfaction in his Wives Discourse, he reply'd, that her contrivance lay to get him out of the way; but besides the Concerns of his Family, that wedded him to his own house, he was in no wise enclined to give her that satisfaction.

The Marchioness was picqu'd by his answer; and as this his carriage spoke his little regard for her, she told him, that it was long since she

had begun to take notice of his ill humour; but that it was not fitting he should cloak his Capriciousness with a Pretext, that did an injury to others. And she happened to mutter him out a Coward: and as nothing is so offensive as truth, the Marquis fell into an extraordinary rage; and they proceeded to give one another hard words.

Some days after, *Florange* being obliged to go thence to *Paris*, upon a Process of Consequence, was at a plunge, whether he should take his Wife along, or leave her at home. He began to be jealous of her, yet without cause: for as yet she saw no body that either had a design upon her, or on whom she could be accus'd of having any. But whether that *Florange* had a secret foreknowledg of his misfortune, or that really he in her found some inclination to Gallantry, ordered one of his Domesticks before his departure, to have an eye upon her acti-

actions. This Domestick was a middle-aged man, and seemed very discreet. He had been in the Wars in his Youth, where he had learnt to live ; but this was all the profit he had made by them ; for having been reformed upon the *Pyrenean* Peace, and being destitute of maintenance, he was forced to accept of the first Employ that was proposed to him ; and the Marquis *de Florange's* Father having offered him his house, he accordingly listed himself in his Family, as his Gentleman of the Horse, and to have an eye upon his Son, who was then very young. The Condition was mean for such a man as he ; but necessity made him pass over all things. Yet though his Fortune was low, his heart was not the less : and indeed he ~~had~~ never loved other than women of Quality, and from the time he first saw the Marchioness, he found he was not proof against her Charms. How-

ever, Respect kept him silent. But the Marquis his Commission beginning to sooth him, he fancied some Change might happen in his Fortune; and that he might insinuate himself into the Marchioness's good Opinion, he imparted the Order to her he had received from her Husband; and assured her that he was more at her Devotion than at any bodies in the world. The Marchioness was surprized at this Discourse, yet not so much for the knowledg it gave her of her Husband's Jealousie, as for this mans good will. For as he had been a long while with the Marquess *de Florange*, and his Father, she could not apprehend how he so lightly quitted their Interests, to embrace those of a person he but lately knew. After that this thought had possessed her for some time, instead of guessing at what thus byassed *Grand Champ*, so was the Name of this Domestick, she imagined that he

he had perceiv'd her innocence, and had only offer'd her his service out of compassion.

In the mean while, if her Husband had not seem'd over-amiabie to her before this, she then thought him altogether horrible, and at his return from Paris, she had all the pain imaginable to endure him. He came back at length towards the end of Summer, which was very bad that year, by reason of the continual Rains. The succeeding *Autumn* was still more unpleasant, in-somuch that all the People of Quality in the Countrey, seeing the bad weather, talk'd of repairing into the Cities. The greater part went to Paris; but the Marquis did not think it convenient to carry his Wife thither, he thinking her of too *Modish* an humour. He knew the Husbands were not in safety there; especially those that are not over-amiabie, and have very lovely Wives. The Marchioness expected

to spend the Winter in that Town, he having promised she should in the beginning of the Summer; but seeing he changed his mind, this still help'd to make her hate him the more. Nevertheless, as he himself did not over-much delight in a Countrey-house, he resolv'd to go into some small City, where the influence was not so maligne for married people as it might be at *Paris*. His Estate lay about *Soissons*; and this was the place he chose in which to recreate himself during the bad weather. This Town is so pretty, insomuch that the Marchioness lov'd it however better than her Village. No sooner were they got thither, but that the Kings Army in *Flanders* had Orders to separate, and march away to their Winter-Quarters. Many Officers in their Road to *Paris*, passed through *Soissons*, and one among the rest, of an extraordinary merit, and of a very eminent Quality; his Regiment had encamped the

the year a-fore near the Walls of the Town, with five or six others, that had staid there for fifteen days, insomuch that he had spent that time in making his Court to a Citizen's Wife; and he came purposely to see her again, she having not used him severely.

After he had seen her, knowing *Florange* to be at *Soissons* with his Lady, he paid him a Visit. They had made acquaintance at *Paris* two years before, but had never seen the Marchioness, though he had heard her highly extolled. He found her Fame was still short of her Beauty and Merit, insomuch that he could not forbear telling *Florange* what he thought of his Choice. The Marquis, though of a temper to be easily jealous, was not alarm'd at the praises he conferr'd upon his Wife, as knowing Courtiers to be prodigal of them.

The Marchioness, on her side, liked the Colonel extreamly, and
was

was as much charm'd with his good Meen as his Reputation ; for he had perform'd Actions in War that had made him very conspicuous.

The Marquis *de Florange* asked him what brought him to *Soissons*, because that was not the direct way to go to Court ; and as young people have commonly more Vanity than Discretion, the Marquis *de Mainville*, so was this Officer called, own'd ingenuously the love he had for the Citizen's Wife, and that she was the cause of his little journey. After this secret, *Florange* did not wonder to see him stay some time in the City, and the more because that people began already to talk of his Intrigue. As soon as the Rumour of it came to the Marchionesses ears, she perceiv'd her self vex'd at the Choice he had made, as if she had already interess'd her self in him. She must needs see the Woman that had made so fine a Conquest ; but she saw her not, save with the Eyes
of.

of a Rival; for though she was passably beautiful, she found her altogether unworthy of the thoughts of a man of Honour. *Mainville* knew not what passed in his favour in the Marchionesses bosome; but without penetrating into her sentiments, he had such for her, as came very near those she had for him. He found her infinitely lovely, and her Husband, on the contrary, seem'd to him unworthy of possessing her.

He had been told, that he was the most jealous of all men, inso-much that he pitied her, being fallen into the hands of a Person, who so little knew how to relish the happiness he had in possessing so beauteous a Woman. However, though this thought possessed him wholly, he endeavoured to conceal it as much as he could from all the World, for fear of creating Suspensions in the *Marquess de Florange's* Breast, who after that, would not fail

fail of forbidding him to come to his house, or of carrying his Wife back into the Countrey. Thus he resolved to use so much Mystery in his Love, that no body should have the least inckling of it, save the Marchioness, bounding all his cares to tell her in private what she had kindled in his heart. Thus he for nothing reckon'd the constraint he lived in, being well enough satisfied, provided he gave no jealousy to her Husband. He hoped hereby to render himself agreeable to the Marchioness, as knowing that Women, above all things, prize Discretion. But the Sympathy they had entertained for one another at their first interview, had already produc'd so much effect upon her, that there was no need of this addition of Civility, to insinuate him into her good Opinion. And indeed whatever her Vertue could dictate to her, to stifle certain agreeable motions she was sensible of in her

her self upon thinking on him, she could not overcome them. Thus she perceiv'd, that if she meant to preserve her Innocence, she must distance her self from a place where she could not stay, without running the risque of being ruin'd. But much ado had she to come to this Resolution, because nothing is so difficult to reject, as agreeable thoughts; but considering it to be the only means to ward off the afflictions with which she was threatened, she desired the Marquis *de Florange*, that he would go to his Countrey-house; if not, that he would suffer her to go thither without him.

He ask'd her, what could be the cause of so great a change; and her answer was, that the Air of the Town injur'd her, and that that of the Countrey would be much better for her. Yet as she looked well, he thought this to be only a Pretext, and was not over-hasty to grant her
her

her request. Besides, he himself hated, as I have said, the Countrey, insomuch, that for fear of being oblig'd of returning thither, he desir'd the Marquis *de Mainville* to prevail with her to spend the Winter at *Soissons*, telling him, that she would ever contribute towards his Diversion, in case he made any stay in that Town. *Mainville*, who had hitherto in vain waited for an occasion to speak to the Marchioness in private, was over-joy'd at this which Fortune sent him. He went at the same time into her Chamber, and surpriz'd her extremely by his manner of coming thither; for he was quite out of countenance, and as a man newly labouring under some great trouble. She ask'd him, what put him upon coming to see her, he that had not been to see her since he came to Town: and this obliging reproach affording him matter of entring into Discourse, he made her answer, that

that it would be easie for him to satisfie her upon that point, if she would take the trouble of hearing him. Thereupon he acquainted her how passionately he had lov'd her from the first moment he saw her; but that having perceiv'd the jealous humour of her Husband, he had kept that strict hand upon himself, that he believ'd neither he nor she had taken notice of his Passion. That *Florange* sent him thither to discourse her upon business; but being unable to live any longer without knowing after what manner she would receive the offers of his service, he took that time to ask her, whether she would render him unhappy, that he had blaz'd about his design to lye upon another; but that the person he had pretended to love, serv'd only for a Cover to his real inclinations, since he was incapable of loving any other than her.

Mainville's Discourse seem'd to be extreamly grateful to the Marchioness, since she was as fervently lov'd by him as she lov'd him ; nevertheless she fell a weeping, as if he had inform'd her of the Death of all her Friends. So extraordinary a procedure put *Mainville* into an extraordinary surprize. He ask'd her, why she griev'd so very much ; but the more he pressed her to answer him, the more her grief seemed to augment. He then fell to eying her from head to foot, fearing she was not over-wise. This thought had been capable of curing him ; but the Marchioness breaking silence , told him , he would not wonder at her tears after what she had to acquaint him withal : That she lov'd him as much at least as he could love her ; and that this her weakness made her fearful : That her Design was to maintain her Vertue ; but that it was difficult to answer for it, when one
had

had such an inclination for a person, as she had for him. She then inform'd him of the request she had made to her Husband, of carrying her back to their Countrey-house, that she might have the means of shunning his sight ; and *Mainville* knew well enough that she spoke the truth, since he himself was charg'd to divert her from her Resolution.

As it is natural to flatter ones self, *Mainville*, instead of being alarm'd at her Vertue, thought only to thank her for her kind thoughts of him ; but the Marchioness interrupting him in the midst of his Discourse, told him roundly, that he was not yet got where he imagin'd, and that the more she was sensible of her weakness, the more efforts she was going to use never to see him again. It is easie to imagine, that he attempted to inspire her with other Sentiments, and exercised his utmost Wit for that purpose ;
but

but the Marchioness was a Woman of Courage, insomuch that after having left him, she sent for *Grand-Champ*, to desire a great service of him. That he had great Credit in her Husbands good Opinion, and wish'd he would employ it so, in obtaining his permission for her to return into the Countrey. *Grand-Champ* was surpris'd at this Discourse, as knowing the aversion the Marchioness had for a solitary life. Thus his answer was, that she thought not on what she said; and turning her Discourse into Rallery, he assured her he should ever be so careful of her content, as not to procure her a thing as would so much accrue to her dissatisfaction. Then was the Marchioness oblig'd to put on her most serious looks, to let him know that she spoke in good earnest; and at length she did so thorowly represent to him, that it would be the doing her a kindness, that he promised her to do all he could

could with *Florance*, to content her in her desires. The Marchioness in discoursing *Grand-Champ*, was as free in her speech with him, as she might be with a man whose Conversation could not be of any Consequence, insomuch that she chanc'd to say, that she should be as happy with him in a Village, as if she was in the best City in the world. This man did not want a good Opinion of himself; insomuch, that interpreting these words at the foot of the Letter, he thought he was happier than he had imagin'd. He had ever cloak'd his Love with the appearances of Civility and Respect; he then imagin'd, that without being too vain, he might give it less narrow bounds. Thus he resolv'd on the first occasion, to bemoan himself for the Sentiments he had so long entertained for her, not doubting but that the success would be answerable to his hopes.

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The Marchioness did from day to day wait for her Husband's answer, when *Grand-Champ*, to cut off what was least necessary, told her, that he found it difficult to obtain what she desired; but that he would not desist however. In the space between the Marchionesses request, and *Grand-Champ's* answer, she saw the Marquis *de Mainville* again; and his Visits did not help to cure her of her Passion. On the contrary, she became so sensible, that she was afraid, that if these Interviews lasted any long time, she should have much a-do at length to reject his persecutions; for he was too urging. Wherefore she told *Grand-Champ*, that she had a secret to trust him withal, but that being of the utmost moment to her, to confide it only in the hands of a man, on whose discretion she might rely; she would have him first swear, that he would never speak of it to any body. *Grand-Champ* was pre-

pre-possessed, as I have said, with a great Opinion of himself; and this discourse fully perswading him of his good fortune, he made a thousand Oaths of Fidelity to the Marchioness, to induce her to declare her secret to him. She thereupon told him, that though it was not handsome for a Lady to own her weakness, she could not however conceal it any longer, without rendering it remediless. That she had an inconceivable confusion for it; but that he ought rather to pity than blame her; and so much the more, as that she used her utmost endeavours, as that she might have nothing to reproach her self withal: That she was going to unbosom to him, to the very secret motions of her heart, that it would be for him to condemn her after this, if he found her culpable.

Hitherto the Marchioness had said nothing but what entertained *Grand-Champ* in his foolish hopes; but

but when she had declar'd to him the Passion she had for *Mainville*, and that he had for her, he was, for all the world, in as great confusion, as if he had been caught in doing some ill action. *How Madam*, cry'd he, after some moments of silence, *You love the Marquis de Mainville! the Marquis de Mainville, who is over head and ears in love with a Citizen's Wife, and who out of Courtship to her, has abandon'd the Care of his Fortune?* Yes, I love him, the Marchioness reply'd faintly, and *my desiring to distance my self from hence, is only for that I am afraid of loving him too much.* Many Women in my place, would perhaps contrive the means of seeing him on all occasions; but for my part, I mean to avoid him, because he has a secret Charm, against which I cannot defend my self. *Ah Madam! Grand-Champ* reply'd, to whom all these words were as so many stabs into his heart; *seek an other Confident than*

than me; I find not my self proper to render you the service you require of me, and I should deceive you if I had promised you. At these words he went his way, all transported with anger, without vouchsafing to hear her farther. The Marchioness did what she could to detain him, being very willing to clear all his scruples; but she took her time ill, since the rage he was in to see himself fallen from his hopes, put him into an inconceivable Despair.

As he had manifested a great deal of Passion in the reproaches he had made her, it was no difficult matter for the Marchioness to know that he was *Mauville's* Rival. She call'd to mind a world of actions that Love had made him commit, which she had not minded before; but which then confirm'd her in the thought she had of him, in so much that she was extreamly vexed that she had made him her Confident. However, as there was now

no Remedy, she fell to contriving how to appease him, and fancied she might do it, had he any reason left. For she represented to her self, that not being Mistress of her own heart, he ought to be satisfied with the efforts she made to stifle her Passion, and with the Resolution she had taken to withdraw into the Countrey. Said she likewise to her self, that if he lov'd her, he would help her to obtain her Husband's leave for that purpose, which she passionately desired, so to root out a Love, which all agreeable as it was, yet made her labour under great apprehensions.

While she was expecting this from *Grand-Champ's* jealousy, *Mainville* being allarm'd at the instances she made to *Florange*, that she might leave the City, did slyly inculcate suspicions in the mind of that credulous Husband; sometimes telling him, after a drolling manner, that his Wife was in love with some or
other

other in his Neighbourhood. But *Florange*, who far from being tractable upon that matter, was susceptible of the least thing, conceived such disadvantageous impressions of her Conduct, that when she spoke to him again, of returning to their Countrey-house, he not only deny'd her, but did it after such a disobliging manner, that she was nettled to the very heart. At first she had recourse to her fears; but Grief having made room for Resentment, it came into her head, to revenge her self that way he most apprehended. For some time she found a certain pleasure in entertaining her self with this thought; but her Vertue having got the ascendant, she blush'd for having been capable of conceiving a thing to her so disadvantageous.

In a few days after, *Grand Champ* entred her Room with a wild, staring look, and such as suited very much with the state of his Soul. He told

her, that he came to take his leave of her, and that he had at that time such concerns upon his hands, as oblig'd him to be gone. His Complements surpris'd the Marchioness. She endeavour'd to divert him from his Resolution, rightly guessing at the occasion; but he made her answer, that he could not stay any longer in a place where he should have daily before his Eyes, a Rack a thousand times more cruel than Death it self. That after what she had told him, as he knew the effects of Love, he did not doubt but that the passion she had for the *Marquis de Mainville*, would rather augment than diminish; that he foresaw strange Consequences, not that he suspected her of being ever wanting to her Vertue, but out of the knowledge he had of her Husband's jealous humour, who would be over-joy'd to find a Pretext to use her ill.

Thus did *Grand Champ*, under fine appearances, conceal the real Cause

Cause of his discontent : for it was only Jealousie that induc'd him to desire to be gone. In the meanwhile he put a thousand fears into the Marchionesses head, by the misfortunes with which he threatned her : and if the love she had for *Mainville*, had not already been very violent, his Discourse had been capable of clearing her heart of it intirely. She could have wish'd it had been in her power so to have done. And indeed that she might have a person to sustain her staggering Vertue, she conjur'd *Grand-Champ* not to abandon her in her present Condition, promising him to do all things imaginable to overcome her weakness. You'l see, said she to him, *that the love I have for Mainville, is not an effect of my inclination; and that one's Star may be rectify'd, when it would hurry us into the precipice against our wills. And indeed to what use would our reason be, if we cannot put it in practice*

when we have need of it ? and without this, what difference would there be between Men and Beasts ?

Grand-Champ was so troubled, that he could hardly understand one bare word of what the Marchioness said ; but seeing she press'd him a-new to give her answer : *What would ye have me tell you, Madam,* he reply'd to her, *and will you force me, willy nilly, to own my Crime t' ye ? I am as culpable as unfortunate ; I know what I am, and what you are ; and the knowledge I have of both, has not hindred me from loving you. I adore you, since I must needs tell you so, and you adore the Marquis de Mainville. After this, the only course for me, is to distance my self from hence ; and tho you should pardon me the excess of my temerity, I could not pardon my self for it, and for having dar'd to love you, without being capable of exciting the same flames in you as you have excited in me. An other inspires you*
with

with those agreeable movements, which I would make you sensible of at the cost of my life. Thus it is no longer pleasant to me, since I have nothing more to hope. At these words he would have gone his ways, without staying for an answer; but the Marchioness recalling him, made him turn his Head against his will; and he observ'd an inconceivable grief in her face. What would ye have of me, Madam, he then retorted, with an air wherein Love and Despair did equally appear? Would ye have me suffer here all that is most cruel for man to suffer? That I see every day before me the most lovely Lady living, without daring to lift up my Eyes to her: Thus I contemplate the love I have for the Marquis de Mainville, and that insensible to the one or other, I lead out the most languishing life in the world: No, Madam, you ought not to oblige me to this: you your self would be a loser, in suffering such a Wretch as I

am, to dare to tell you, that he loves you; and though you could bear with it, yet it would not ease me; I should have ever before my Eyes the Marquis de Mainville's happiness; and perhaps that believing my self as worthy of being belov'd as he, notwithstanding the difference there is between our Fortune, I should tell you things as might displease you. It is better for me all at once to distance my self from the most amiable person breathing; and though it cost me my Life, Death will be more pleasant to me than a sight that will make me die every moment. At these words he would again have been going, but the Marchioness holding him by the arm, told him, that if he was minded to oblige her, he would still stay with her Husband: That she bore him not so much ill will for his temerity, as she might have done at an other time, because she her self knew the power of Love. That as to the rest, she was willing to forget all things, provided

vided he promis'd her never to speak to her of his Passion. That Reason must govern him, as she promis'd him to let it govern her herself: That she would have him to be a Witness of the efforts she was going to make, to drive *Mainville* out of her heart; and that if she could not effect that, he would, at least, be with her to mind her of her Vertue.

In fine, as it is impossible to resist what one loves, *Grand-Champ* could not decline obeying the Marchioness, and continued to stay with *Florange*. Nevertheless if she had so much indulgence for him, it was not without very powerful reasons. She consider'd, that the excess of his Dispair might prompt him to reveal her secret, and that it would be better for her to constrain her self, than be expos'd to the anger of a Lover, who had just occasion to complain. On the other side, as her design was to be vertuous, she

imagin'd that *Grand-Champ's* presence would be capable of keeping her in, and that narrowly watching her actions, she should be asham'd after what she had told him, of manifesting any Weakness.

Thus while she was studying all possible means for her security, *Mainville* omitted nothing of what might give a happy success to his Love. He from time to time found the means of discouraging the Marchioness; and his Conversation ruin'd that Ladies Projects. She daily discover'd some new Quality in him, as render'd the Vice less hideous to her, insomuch that she was no longer so very desirous to return into the Countrey.

Florance, all jealous as he was, perceiv'd nothing as yet; but the Citizen's Wife, whom *Mainville* had courted before, finding him more faint than ordinary, examin'd the Cause of it, and was not long without detecting it. Her Rage,
upon

upon this, was extream; and she was upon the point of letting her jealousy break out, without considering she should injure her self as much as the Marchioness. However, still fearing to be deceiv'd, she would have new Proofs of her Lover's Infidelity, before she proceeded to Reproaches against him, and to Invectives against her Rival.

This Citty, though not of Quality, did nevertheless make some Figure in the Town, as being very rich, and passably handsome. She was one in all the Merry-meetings of that place; and the season of the Carnival then requiring people to be in Disguise, as is the Custom, *Florange* desir'd her to make one in a Masquerade, which *Mainville*, and his Wife were to be of. And that they might be the finer, they sent for Cloaths from *Paris*, six for Men, and six for Women. They were all alike, and suited well enough with

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an Entry. They meant to dance at the Wedding of a very pretty Maid, that was to be very suddenly married. That Day being accordingly come, they procur'd the admiration of all the Company, who were not wont to see people that danc'd so well as did *Mainville* and the Marchioness *de Florange*. After they had danc'd, these Lovers plac'd themselves by one another, and *Mainville*, on whom the Citty had her Eyes fixt, having caress'd the Marchioness a little too much, it is difficult to express her vexation on that account. Being transported with anger, she went instantly to make a thousand Reproaches to that perfidious man; but having met in the way a female friend of hers, that stopp'd her, she neither found *Mainville*, nor the Marchioness, who had left their places to take others. She endeavour'd to find them out in the Crowd, and the Resemblance of Cloaths deceiving her, she said to

Flo-

Florange, whom she took for *Mainville*, You betray me, *Marquis*, but I'll be reveng'd on *Madam de Florange*, though I were to die a moment after.

Florange knew the *Citt's* voice again, and her Discourse making an impression upon his Mind, that was but too susceptible of jealousy, he made way into the Crowd, without giving her one word of answer. The *Citizen's Wife's* Rage was inconceivable in this occasion; She imagin'd her self absolutely slighted, by the manner of his leaving her, and wish'd she could extinguish her passion in a moment; but not being able to effect that, she turn'd all her thoughts to revenge.

In the mean while *Mainville* and the *Marchioness* being ignorant of what pass'd, did in a Corner enjoy one another's Conversation, without dreaming, that love was preparing them any trouble. *Florange* fought 'em over all, and finding them slept aside, he perceiv'd his
Fury

Fury to re-double. He had open'd his Mouth to ask them what they did there ; but considering that the Bustle he might make, would retort upon himself, he made semblance of being ill, that he might have a pretence to go home. When he was come to his house, he bid his Wife prepare to leave *Soissons* on the morrow morning. She ask'd him the reason ; but without vouchsafing to specify any thing, he contented himself with letting her know, that he was not satisfy'd with her Conduct. She did not close her Eyes all the Night long, making however less reflection on *Florange's* anger, than on *Mainville's* cruel separation, she beginning to love him more than her own Life. She lay contriving the means to bid him adieu ; but not knowing how to do that, she resolved to write to him as soon as it was day. In effect, she was already thinking of having Pen and Paper, when a new Disquiet did utterly con-

confound her Repose. She knew not with whom to trust her Letter, and thereby plainly saw, that it would be to no purpose for her to write. The day being come, she began to slumber, when her Husband told her, that for a person that was to take a journey, it became her not to sleep so late. Whereupon he made her get out of Bed; after which he went into her Closet, and took thence her Ink and Paper, saying, that he must rifle her of her Courtship, and deprive her of the means of letting her Lover hear from her.

The Marchioness look'd upon him then after a scornful manner, without making him any reply; but she lost all her firmness when she was to take Coach; then did she revolve *Mainville's* Despondency in her Mind, when he came to know of her Departure; and her Lover's Affliction affected her more than her own Grief. However, as Love becomes
the

the stronger by persecution, she quickly perceiv'd that she lov'd him more than she had ever yet lov'd any body. After she was come to their Countrey house, her Husband suspecting that she would not rest so contented, if the Love she had for *Mainville* was in any wise strong, he left her neither Ink nor Paper, besides forbidding his people to give her any, though she ask'd for it.

While all this pass'd in this manner, *Mainville* dreaming of nothing less than of what had happen'd, sent a *How d' ye* to *Florange's* Lodgings. The man he had encharg'd with this Message being return'd thence, and having brought him back word, that he was gone that morning with his Wife, to return to his own house, surpriz'd him extreamly. He would believe nothing of it at first, but it having been confirm'd to him from another hand, he presently judg'd, that so sudden a departure was the effect of *Florange's* Jealousie. He like-

likewise fancy'd, that there was only himself in the Town that he could fix it upon. Thus he rejected his first thoughts, which suggested to him to run after his Mistress. Then seeing that it would be to no purpose for him to stay any longer at *Soissons*, he resolv'd to be gone to *Paris*, whence he had a design to send a man on purpose to the Marchioness. As he was just ready to take Horse, the Citizen's Wife came to his Lodgings, all transported with Fury; for she had newly been told, that he was just a going, without so much as bidding her farewell. She upbraided him with what she had done for him, and his little acknowledgment for all, and forgot not to speak of what had pass'd the Evening before, accusing him of being the most ungrateful of all men, in not vouchsafing so much as to take the pains to undeceive her. *Mainville* being surpriz'd at this reproach, which he did not think he had incur'd,

curr'd, caus'd the thing to be explain'd to him at length; and seeing that the Citt's mistake had occasion'd *Florange's* Jealousie, he made her no great reparation for his Coldness; and on the contrary, treated her with sufficient Contempt. After having dismiss'd her, he departed the Town, on the Road thinking only of the Marchioness, who on her side was only taken up with his remembrance. For without otherwise minding her Husband's rigours, who treated her with sufficient indignity, and who had her watch'd by five or six persons, to whom he had not been asham'd to discover his Weakness; she wish'd for nothing else than to know what was become of *Mainville*. Thus all her thoughts only tending that way, she took a Resolution difficult to form, but which was a strong Proof of her Love. For forgetting all the alarms she had had by having confided her secret in *Grand-Champ*, she conceiv'd a design

to

to make use of him to be the *Go-between* of her and *Mainville*, and to let him hear from her. She knew not however what course to take to exact this Service from him, after what she had said to him ; for she dreaded his Reproaches. At length Love being stronger in her than any other Consideration , she conjur'd him, with Tears in her Eyes, to free her out of pain, and carry a Letter to her Lover. *You love me, Grand-Champ*, said she to him, *and I shall be glad to know it in this Occasion. You'l make me die of Grief, if you refuse me: whereas you'l restore me to Life by doing me this Service. It will cost me mine, Madam*, answer'd *Grand-Champ* immediately, *and you have the cruelty, to desire that I should die the most cruel Death imaginable. But no matter, since this must oblige you, it is for me to obey you without reply.*

After she had thus got his consent, she ask'd him for Paper and Ink ; which he was oblig'd to furnish her withal

withal accordingly. When she had writ her Letter, she gave it him, begging him to make dispatch, that so *Mainville* might receive it before he arriv'd at *Paris*, whither she suspected him to be going. *Grand-Champ*, all pierc'd with Grief, took it from her hands, and pretending some business, that he might get *Florange's* leave, he mounted on Horse-back, and overtook *Mainville* half way. *Mainville*, whom the Marchioness had made the Confident of *Grand-Champ's* Love, trembled at her rashness in trusting him with a matter of this consequence; but at the same time admiring the fidelity of this Domestick, he would needs embrace him, and speak the sense he had of so generous an action. But *Grand-Champ* retiring two steps back, to avoid his Caresses, told him, that far from assuring him, that he was his Servant, he would frankly tell him, that there was not a man in the World, that he hated more
than

than him ; that he was well enough acquainted with the reason ; and that if he had stoop'd so far as to deliver him a Letter from the Marchioness, he thought him possess'd of so much delicacy, as not to confound the Character of a passionate Lover, with that of an Unfortunate Rival : That he might judge of his Love by the instance he had newly giv'n of it, and the more this Love was violent, the more the effects of it were to be feared.

Mainville took no notice that he heard his Menaces : and indeed far from shewing any resentment, he did what he could to gain so generous a man, offering him a World of fine things, as of advancing him in War, and serving him with all his Credit. But all these Promises did not work upon *Grand-Champ*, to do any thing that was low, maintaining his generosity to the last. After this *Mainville* made answer to the Marchioness, and put his Letter into the hands

hands of this Domestick. She had sent him Word in hers, of what had been the Occasion of her Departure, and how out of the desire she had to see him again, she would rather feign some illness, that she might go to the Waters of *Bourbon*. She was overjoy'd to hear, that *Mainville* would on his side be there; for so he assur'd her by his Letter, inso-much that she only discours'd *Grand-Champ* of her impatience till the season of the Waters was come. *The time betwixt this and that*, said she to him, *will last me a thousand years, and out of the fondness I am under, of seeing him again, there will not be a day but will seem longer than whole years to me.* I own that hopes will in some manner ease my pain; but whatever Blessing I expect from so dear a sight, I shall purchase it dearly by the uneasinesses I am going to be under, for fear he should fail his Word. *Grand-Champ*, continu'd she, *May not the King march to his*
 Cen-

Conquests in the time of Waters, and dost thou think that Mainville can dispence himself from following him? Honour is a thing very nice in the Soul of a Man of Quality, and I am undone, if Mainville prefers it before his Love.

Grand-Champ hearken'd to all this with a Countenance wherein Despair and Rage seem'd to triumph over his Passion. Nay, and sometimes was he just ready to load her with Reproaches, if by a return very usual with Lovers, he had not been more afraid of vexing her than of any thing else. However being no longer able to stay in the presence of a Woman that set him a raving mad, he went his ways without saying a word to her. But she was so possess'd with her Reflexions, that she did not so much as take notice of what was become of him.

When it was at length the season of drinking the Waters, she ask'd
her

her Husband leave to go thither, and he could not handsomely refuse her, because she had pretended to be sick, having besides slyly engag'd the Physicians to say that she stood in need of them for her recovery. Nevertheless *Florance* being resolv'd not to leave her one step, made semblance on his side, that the Waters would be good for him, and went along with her. The Marchioness's spite was extraordinary in this Occasion, and if she had durst, she had let it fly out to strange Extremities. She then fell to thinking how to break off this Journey; but making reflexion, that so doing would but too clearly manifest her Intrigue, she resolv'd to advertise *Mainville* of what occur'd, that he might take his measures for his seeing her on the Road.

Grand-Champ was again charg'd to carry him this News, and having accordingly done it with the same fidelity

fidelity he had exerted the time before, *Mainville* took Horse for *Montargis*, and stay'd in the best Inn, where the Marchioness had writ him word she was to lodg. Nevertheless he had no other Train than a *Valet de Chambre*; and for the obviating all suspicion, in case he staid there any time, he pretended to be sick, that he might at freedom wait the Marchionesses coming. Two days after, she arriv'd there with her Husband; and no sooner was she alighted, but that she gave *Grand-Champ* order to acquaint *Mainville*, that she was desirous to see him. *Mainville* told *Grand-Champ*, that could not be till after her Husband was gone to Bed; and as the Marchioness did not lie with him, they would have all sort of leisure of conversing together. When *Grand-Champ* had giv'n this account to the Marchioness, *Ah my God!* cry'd she, *That's impossible: How see me by Night? That's seeking*
D
ing

ing his own ruin, and the ruining of my self. What would Florange say if he came to know it? and would there after that be any mercy for me? What say you, Grand-Champ? give me good advice in this matter. Grand-Champ, being enrag'd at what he did, and what he was still oblig'd to hear, answer'd not a word; but seeing that she press'd him to tell her his Opinion; How, Madam, he reply'd to her, Ought you not to be satisfy'd with what I here do, but you must needs constrain me to discourse you upon a thing of this nature? And to what purpose would it be for me to dissuade you from seeing the Marquis de Mainville, since you will not follow my advice? Why will I not follow it, the Marchioness answer'd; and should I not be glad, that you would let me see that it was impossible to afford him this satisfaction. No, Madam, it is not impossible, reply'd Grand-Champ, since that you doubt
of

of it, and you will infallibly see him in your Chamber, since you only deliberate to know whether the thing be feasible or not. I thought you would have declin'd it out of fear of wounding your honour ; but the happy Marquis triumphs over your Scruples. You at first told me, you meant to shun him, with such a World of Precaution ; and now you are no longer afraid of singling him out to a private Rendezvouze. Ah, Grand-Champ, you are mistaken, the Marchioness answer'd, and if he comes into my Chamber, I mean not, that you shall go one step from me, that so you your self may be a Witness, that nothing shall there pass, but what's honest ; and that though I be wanting to Decency, I at least am not wanting to Virtue. No, 'tis you that are mistaken, Madam, cry'd Grand-Champ, if you believe you can be wanting to Decorum, without being wanting to Virtue ; for there is such a connexion between them two, that a person can no longer be said to

be innocent, when she has once fail'd in her Conduct, It is for you to make reflexion thereupon; and if it proves my misfortune, that my Remonstrances will nothing avail, you need only say what you desire of me: I will still bring, if you order me, this happy Lover, into your very Chamber; but do not oblige me to be present at a Conversation that would make me mad.

As soon as Grand-Champ had made her these offers, she took him at his Word, conjuring him to pay her this Service. She no longer insisted for him to be present in the Room with Mainville; and this Circumstance cast him into the utmost Despondency; for he fram'd such things in his imagination as she did not in the least dream of; and which his Jealousie nevertheless made him think to be real. The Marchionesses Chamber was at the end of a Gallery; and there was a kind of *Anti-chamber*, where Grand-Champ

Champ had Orders to lye. The Marquis *de Florange* having commanded him to watch his Wife's Conduct so narrowly, as that he might be able to give an exact account of it. Thus it lay in his power to let in whom he pleas'd; and the excess of his love requiring him to pay this Service to his Rival, he introduc'd him into the Marchioness's Chamber, and shut the door upon them. While *Mainville* was there, an Adventure happen'd in the Inn, that made them both more than a little uneasie. One of the Servants being in Love with the Maid, and fancying he had perceiv'd some Bowels of kindness in her towards him, he stole softly into her Chamber, and made her start out of her sleep. This Wench being honest, beyond what is ordinary in those of her stamp, being to the highest degree surpriz'd at his insolence, gave then a great Scream, which put all the house into allarum. The Mar-

quis de Florange awak'd at this noise,
 as well as the rest, and having heard
 how the case stood, he was heard to
 cry out aloud, *kill him, kill him*. For
 he had a natural aversion for all
 those that endeavour'd to debauch
 other mens Wives ; fearing, that if
 he appear'd indulgent upon the Ar-
 ticle, it might give some Gallant the
 Boldness to sparkle it to his. His
 Voice immediately struck *Mainvil-*
le's and the Marchionesses Ears; and
Mainville thinking it was him he
 meant, drew his Sword at the same
 time, telling the Marchioness, that
 it would not be so easie a matter as
 was imagin'd, to take away his
 Life. At these Words he broke out
 of her Arms, that grasp'd him ten-
 derly, as if she meant to bid him a
 last farewell, and rushing out of the
 Chamber, he ran towards the place
 where he heard *Florange* a talking.
 When he was got to the end of the
 Gallery, he perceiv'd him in his
 Night-Gown, by the Light of a
 Candle,

Candle, which a Lacquey held before him. This Lackquey no sooner saw *Mainville's* Sword glitter, but that he let fall the Candle out of fear, at the same time giving a dismal Schrick. *Florange*, for his part made haste into his Chamber, having likewise perceiv'd the Sword ; insomuch that *Mainville* finding nobody to dispute the passage with him, he entred his own Room, without *Florange's* being able to say, who had put him to so great a fright.

In the mean while the Marchioness being under a most doleful disquiet for what would happen to *Mainville*, went out into the Gallery to listen ; but coming to know, that the noise that had been made in the Inn, had been occasion'd by the Man and Maids Adventure ; and hearing no talk of her Lover, she dispers'd her fears. After this *Grand-Champ* advis'd her to go to Bed, that if her Husband should by chance come into her Chamber, he might

not ask why she had fate up so late. Hardly was she undress'd, but that *Florange*, who had had time to call all his People to his succours, came, and knock'd at her Door, with such a noise, that a body would have said, he meant to break it open. *Grand-Champ* went and open'd it; and the first thing *Florange* ask'd him, was, if a man did not go out of his Chamber with his Sword in his hand. He made him answer, that no body could go out there, since the Door had been always shut, and that if he had not heard his Voice, he would not have open'd it. After this, *Florange* knock'd at his Wife's Chamber-door; and there she made him wait for some time, to make him believe that she was in a deep sleep. At last she made semblance of awaking her Woman, that was a Confident of her Intrigue, and who had been present all the while *Mainville* staid with her. *Florange* tax'd 'em both with their sleeping so fast,

fast, after they had assur'd him, they heard not the least of all the noise that had been made in the Inn.

As soon as *Florange* had left his Wife, he made reflexion upon the Vision he had had of the Sword, and relying upon what *Grand-Champ* had said to him, he fancy'd the man to have come out of some of the next Chambers to that of the Marchioness. Thus all was appeas'd in the Inn; after which all fell asleep again, as if nothing had happen'd. There was only *Mainville*, the Marchioness, and *Grand-Champ*, that could not be of those that tasted of Rest; for their Amour furnish'd them with sufficient matter of anxiety. As for *Grand-Champ*, it is easy to judge he was over-whelm'd with grief, and that he could not think of his cruel Destiny, without believing himself the most unfortunate of all men. As to *Mainville* and the Marchioness, though they

ought to be so satisfy'd, being sure of one anothers Love, yet they had great cause of vexation. They had hop'd to have enjoy'd one anothers Company for a whole Night together, and an unhappy Adventure of a Man and a Maid, had disappointed their hopes. Besides, they knew not when they might see one another again; for as they had not had the leisure to take their measures together, *Mainville* was upon the point of returning to the Army, and the danger he was going to run, did extraordinarily allarm his Mistress.

The Day being come, *Florance* and his Wife continued their way; and being arriv'd at *Bourbon*, they took the Waters, of which they had no great need. But as it is not the same thing with those Waters, as with the Water of the *Seine*, which one may drink of, without fear of injuring ones self, they spoil'd their Stomacks, either that they had already

ready a Disposition thereunto, or that God thought fitting to punish them for feigning to be sick. Their Indisposition began with a great Indigestion, which at first hinder'd them from sleeping, and a *Fever* coming thereupon, it was fear'd this Malady might have ill Consequences. Thus for prevention, they had recourse to the most able Physicians; but they exhausted their whole Knowledge, without giving any ease to their Patients. This occasion'd their Friends to begin to despair of their Health. The Marquis de Mainville was then at the Army, whither he went after the adventure of *Montungis*. The Marchioness, thinking her self at the Extremity, signify'd to him the state she was in; and he had no sooner learnt this ill News, but that he resolv'd to go see her, let what would come on't. There was no room for his desiring leave. The King granted none: Wherefore he pretended himself sick, that he might have

have a pretence to be carry'd into a Neighbouring Town. As soon as he was there arriv'd, he won the heart of his Landlord, and of a Physician, and prevail'd with them to give out, that he was in great danger; insomuch, that when any one came to pay him a Visit, they said, he was not to be seen, by reason of the Violence of his Distemper. His Servants had also Order to remain bare-headed in his Room, and when any Persons came to enquire after his Health, they made them answer softly at the Door, as if they had been afraid of disturbing his Head. In the meanwhile *Mainville* having taken his measures thus well, went away Post in the dusk of the Evening, and repair'd to *Paris*, where the Marchioness *de Flo-range* was sick. He saw her by *Grand Champ's* means, and found her in better Health than he expected. For her Distemper, when just upon the point of tumbling her in-

to her Grave, was diminish'd all on the sudden ; and but that her looks spoke her to have been ill , a man would hardly have believ'd it, so well was she recover'd. The Marchionesses joy was great, to see so signal an instance of her Lover's Passion. She embrac'd him with an extraordinary tenderness, and by insatiable Caresses, testify'd she could never sufficiently express her acknowledgment.

Mainville, who was as foolish as are all people that are in Love, was charm'd with her affection, and neglected his Duty ; insomuch that he was now but little afraid of his Cheat coming to be detected. Thus giving all his Thoughts, and all his Care to his Mistress, his contrivance lay only how to be daily with her ; in which he found nevertheless some difficulty, because that *Grand-Champ* was to depart that very Evening, to go into *Picardy*, whither he was sent by *Flerange*. Nevertheless, to
re-

return after having seen her but once, was a thing he could not resolve on, finding he had hazarded too much to have such scanty satisfaction. In fine, after having one while listen'd to his Reason, which adviz'd him to return to the Army, and another while his Passion, that thwarted those Intentions, this latter got the Ascendant, and he study'd the means of getting to speak, at least once again with his Mistress, For that purpose he dress'd himself up as a Physician, and under that Habit he had free admittance into her Chamber, without needing any body to introduce him. Though that his Features were too deeply engrav'd in the Marchionesses mind, for her to mistake him, yet the surprise of that Lady was extream, when he took her by the Arm, to feel her Pulse. She immediately dismiss'd all the Servants out of the Room, except her Woman, whom she did not suspect. Then giving

Main-

Mainville a strong Reprimand, for exposing himself and her too to such a danger, she forbid him to venture so again, telling him, that he ought, at least, to advertise her of his Disguise, to prevent her first surprise. *Mainville* excus'd himself the best he could, rejecting all upon his Love, and upon his not having known that *Grand Champ* was to be gone till after he had left her. After this Conversation, they began an other, extreamly tender; and as they were going to engage deeply into amorous softnesses, the Marchionesses usual Physician came in, who was strangely surpriz'd to find an other Physician at the sick Beauties Beds-head. His Cheeks glow'd for meer anger, thinking that he was slighted. He ask'd *Mainville*, by whose Order he came thither, he whom he did not know to be of the Faculty of *Paris*. *Mainville* was strangely *non plus'd* at his Question, seeing how furious

ous he was upon the matter : But making a Vertue of Necessity, he reply'd, that he went no where without being sent for : That though he was not of the Faculty of *Paris*, yet he was not the less expert ; and that the Physicians of *Montpelier* did in nothing come short of all the Physicians of the Kingdom.

There is a certain Antipathy between the Physicians of *Paris*, and those of *Montpelier*, insomuch that this Discourse still augmented the usual Physician's Resentment. He took fire at the same time, and after having discharg'd his Choler against this new Doctor, he told the Marchioness, that since she put so much Confidence in an ignorant Fellow, she might make use of him, and that it was the last time he would visit her. Nevertheless, upon his going away, he went to *Flerange's* Chamber, where his heart being full of what had befallen him, he complain'd

plain'd of the Affront that was done him. *Florange* was still very sick, being nothing so near his recovery as his Wife was to hers. For he had still daily Transports in his Brain, that made him rave; but being the most jealous of all men, he immediately distrusted the *Montpelier* Physician, and to see if he was not mistaken, he at the same time took his Night-Gown, and went into his Wives Chamber. On the way he told the Doctor, that it was for his sake that he took this pains, as being willing to conceal his Jealousie. The Doctor was so transported with Anger, that he made not any effort to hinder him; and though he knew well enough in his mind, that stirring out of his Bed did not besit his present Circumstances, yet he was over-joy'd that he had this satisfaction given him. *He'l be your Death*, said he to him as they went along, *if you make use of him. He is but a meer Quack,*
and

and that you'l presently perceive by his Meen. As he entertain'd him with such like Discourses, to animate him the more, they entred the Marchionesses Chamber; and *Florance's* surprise was extraordinary, when he found that the Physician of *Montpelier*, and the Marquis de *Mainville*, were but one and the same thing. How, cry'd he at the same time, *the Marquis de Mainville is turn'd Doctor!* How can that be, and since when is this Metamorphosis? I must be reveng'd, and offer up to my resentment a Friend that ruins me, and triumphs over my Honour. At this Name of *Mainville*, which was universally known, the true Physician remain'd as much confounded as *Florance*: for he then plainly saw he had committed a great mistake, in discovering what but for him had been conceal'd. He trembled for fear, knowing how dangerous it was to incur the Indignation of a man of that Consequence,

sequence ; Wherefore he would have given all he had to have retriev'd the Blunder he had made.

On the other side, *Mainville* and his Mistress were no less afraid than the Doctor ; but Love, which was the first cause of this Disorder, since it was it that had induc'd *Mainville* to put himself into a Disguise, suggested a thing to *Mainville*, that freed them both out of perplexity. He began to seize upon the Marquis *de Florange*, crying, that his Frenzy took him ; and that if they did not carry him back to Bed, it was capable of being his Death. He at the same time trode upon the Physician's Foot ; and he understanding what this meant, joyn'd with him to make the poor *Florange* believe, that he was very ill. *Good Lord !* what a furious transport, cry'd the Doctor at the same time, to take a Physician for a Marquis, and to suspect him also of attempting upon his Honour. *My Lord, you must drink*
a re-

a refreshing Ptisanne, or else you are a lost man. Florange was terribly enrag'd at this Discourse, as not over-well knowing whether he rav'd or not. However, the two Physicians, his Wife, and her Woman, ceas'd not dragging of him into his own Room, and putting him to Bed again in spite of his teeth. Then had he a real Phrenzy, holding a thousand extravagant Discourses. The Physician of *Montpelier* took that time to bid the Company farewell; and the Marchioness saw him depart with less regret; judging, that after what had happen'd, it would be putting him into too evident a danger, and her self too far to detain him.

When *Mainville* was gone away, he went to his House who writes the *Gazet*; where in consideration of some money, he had inserted, that he was extream sick in the Town where he was thought to be
and

and that there was no longer any hopes of his Life. From thence he went to *Florange's* Physician, to whom he said, that he pardon'd him for having hamper'd him in so unlucky a business, provided he would maintain to the very last, what he had so well began. He thereupon acquainted him with what he had newly done, that so he might disabuse *Florange*, if he continued to affirm, that he was paulm'd upon by his Wife. He told him, that the *Gazet* was to be vended the next day throughout the City, and that this fell out very pat for their purpose. After this, he went his ways for the Army, where there was not the least suspicion of all the Pranks he came from playing. *Florange's* Fit went away, having lasted full Fourteen Hours. He sent for a Kinsman of his Wives, to whom he made his Complaints upon what had befallen him the Evening before, telling him,

him, that he could not keep her after this. This man, who by chance, had read the *Gazet* in the morning, and knew besides that *Florange* had raved all the Night, imagin'd at his hearing him talk of *Mainville*, that he was still in his raving Fit. Thus without answering to his Discourse, he told him, that he was only to be fed with good Broths, that so he might be brought to his right Senses, and his Head settled. But *Florange* bursting out into anger; *My Head*, said he to him, *is too sick ever to be settled; and I wonder that you, who are my Relation, as well as Madam de Florange's, would make me believe, that I am a Visionary fellow. You are so in truth, if there ever was one, this Kinsman answer'd, to conceive a jealousy of a man, who at this hour is not perhaps alive. Mainville has been sick a long time, and the state he is in, does with a Vengeance hinder him from thinking*

her of your Wife. Take my Word, Coun-
 sin, if you mean to fall out with
 her, use at least a more probable
 pretext than this; for you'l have no
 body on your side, as long as you
 have this only to say against her.
 Thereupon the wonted Physician
 entred, who had provided himself
 with a *Gazet*; and *Florange* go-
 ing to take him for Witness, that
 he affirm'd nothing but what was
 true, had the confusion to see him-
 self still accus'd of raving. You
 think not of what you say, My
 Lord, said this Physician to him;
 'tis the Remains of your Distemper
 that make you talk in this manner:
 The Marquis de Mainville lies at the
 utmost extremity; and if he dies,
 it will be a great loss to his Fa-
 mily. Thereupon he took the *Ga-
 zet* out of his Pocket, and read a-
 loud the Article concerning this
 Marquis. After this he highly ex-
 toll'd his Noble Actions; adding,
 that he might have push'd on his
 For-

Fortune much farther, but for so hasty a Death. *Florange's* confusion was great, after reading of the *Gazet*. He began to believe, that the violence of his Malady was the occasion of his Suspicions ; and after having more and more confirm'd himself in this Opinion, because that his Kinsman, and the Physician, still continued to tell him the same thing ; at length he was so well perswaded, that he ask'd the former pardon for the Complaints he had made to him.

The Marchioness had been thitherto under extraordinary fear ; but being inform'd by her Physician, that her Husband began to repent of his having tax'd her, she quickly dismiss'd her apprehensions. The rest of the Summer was spent without furnishing her with any other Adventure ; and her Husband being quite out of danger, she went along with him to their Countrey-house. About the
be

beginning of *Autumn* they took a journey to our Lady of *Liesse*, in acknowledgment of their Recovery; and Devotion having spirited *Mainville* to go thither at his return from the Campaign, he accidentally met them as they were in the Church. *Mainville* made no scruple of accosting *Florange*, twitting him with his going from *Soissons* without bidding him adieu. *Florange* was in a rage, that he was oblig'd to suffer his Conversation: Thus he receiv'd him coldly: but *Mainville* having perceiv'd it, made as if he had urgent Business; inso-much that he himself freed him out of perplexity, by re-mounting on Horse back. By this means he had not time to discourse the Marchioness; but his eyes finding her more beauteous than ever, they explain'd to her in one moment all that he had to say to her. After he was gone, *Florange* re-calling all his *Idea's* into his memory, took it ill,

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that he should meet 'em so pat at our Lady of *Lieffe*. He imagin'd, that this could not fall out without his being advertiz'd ; and in his heart he accus'd the Marchioness of it. After having perform'd his Devotions in that Church, he return'd to his own home, and on the Road spoke not so much as one Word to his Wife ; so spighted was he at this Adventure. When he was come thither, he entertain'd *Grand-Champ* with the Encounter he had had, and declar'd to him his Suspicions. *Grand-Champ* jump'd with him in his Opinion ; but yet endeavour'd to undeceive him, that he might not expose the Marchioness to vexatious Reproaches. He was still over Head and Ears in Love with her ; insomuch, that this Lady coming on her side to tell him, how Chance had brought *Mainville* and her to an Interview, when she least expected it. *That was no hard matter, Madam*, said he

he to her ; and when one is of intelligence with chance, things still more surprizing happen out. The Marchioness being amaz'd at the freedom he took of making her Reproaches, told him after a disdainful manner, that it became indeed such a man as he to intermeddle in her concerns : That now she plainly perceiv'd her mistake, when she thought him an honest man ; and that all Servants return'd sooner or later to their Character. It is impossible to express how dismally the amorous *Grand-Champ* was mortify'd with this word *Servant*. He had hitherto imagin'd he might one day come to touch the Marchioness, if she once came to make reflection of all he did for her : But losing all hopes after this last instance of her Contempt, he left her with his heart full of rage. No, she does not deserve, said he to himself, the esteem of a worthy man ; She's a meer Coquet, that's won by a gandy out-

side ; and I ought to indulge my Revenge, unless I mean to pass for the most faint-hearted of all Lovers. I serve a Rival, to please him ; I rack my self to death, as a body may say, to serve the man in the World I most hate ; I espouse the interests of that ungrateful Woman, to make her Husband believe , that he has a Wife extream discreet ; yet for my reward she calls me Servant.——No, I cannot think on't without bursting into a Fury ; and either I have no power over my mind, or I shall quickly forget her.

As Grand-Champ was entertaining himself with this Discourse, and much other stuff of the like Nature, that express'd the excess of his Resentment, word was brought him, that a man enquir'd for him ; and going to see who it was, it was found to be a Person from Mainville.

This Marquis had made a stop at Villers-Cotterets, whence he had written
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ten to his Mistress. His Messenger having presented his Letter to *Grand Champ*, besought him to make an answer as soon as possible to his Master. *Grand Champ* return'd a moment after, and told the Messenger, that *Mainville* might come about midnight, and that he should find the Park-door open: That the Marchioness had not had time to write to him; but that this was sufficient. This man made haste to return; and when half way, he met *Mainville*, who was so impatient to know if the Marchioness would accept of a *Rendez-vous*, that he required of her by his Letter, that he was mounted on Horse back, to avail himself of it the sooner. This Messenger gave him an account of what *Grand-Champ* had said to him; but at the same time adviz'd him to turn back, saying, that he seem'd to be in a strange Concern when he gave him his Answer; and that either he was

mistaken, or that it was not safe to trust to his Word. *Mainville* made a mock of his fear, and continued on his way. But this Messenger was not so much mistaken as *Mainville* imagin'd. For indeed *Grand-Champ* finding that this occasion was favourable to revenge himself of the Marchioness's slights, had carry'd *Mainville's* Letter to *Florange*, in the first Heat of his Resentment, letting him by that see that his Suspicions were not over-ill grounded. Nevertheless, he was cautious of telling him, that he was the Party that had carry'd on the Intrigues of these Lovers to the point it was at. Far from this, he made him believe, that this Letter was fallen by chance into his hands; and that he had no sooner seen what it contain'd, but that he had deliver'd it to him.

Florange being ascertain'd of his Dishonour, or at least, that he was robb'd of his Wife's Heart, did not
hesi-

hesitate one moment, as to being reveng'd. He, with *Grand-Champ*, resolv'd to surprize *Mainville* in his Wife's Chamber, and sacrifice them both to his Resentment. In the mean time *Mainville* still advanc'd, not in the least dreaming of what was brewing against him. He found the Park-door open, as *Grand-Champ* had sent him word, and slipping between a Palisade, he got to the House-door, which was half open. *Grand-Champ*, the better to make him fall into the Trap that was laid for him, had not only describ'd the House to the Messenger, but had likewise promis'd to stand behind this last Door, whence he was to convey *Mainville* into the Marchionesses Room. He had likewise told this Lady, that *Mainville* was to come to her, that she might leave her Door open. Her eagerness to see him again, had made her fall into the Snare, without requiring other assurance than

Grand-Champ's Word. When *Mainville* was come to the House-door, he really found this Domestick, who conducted him as far as the Marchionesses Room, whose Door he found. *Grand-Champ*, after that, withdrew; but by a surprizing Recollection, he, who only breath'd Revenge, since the Marchioness had treated him ill, found himself mov'd with Compassion, revolving in his mind the unhappy Condition to which she was going to be reduc'd. In short, his Love got the upper-hand in a moment. His Eyes were all bath'd in Tears, out of Grief for having been the Cause of so lovely a Person's Death; and in a word, if nothing was to do, but to give her the very last Drop of his Blood, to repair what he had done, he would willingly have given it.

In the mean while he was to give an Answer to *Florange*, who had planted himself behind a Pali-
sade

sade of Maple to see *Mainville* pass. This Husband had heard him as he slip'd by between the Trees: Nay, and had seen him; in-
 somuch, that growing weary of staying any longer in that place, since it was time to come to flashing, he went his way, to know what detain'd *Grand-Champ* from coming to give him notice. He found this Unfortunate Domestick Twenty Paces from his Ambuscade; and having ask'd him, whether he had conducted *Mainville* above Stairs, he made answer, No; and that he must needs have fail'd the Assignment. *Prethee, why that upon me,* reply'd *Florance* in anger; *for I saw him pass by where I was.* At these words he would have gone up into the Marchionesses Chamber; but *Grand-Champ* stopping him by the Arm, told him, that his going might cause him to miss his aim; that it was convenient for him to go up first, to see if *Main-*

*vill*e was there; that he would come and give him an account at the bottom of the Stairs; and that afterwards it would be for him not to lose the occasion of being reveng'd. *Florange*, notwithstanding the greatness of the Offence, could not yet put off a certain Fear that was natural to him. Thus being willing that any other than himself should make the first Partes, he comply'd with all *Grand-Champ* propos'd, and staid for him at the bottom of the Stairs. *Grand-Champ* seeing this, mounted above, without losing of time; and having caus'd the Door to be open'd, he extreemly surpriz'd these Lovers, when he told them all was ruin'd. Being seiz'd with Fear, they ask'd him what had fallen out: But *Grand-Champ*, more undone than they, made answer, that it was not a time to hold long Discourses, and that *Mainville* must be gone at the very instant, if he meant

meant to be alive a Quarter of an Hour after. That he would find *Florange* at the bottom of the Stair-case; and that to pass safely, he must counterfeit his Voice, and tell him, that now is the time for you to be reveng'd. That he could say nothing more to him at present, and that another time he would unravel this mystery unto him.

At these words he took *Mainville* by the Arm, to shove him out, conjuring him to make his escape, and at the same time to save the Marchionesses Honour and Life. As this Discourse was too pressing to lose time in deliberation, he did not stand upon much entreaty: Down stole he as softly as he could, holding by the Rails, and finding *Florange* at the bottom, who stopp'd him, he whisper'd in his Ear what *Grand-Champ* had said to him. *Florange* heard those words distinctly, but did not know his Voice; insomuch, that think-
ing

ing to find *Mainville* above, he mounted hastily, breathing nothing but Revenge. *Mainville* had left the *Marchionesses* Chamber-Door open, and *Florance* entring therein, with a Pistol in one Hand, and a Sword in the other, he sought for *Mainville*, as the first Victim he ought to offer up to his Resentment. He was much amaz'd to see only *Grand-Champ*, leaning against a Table, and the *Marchioness* on the other side, not having the power to support her self. *Where am I*, cry'd he at this sight, *and what's become of Mainville?* Speak *Grand-Champ*: did you not tell me he was here, and coming up after me, how came you to be in this Chamber? *Grand-Champ* being prepar'd for all that *Florance* could say to him, and resolv'd to save the *Marchionesses* Life at the expence of his own, look'd upon him fixedly, and addressing his Speech to him: *Kill me, my Lord*, said he to him, *since*

I have deserved Death: I am the greatest Cheat of all men, in having falsely accus'd my Lady. I have made you conceive a false Opinion of her Vertue, by forging to you a Letter from Mainville, to induce you to use her ill: And what is still beyond all this, is, that Love is the occasion of all these Crimes. There is not any other man, save I, continued he, that had any intentions to seduce her: And if I had brought them about, I should not have been so enrag'd, to undertake to make you shed a Blood that ought to be so dear to you. I now perceive my fault; and to punish me for it, you need only to pierce my Bosome. At the same time he presented himself before him, offering himself to a voluntary Death: But Florange not being able to reconcile these Words with what had been told him at the bottom of the Stair-case; Do you kill me, said he to him, or free me out of pain, by acquainting me, how
you

you came hither before me, and what is become of him that spoke to me before that I came up. No body can have spoke to you, reply'd Grand-Champ faintly ; and through a prepossession of your Passion, you imagin'd you heard what no body can have said to you. The sincere confession I have made t^e ye of my fault, ought to convince you of it : for I would not expose my self to your Resentment for an other. It is I alone that am culpable ; and Madam de Florange, and the Marquis de Mainville are innocent.

The Marchioness at first could not imagine the meaning of all this ; but beginning to apprehend something, she broke silence, to complain of her Husband's Suspensions, as if he had really been mightily in the wrong, to doubt of her Vertue. So as that poor Florange being in Despondency at so extraordinary an Adventure, withdrew into his own Apartment, without ha-

having the power to take any Resolution. After this Grand-Champ made the Marchioness a sincere Confession of his fault; and as he was penetrated with regret, he would in her presence have run himself through with his Sword; telling her, that he could no longer live, after having so mortally offended her. But the Marchioness leaping upon him, hinder'd him from executing his fatal Resolution, and promis'd him never to call his Crime to mind. *I shall have it in mind, Madam,* answered he, *all my life long; but now it shall not be so long, so as I may weary my self much in the World.* At these words he went out of her Chamber after a desperate sort of manner, and without considering that it was Night, he took the first way he found, and did not stop till it was day. The Marquis de Mainv. le had taken exactly the same Road, and Fortune would have it, that they

they should both alight in the same Inn. *Mainville* had newly dispatch'd away a man to *Florance's* Castle, to know what had occur'd there after his departure; but seeing that *Grand-Champ* could inform him the best of any body, he desir'd him, that he would free him out of pain, and tell him all he did not know. *Grand-Champ*, to satisfy his Curiosity, gave him a long account of the *Marchionesses* flight, and of the revenge he design'd upon her: and continuing the rest of his Story, he acquainted him how when upon the point of sacrificing them both, his Love for the *Marchioness* had sav'd them. *Alas!* then cry'd *Mainville*, I should never have suspected you of Treachery: On the contrary, I had so much confidence in you, that I have just now sent a Letter to you for the *Marchioness*. Unhappy that I am; I have perhaps destroy'd your labour: You had set her Husband's mind to rights
by

by your Address ; or at least, you had left him in an uncertainty of his misfortune ; and my imprudence has spoyl'd All.

Grand Champ had told his Story after so unconcern'd a manner, that he seem'd now a Party indifferent ; but hearing to what danger Mainville had expos'd the Marchioness, he seem'd to recover new Sentiments. You are really very unhappy, said he to him, in causing so much trouble to a Lady, who would ever have been innocent, had she never known you. I ought nevertheless to be glad, that she has occasion to complain of you, that so she may forget you : But as in this occasion her All is at stake, I shall here wait for the return of your man, that so if he has put your Letter into any other hands than hers, I may still render her a piece of Service. He had no sooner spoke these words, but in came that man, being a Peasant that Mainville had been forc'd to em-

employ, as having none of his own Servants with him, to whom he could give this Commission. They ask'd him both at the same time, what was become of the Letter; and the Bumpkin answer'd them, that he had giv'n it to *Grand-Champ*. *What sort of man is he,* cry'd *Mainville* immediately, all in Despair at his mistake? *He is tall,* reply'd the Peasant, *well made, and very neat.* He then gave an account of the Person to whom he had deliver'd his Letter; and *Mainville* and *Grand-Champ*, knew plainly by his Pourtrait of him, that it was fall'n into *Florange's* Hands. Thereupon *Grand-Champ* entreated *Mainville* to lend him his Horse; for he was come a-foot; telling him, that he was going to pay the Marchioness the last Service he should pay her as long as he liv'd. *Mainville* gave him his Horse; and *Grand-Champ*, using dispatch, repair'd to the House of a Peasant of
Flo-

Florange's Village, and there wrote a Letter. He then encharg'd the Peasant with it, with order to put it into the Marchionesses own Hands, as a thing of the highest Consequence. This Peasant did dexterously acquit himself of his Commission; so as that the Marchioness was advertiz'd of the fault *Mainville* had committed, and to make timely Provision for herself.

She receiv'd this Advice just in the nick: for her Husband designing to convict her of her Intrigue from her own writing, had newly caus'd *Mainville's* Letter to be deliver'd to her under hand, not doubting but that she would make an Answer to it. And indeed she had already Ink and Paper to do it; when that *Grand-Champ's* Letter made her change her stile. Instead of writing to *Mainville*, as she was going to do, she writ to her Husband; and leaving the Letter
upon

upon her Table, she went to find out *Grand Champ*, whom she entreated to accompany her to one of her Relations, whither she had a Design to withdraw. *Grand Champ* did not stick to grant her the Crupper of his Horse, and convoy'd her till such time as that he had put her into a place of safety.

○ In the mean while *Florance* was as impatient to hear of his Wife's Commerce, as if it had been some good news he was to receive. Thus seeing that she delay'd her Answer too long, he sent her the Fellow he had caus'd to deliver *Mainville's* Letter to her, to inform her, that she was to make more haste. This man found her Chamber-door open; and having seen upon the Table the Letter she had left there, he carry'd it to *Florance*, as thinking it to be the same he expected. *Florance* open'd it hastily. But what a wonderful amazement, when instead of what he expected to find there-

therein, he met with a thousand Reproaches. She accus'd him among other things, of having himself contriv'd the Letter she had receiv'd from *Mainville*; and he could not convict her of the contrary, because he knew not this Marquis his Hand. She also acquainted him whither she was gone, adding, that she would no longer live with a man that us'd her rather like a Tyrant than a Husband.

Though *Florange* knew himself innocent, and that far from being disabus'd of his Wife's Intrigue, he every day thought her more criminal, yet could he not bear of her Departure without grief. He suspected that she was gone to tax his Carriage, and that having no Proofs to convict her, her Complaints would prevail in the Minds of her Relations o're those he might make of her ill Conduct.

Thus

Thus seeing that he had taken his measures ill, he did not waver to go seek her out, and took Coach in that Design with his Wife's Woman, whom he little suspected of being privy to her Concerns : For she was a Gossip, that under the Cloak of Devotion knew admirably well how to play her Part. He question'd her however on the Road, whether she knew any thing of the matters in agitation ; But she affected a false Hypocrisy, meaning to perswade him of the Marchionesses Honesty : and that besides, she was not a Girl to be concern'd in an Intrigue. When they were Two Leagues from the place they came, a Horse of his lost his shooes, and they were forc'd to halt, to have him shoo'd again. *Florange* was also a little sickish, which oblig'd him to go into an Inn to drink a little Wine. While this pass'd, the Waiting-Gentlewoman, who had alighted

out

out of the Coach, saw a Company of People flocking together at the end of the Village ; and being naturally curious, as all Women commonly are, she went on that waywards, to inquire into the matter. When she was come thither, she was told a thing somewhat extraordinary ; namely, that a man after having alighted at an Inn, had sent back his Horse four Leagues thence, to a person of whom he had borrow'd it ; that afterwards he had put himself to Bed, pretending he was sick ; and had sent for a Chyrurgeon, who had let him Blood ; but that this Chyrurgeon was no sooner gone, but that he had himself unty'd his Arm ; and that in short, he had shed so great a quantity of Blood, that there were no more hopes of his Life.

The Novelty of the thing redoubled this Womans Curiosity ; and so much the more, as knowing

ing that *Grand-Champ* had conducted her Lady upon the Crupper of *Mainville's* Horse, she had great Suspicions it might be him all this Discourse was of. Thus she resolv'd herself to see whether she was not mistaken, that so she might afterwards give the Marchioness a faithful account. As soon as she had cast her eyes upon that Wretch, she really knew him to be the wretched *Grand Champ*, who was in a very bad Condition. He on his side was not wanting to know her again immediately; and desiring the People to withdraw, as being to discourse her in private. *I die*, he said to her, *the most contented of all men, since that Fortune, which hitherto had been against me, now favours me with your Company, when that I least expected it, to be the Witness of my last Words. You may tell Madam de Florange, that I have my self advanc'd my Death, as after her sighs not being*
able

able to survive. Perhaps that one day she will regret so faithful a Lover. Be it as it will, I only wish her happiness. At these Words a Convulsion Fit seiz'd him; and the Damsel being willing that he should die in other Hands than hers, call'd for the People again into his Room; and while they were busy in contemplating this Unfortunate Lover, she made away through the Crowd, without notice being taken of what was become of her.

Florange's fainting Fit had kept all his Servants about him, and hinder'd them from knowing what pass'd, which their Ladies Woman was not sorry for, because that it was to be feared, that if *Grand-Champ's* Adventure had come to his Master's knowledg, he would have gone and discours'd him, and that *Grand-Champ* would have told him all, for the discharge of his Conscience. In fine, after that

F.

Flo.

Florange had re-collected his Spirits, he took Coach again with her, and they came to the Place of the Marchionesses Retreat. *Florange* made great Complaints to their Kinsman, that his Wife went so away without saying a word to him: But the Kinsman being prepossess'd with what the Marchioness had told him in her Vindication, answer'd him, that being of such an Humour, he ought not to marry, since there was nothing that madded a Vertuous Woman more, than when her Husband doubted her Vertue. *For my part*, added he, *I shall never advise her to return with you, at least, unless you express a mighty regret for what is pass'd.* *Florange* seeing himself baffled in this manner, would have spoke of two Letters he had receiv'd; but his Kinsman reply'd upon him, that if that was all he had to alledg against her, he might be gone as he came, and that all his
own

own Relations would espouse the Defence of his Wife. Thus was *Florange* forc'd to ask his Wife's Pardon, though in his Soul he knew that the fault lay not at his door.

Madam de Florange having need of the Protection of this Relation in many things, and particularly in this occasion, wherein it was requisite to justify her Conduct, of which it was impossible to hinder Discourse in the World, after what had newly happen'd, did after this easily comply with the Counsel he gave her, of coming to a Reconciliation with her Husband. They staid the rest of the Day at his House, and all the next; and *Florange* being gone out for a moment, the Waiting-Gentlewoman took the time of his absence to entertain her Lady with the sad Adventure of the Unfortunate *Grand-Champ*. The Marchioness could not retain her Tears at so piteous a Relation, and

joyning some Regrets to the Tears
 she had shed, she told her Woman,
 that he merited a better Fortune.
 This Discourse surpriz'd that Maid,
 as knowing how much she had de-
 spis'd him as long as he liv'd, inso-
 much that she could not hide her
 amazement from her. But the Mar-
 chioness interrupting her, accus'd
 her of having an ill Opinion of her,
 since that after all the Instances of
 Love thar *Grand-Champ* had given
 her, she could not, at least, with-
 out being the most ungrateful per-
 son in the World, hear that any ill
 was befallen him without being
 griev'd. *This is a tardy gratitude,*
Madam, the Damsel then cry'd,
 and you would have oblig'd him
 much more, if you had shewn it
 while he was well. I have ever had
 a sence for him, reply'd the Mar-
 chioness, but could not then shew it
 without hampering my self in trou-
 bles. *Mainville* would have been jea-
 lous, and perhaps that thinking me

in love with Grand-Champ, he would have sought out a Consolation for my inconstancy, in the choice of an other Mistress. That is to say, Madam, the Damsel answer'd, that you lov'd poor Grand-Champ, but did not love him so well as Mainville. How dissembling are Women ! I thought you as nice as any person living in your Love : Nevertheless by what I perceive, you prefer Number before Delicacy. It is very seldom known that a Woman dare talk in such a manner to her Lady ; but see what a Confident may do : and I fancy, that if this Maid had been less inform'd of her Concerns, she would have been more cautious in her words. Be it as it will, Madam de Florange imagining she might suffer, should she leave her in these Sentiments, You mistake me in what I have said, answer'd she, and you grossly confound Love and Acknowledgment. There is nevertheless a great deal of difference between the

One and the Other. The Motions of Love are tender and passionate Motions, excited by Sympathy: whereas those of Gratitude are only ordinary Movements, that are wont to arise from some Benefit that one has receiv'd. But, Madam, reply'd the Damsel, if those Motions which Gratitude excites, are so common as you say, they ought not, methinks, to occasion the shedding of so many tears; and yet this is what you do. Tell me, I beseech you, how this comes to pass: for I fancy'd, that People afflicted themselves in such manner only when they were lively affected. This you are mistaken in, reply'd the Marchioness, as you were but a moment agoe, when you confounded Gratitude and Love. A great grief never appears so much outwardly as does a mean one: and one would have a bad Opinion of the sensibility of a Person, that should shed tears at the newness of a great misfortune. One must remain seiz'd till that time diminishing

minishing the strength of the grief, leaves to man his wonted Functions. Then it is that the Eyes distill themselves into Water, as a mark of his Affliction. If I do not make my self well understood, added the Marchioness, I am going to give thee a very familiar Comparison: Thou know'st that Cold, when it is extream, closes all things, and principally Rivers, whose course remains conceal'd by reason of the Ice that appears upon the Surface of the Waters. It is even the same thing with a great Grief in the Heart of Man. His Tears are stopt; and as the Current of Rivers only appears when the Cold is diminish'd, so his Eyes only shed Tears when the Affliction is no longer so strong.

These are the Reasons the Marchioness gave her Woman, to make her apprehend, that she might bewail Grand-Champ's misfortunes, without loving him. Nevertheless, she bid her enquire after him, when

that they pass'd by where she had left him. That she needed only to feign some need to alight out of the Coach, and that she might take that time to do what she bid her. The Morning being come, they all set forwards on their Journey, and the Damsel having perform'd her Commission, she was told, that *Grand Champ* was dead but a moment before. She acquainted her Lady with it when they were arriv'd; and these Tidings renew'd her grief.

During these Occurrences, the Marchioness had an Affliction which much more affected her than *Grand-Champ's* Death. *Mainville* remain'd Two Months without writing to her; and she did not doubt after such great marks of his forgetfulness, but that he had got some new Mistress. She daily complain'd to her Woman of her misfortune, and of Mens Inconstancy. *They are all ungrateful*, said she to her, and the Ladies

Ladies are fools for loving them. Their flames last only just so long as they find satisfaction therein; and as fondness only encreases by desires, as soon as these desires are fulfill'd, these fondnesses quickly become little or nothing. They never see you afterwards, but out of a lake-warmness; nay, nor would they see you at all, were they not afraid of being tax'd with ill-breeding. I leave thee to judge what a Lady can say after this; and if being wanted, as she is, to the Movements of a tender and a passionate Love, she rests satisfy'd with these Civility-Visits. Mainville, the ungrateful Mainville, continu'd she, is not exempt from these weaknesses; and thou seest after all that I have done for him, what his ingratitude is.

Though Mainville paid the Damsel well for being in his Interests, she most commonly durst not take his part, finding her self, that he was mightily to blame in that he did

not write to her. However, being unwilling utterly to abandon him, she endeavour'd to give her Lady still some hopes, telling her one while, that his Letters might miscarry, another, that he was sick, and that otherwise she would have heard of him. But the Marchioness did not suffer her self to be so easily impos'd on: She knew that a Man of *Mainville's* Quality sent a Messenger on purpose, when Two Posts had fail'd him; and that let a Man be never so sick, he never forgets his Mistress.

About that time Fame, which carries throughout the whole Earth the Actions of Great Men, blaz'd about, that *Mainville* had signaliz'd himself above all others in a Battel. At these Newes the Marchioness, who was as sensible to Honour as any Woman in the World, found her tenderness to revive. The Resentment she had of her Lover's forgetfulness, had made her

her discontinue writing to him: She then took Pen and Ink, to express to him the satisfaction she had in his Heroick Performances. Nevertheless she mingled soft and tender Reproaches with the Praises she bestow'd upon his fine Actions; insomuch, that one might say, that her Letter was both a Letter of Love and of Civility. *Mainville* was exactly of the Humour of those People the Marchioness had describ'd to her Woman; too easy Conquests became flat to him, and he had been for some time disgusted because she had done too much for him. But Two Months Absence making him look upon her then as a New Mistress, he renew'd writing to her in very passionate Terms, seeking sorry Excuses to colour the little Consideration he had shewn for her. The Weakness of People in Love, is so extraordinary, that the Marchioness was satisfy'd with his Reasons, as if they had been good.

good. Thus their Intrigue was renew'd as before, and all as much charm'd with one another as they had ever been; they let not a Post slip without interchanging of Letters.

This Commerce lasted during the rest of the Campaign; and being ready to end, *Florange* being at *Paris* upon a Law-Suit, and suspecting that *Mainville* writ to his Wife, repair'd to his own Home, to hinder him from seeing her at his return from the Army. His Precaution was somewhat necessary, because that *Mainville* was really resolv'd to see her on his way. Yet was it in vain: for though *Mainville* knew him to be at home, as he would have been sorry to have come so near to no purpose, he disguis'd himself, as a Miller's Boy, to see his Wife. This being done, he mounted upon a Mule, with several Sacks under him; and in this Equipage came to the Court of the
Castle

Castle one day that he knew him out a hunting.

He was inform'd, that it was the Marchionesses Woman that caus'd the Corn to be measur'd before her, and who receiv'd the Meal ; so as that he fancy'd it would be no hard matter to make himself known. But this Nymph little dreaming, that the Marquis *de Mainville* was become a Miller's Boy, began, without looking him much in the Face, to rattle him, for that his Master had not the time before restor'd all the Meal he ought to deliver : That is to say, in plain *English*, that she accus'd him of being a little Thievish. *Mainville* laugh'd heartily in himself at her mistake ; but referring till an other time to rally her for it, he got up to her to press her Hand, thinking, that after that she would no longer take him for a Miller. But the Dam-sel, far from guessing what that meant, call'd him insolent Rascal ; which made all the People flock about

bout him, beginning to threaten him. Then the Damsel viewing him more earnestly, and perceiving the fault she had committed, she was at a very great loss how to repair it: for now was it a little too late, all People flocking to see the Miller. The Marchioness accidentally return'd from walking, and having enquir'd why all her People ran that waywards, she was told the occasion, and going that way herself, her surprise was extream, when she knew *Mainville*. Nevertheless, without making any thing known of her amazement, she said, that he ought to be shut up, and that when her Husband was return'd from hunting, he should order what he deem'd fitting for his Punishment. Her presence of Mind was admirable in this occasion; for she freed him by these means out of her Servants Hands, some of whom might otherwise have known him.

Thus.

Thus was he led into a Tower appointed for Criminals ; but he was no sooner there, than that the Damsel came to fetch him thence, to convey him to her Ladies Feet. He there forgot the Fright he had been in, when he saw himself surrounded with all *Florange's* Domesticks. These Two Lovers, upbraided one another tenderly, for having been so long without writing to each other ; and Love largely rewarded them for the pains it had made them suffer. However, after several softnesses it became *Mainville* to think of being gone ; for *Florange* was every moment expected, and it was necessary to shun his Presence. The Marchioness was the first to mind him of it, and he was so charm'd with her Presence, that it was quite out of his thoughts. But considering his Dress, his getting off was difficult : for a Servant might see him go out, and he would not have fail'd of stopping him, thinking he did.

did a fine Job. The Marchionesses Woman seeing their perplexity, offer'd to give him a Suit of her Cloaths, saying, that since she had done all the mischief, it was but Justice that she should bring a Remedy. *Mainville* willingly receiv'd her Offers; and knowing that he should find his Mule at the Park-Gate, he took leave of his Mistress, after having assur'd her of a Love-Proof against all things.

He took his way along a Wood, that reaches from the Park of *Florange's* Castle, to a small Village, but half a League thence. So far went he without any ill Encounter. But when he was beyond it, he met with *Florange*, who was unhappily returning from hunting. The other Hunters had taken through an other way, and *Florange* was all alone, either in meditating on the Pleasure he had that day taken in hunting, or perchance in thinking on something else that was not so agreeable.

No

No sooner did *Mainville* perceive him, but that he sought to get out of his way ; but *Florange* having by chance cast his Eyes on that side, fancy'd him, by his Garb, to be his Wife's Woman, and in that Opinion he ran full speed to him. As soon as he had overtaken him, he ask'd him, whither she was a going : for *Mainville* being mask'd, he still took it to be the same Person. *Mainville* made him answer, that he was mistaken, and that not knowing him, she did not think her self oblig'd to give him an account of her actions. If you do not know me, then *Florange* reply'd, you are certainly a Thief, since that this Rigging belongs to my Wife's Woman. I took you at first for her, but I now perceive that I am mistaken. I am neither the one nor the other, *Mainville* reply'd, and you are mistaken in the Cloaths as well as in the Person. Be advis'd by me, pursue your way, without insulting me any longer ; otherwise you may pay for your
in-

intrusion. I am content, reply'd *Florange*; but first unmask your self, that I may judge by your face, whether I am mistaken or not. *Mainville* was far from doing it; insomuch, that *Florange*, who never was civil in his Life, seeing that he excus'd it, set himself to snatch off his Mask.

Mainville went not to his Amorous Expedition without good Pistols, that in case of Accident, he might be in a posture of defending his Life. Thus seeing himself press'd, he drew out one of them from under his Petticoats, which stopp'd *Florange's* Rage: for naturally he had a great respect for all sorts of Fire Arms, running, at least, as fast in his Retreat, as he had done when he came to accost *Mainville*. When he was in the Village I lately mention'd, he began then to breathe, and sounding an Horn, he call'd all his Hunters, that could not be far distant. They forthwith rang'd themselves about him, and *Florange* ha-
ving

ving related his Adventure to them, exhorted them to run after the Unknown, saying, that he must needs be a High-way-man.

Mainville hearing the Call, did very much suspect that he was going to be pursu'd; thus being very willing to escape further trouble, if he could, he spurr'd on. But his Mule not going so fast as Horses, the Huntsmen overtook him before he could get to a Wood he thought to have betaken himself to. They call'd out immediately to him, to yeild himself up; but chusing rather to dye, than expose himself to the Discretion of his Enemy, he took his Two Pistols in his Hands, and cry'd out to the first that advanc'd, that it should cost him his Life, if he pretended to do any Violence to him.

In this nick of time there happen'd Officers to come by, that were returning from the Army; and they seeing so many Men attacque a simple

ple Woman, they sided with her, assuring her, that no hurt should be don her, unless they were all first kill'd. After they had thus offer'd their Services to *Mainville*, they ask'd *Florance*, and all his Company, what that Lady had done to them, that they us'd her with so little Civility; And as *Florance* had only spoke to them of his Suspicions, they carry'd away *Mainville* in spite of *Florance*, and promis'd to guard him whither he pleas'd. When he was gone a League from thence, Gentlemen, said he to them, you have taken a great deal of pains, and I hope one day to return the Civility; for though you know not who I am, yet do I know you. In the mean while, if you are minded that the Obligation I have to you, should be compleat, you will suffer me now to go, without having the Curiosity of knowing who the Person is whose Defence you have undertaken. At these words they all made him answer, out of a per-

persuasion that he was a Woman, that they would not forsake her till they had brought her to her own Home ; and *Mainville* seeing their Obstinacy, unmask'd himself, surprizing them very much in making himself known.

The Command he had in the Army, afforded him a great Authority. Besides, he was of so considerable a Family, that many people were bound to have a respect for him. Thus these Officers ask'd his Pardon for having oblig'd him to make himself known against his will, as suspecting that he had put himself into a Disguise upon some occasion that he was not willing should be known publickly. *Mainville* being a well-bred Gentleman, told them, that after the Service they had done him, it was easie for him to excuse their Curiosity. However that he begg'd of them, not to make the least mention of his Adventure, because that there were
people

people who delighted in making the worst of all things. He embrac'd them all after this; and thus having got himself off from this bad Business, he went to find out his Servants, who were not far distant.

Florance, who was in Despondency, for that these Officers had made him miss of his aim, making reflection of what had newly befallen him, fancy'd there must be some Mystery underneath All, and return'd to his own House with his Soul full of Suspicion. At his arrival he ask'd his Wife's Woman, whom she had lent her Cloaths to; and this Question having puzzled her, she blush'd, insomuch that *Florance* having observ'd some Change in her Countenance, he press'd her still more to tell him what she had done with them. She then stutter'd, saying one while, she had lent no body any Cloaths, another, that she had quite forgot to whom it was. *Florance* judging
by

by her Confusion, that something had pass'd which it was not thought fitting he should know of, went directly to his Wife's Chamber; to whom he put an Hundred Questions, that so he might get from her some light into this matter. The Marchioness had newly been told what was befallen *Mainville* and her Husband, and how the former had got out of the other's Hands. Thus having nothing to fear on that side, she made him answer, that he made a great deal of noise for a Garment, or so; and that she did not enquire so much as he, with what her Woman did with her things. During these Transactions, the Miller of the House arriv'd, and finding all the Doors open, he mounted into the very Chamber where *Florange* was. *My Lord*, said he to him, without first enquiring, whether he was in an Humour to hear him, *I come to assure you, that it was none of my Lads that was sawcy to my Ladies Wo-*

Woman: they are all at the Mill ; and I neither challenge him nor his Mule, which you may make what Example you please of. It is some Rogue or other, that says he belongs to me, that so he may do me an injury ; but good my Lord, let me beseech your Worship, to protect me in this occasion, since you have the Knave in your hands, and that you can by the force of torments , draw the Confession of his Crimes from him.

What this man said, was *Hebrew* to *Florange*, who knew not what pass'd ; but being told the Adventure of the Miller's Man , he gave order for the fetching him out of Prison , and that he should be brought to him that very moment. Those that were officious to obey him, ran immediately to the Tower where he had been shut up ; but they found the Door of it open, and the Bird flown. Thus they return'd much amaz'd, to tell *Florange*, that some body had let the
Pri-

Prisoner escape, and that they knew not who it was. At these words his Suspicions re-doubled, so much the more as that he then remembred that the Damsel he perceiv'd had a Mule, and that there was great probability of her being the Miller's Man.

He sent the Miller away very much satisfy'd, by telling him, that he meant him no harm; but seeking to dive into this mystery, he ask'd his Wife, what was become of the Prisoner, and by whose order he had been put out of Prison. *He must needs*, the Marchioness reply'd, *have found the Secret of making his Escape himself, and I know no body here that would have been so bold as to have done it without your Orders. The People that have been concern'd in't, Madam, Florange reparty'd, are more submissive to your Ladyships order than to mine; and however you defend yourself, yet do I smell out your Contrivance.*

This Conversation was upon the point of being keen on both sides, when the same Relation that had reconcil'd them, came in. *You come very seasonably,* said Florange to him, *to do me Justice. You accus'd me of being whymfical and jealous; but I do not think you would harbour that Opinion, after what I have to tell you.* He thereupon acquainted him with what had newly happen'd, and did firmly believe, that he was going to take his part, when the other call'd him Visionary more than ever. *You rave Cousin,* said he to him, *and I am very sorry I must tell you, that you serve for a Laughing-stock to all our Countrey. I should make a Mock of you as well as the rest, were I not your Kinsman; but I must at length come to that, as no longer finding any means of excusing you in the World. I am not so mad,* Cousin, reply'd Florange to him, *as you would fain make me believe: and if the like thing besel you, you would oblige*

oblige me, in acquainting me what you your self would say of it. I should say, his Kinsman reparty'd, that a real, or a false Miller was come to my house, and that seeing himself confin'd, he had forc'd his Prison. As to the Habit, which you make the principal Cause of your Disquiets, I would still say, that my Wife's Woman had lent it to some friend; that I had met with this friend on the way; that she would not make her self known, and without tormenting my head, to dive into the reason, I would let all people be at quiet at home, which would let me be so. That is to say, reply'd Florange, that you would be a very convenient contented Husband. So convenient, the Cousin answer'd, that I would never think ill of my Wife, unless I saw it with my own Eyes. Besides, to what purpose, continued he, d' ye so much shrift into a thing which can only afford us matter of trouble? And should I not rather chuse to live as all well-bred

People do, than live as you do. These Words vex'd *Florange*, insomuch, that he was going to say some disobliging things to his Relation, when that this latter, to avoid his ill Humour, went his ways, without taking leave of him.

Some days after a Letter came from *Paris* to *Florange*, by which he had notice, that his Law-Suit was ready to come to a Trial, and that his Presence there was requisite. I intimated a while agoe, that he had laid aside the Care of this Law-Suit, to hinder *Mainville* from seeing his Wife. His Jealousie having then rather augmented than diminish'd, he resolv'd to take her along with him, that he might be the better secured of her Conduct. After that he was got to Town, a person that pretended to be a Friend of his, but meant to banter him, as knowing his Weakness, told him, that if he was so much concern'd to know whether his Wife was honest, he

he would furnish him with a good contrivance. That he knew a famous Female Fortune-teller, to whom nothing was unknown, and that if he would consult her, she would acquaint him with such things as would surprize him. *Florange* did not want Wit, so as that knowing out of what motive this man discours'd him in this manner, he thank'd him coldly for his offers; adding, that it did not belong to all People to concern themselves in the Affairs of a Husband and Wife. Nevertheless *Florange* consider'd in himself of what he had said to him, and being silly enough as to imagine, that a Fortune teller could convict his Wife of the Intrigue she had with *Mainville*, he enquir'd, under hand, where those sort of People dwelt, and was not long without being inform'd of the Lodgings of a Woman that pretended that way. None but Fools went to her House, or Persons ex-

treably credulous. Yet not one came thence without being undeceiv'd : for it was by Chance, if she spoke one Truth among a thousand Lyes. *Florange* repaired thither one Morning without any Retinue, and desired this Woman to conceal nothing from him, of whatever consequence the things were that she should find out, either by his Hand or Physiogmony. The Fortune-teller, by his words, guessing at his Ingenuity, began with making him pay before-hand ; then discours'd him with what she was wont to say to all those that were so silly as to come and consult her. *Florange* knowing then how much he was in the wrong, to hope for any thing in her, told her, that it was Pains and Money thrown away, as to come and see her ; and as she endeavour'd to save her self by a World of silly Stories, with which she lur'd the most credulous, there came a Man into the Room, habited after a capricious

ous manner, and that would have Bug-bear'd little Children. His Habit was Black, all done with streams of Fire; insomuch that one would have said, that he had been a Devil that was return'd from Hell, or at least, a Man that had borrow'd the form of one. He had a Mask that represented a Face to the Life; but so dismal, that a body trembled to look upon it. This Mask was not made of Past-board, as all others are, and you would have taken it for real Flesh. The rest of his Habillement suited exactly with the Mask. He had Buskinson, and instead of a Lyon's Skin, a *Grotesque*, representing the Furies, and to his very Shoes one would have said, that they had been the Scales of a Serpent, so well had Art imitated Nature. This Counterfeit-Monster held a Wand in his Hand, with which he struck thrice upon *Florange's* Head. This poor Marquis needed not this Over-plus of terror, having

been sufficiently frightened at the sight
 of the Monster. He was more
 dead than alive ; insomuch that he
 would willingly have given the half
 of his Estate to have been from
 thence. But his Fright was quite
 an other thing, when the false De-
 vil spoke to him in this manner ;
Since that thou believ'st that the For-
tune-teller is not capable of telling
thee thy Life, I am come my self to
inform thee of all thou would'st know :
Thy Wife is more discreet than thou
deservest ; and though there be some
Appearances against her, these Ap-
pearances are less strong than truth.
Mainville is neither in love with her,
nor she with him, and thou must only
accuse thy own Jealousie, if any one
has been so spiteful as to take a de-
light in allarming thee. The Let-
ters thou hast receiv'd are forged Let-
ters, and if thou continuest to be jea-
lous, a great many more will be
paulm'd upon thee. Such as thou seest
me, my Business is to make the living
mad,

mad, and I shall neither spare my Contrivances nor my Pains, to disturb thy Quiet, unless thou avail'st thy self of my advice.

It is hard to say which of the two, *Florange*, or the Fortune-teller, remain'd the most amaz'd at these words: for she could not apprehend who it was that plaid this part. True indeed, that she was not unacquainted with the false Devils Habillement, having her self caus'd it to be made, to fright such as were fearful. But she knew not who could take it so in the nick, as to say such particular things to *Florange*. However to render the Adventure still the more extraordinary, *Mainville*, and the Marchioness, being egg'd on by the like Curiosity, came to the same place, and finding the House-door open, they mounted into the very Fortune-tellers Chamber, without meeting with any body to ask them their Business. The false Devil had not shut the Door, so as that *Main-*

ville and the Marchioness entred therein, not in the least expecting the People they there met withal. *Florange's* Fright was extream at the sight of them, imagining, that the Devil had made them come without their consent. But that of *Mainville* and the Marchioness was no less, seeing *Florange*; for then they thought themselves lost without Remedy. He that acted the Magician, or the Devil, as you shall please to call him, seem'd quite unhing'd and nonplus'd, remaining for some time without speaking a word. But all on the sudden recovering his speech: *Admire my Power*, said he to *Florange*: *Here are the two Persons that occasion thy Disquiet, whom I have caus'd to come hither on purpose to tell thee what familiarity passes between them two: Thou wilt learn their innocency from their own Mouths, if thou dost not put confidence enough in what I have told thee.* *Florange* fell into a Swoon at these words; and the

the false Devil seeing him in that Condition, repuls'd *Mainville* and the Marchioness with his Wand, telling them they had nothing more to do there. They did not stay to be told it twice ; and the Marchioness having with much a-do got again to her Coach, in the street, with a Horror more easie to imagine than describe.

Florange continu'd still some time in his Swoon, while that the false Devil took the Fortune teller into an other Room, to tell her, that having had the folly, as well as others, to come and see her, he had found that Chamber-door open, wherein he entred. That meeting with nobody there, and hearing loud talking in the next Room, he had listen'd, and perceiv'd *Florange's* Voice. And having perceiv'd at the same time upon the Bed, that Habit he had upon his Body, he had put it on, to tell him his Fortune, as being inform'd to every little circumstance.

cumstance of his Life. That she had seen the success of it, and that it was her part now to maintain the Fame such an Adventure was going to gain her in the World.

The Fortune-teller was very glad that Chance had so well seconded her Cheats: and all haughty upon this Event, she gave *Florange* a Check when he came to his Senses again, for that he would not give Credit to the Wonders of her Art. *Florange* would doubtless have ask'd her Pardon, if he had had the power but to speak but one bare word; but he was still so much afraid, that all that he could do, was to get to a Hackney-Coach that waited for him at the Door. When he was got in he began to breathe, as thinking that the Devil had not so much power over him there. He then promis'd never to see, as long as he liv'd, any Fortune-teller: and being got home, he us'd his Wife quite otherwise than he had done of a long while, as apprehending,

prehending, that if he should use her ill, the Devil would rise up in her defence, as he had threatned to do.

After this, *Florange* staid still some time at *Paris*, and having met with *Mainville* in a Company, he spoke to him as if he had never born him any grudg. Nay, he ask'd him what was the Cause they did not see one another now; insomuch, that *Mainville* would have been in a strange *Maze*, had he been ignorant of the Fortune-teller's Adventure. But knowing what pass'd at her House, and how much *Florange* was of a fearful Humour, he knew to what to attribute his Change.

In the mean while *Mainville* and the Marchioness were not able to comprehend whom they had the Obligation to of what was fallen out; for no body had ever known any thing of their Concerns, save *Grand-Champ* and the Damsel I have

men-

mention'd :— and they knew very well, that neither of them two had revealed their Secret. For the Marchioness had left her Woman at home ; and as for *Grand-Cbamp*, they could not suspect him, as knowing him long since dead. But whoever it was, they were indebted to, they look'd upon it as a great piece of Service : for they began again to see one another, and that too without *Florange's* finding fault. *Mainville* was not however wanting to have some Pre-caution, when he was with the Marchioness, as knowing there is nothing so easie to kindle anew as the Suspicions of a jealous Person.

Thus they liv'd in some sort of repose for a time : But as Prudence is very rare in strong Passions, these Lovers forgot that *Florange* was naturally prone to Jealousie, and that the least thing was capable of giving him Umbrage. They were ever by one another, not being able to remain.

main a moment without enterchanging of Words: and when Chance separated them, one might in their Faces read a certain Grief, as made those judge that had the least Concern in it, that they were not in ill Terms with one another. Florange began also to doubt that the false Devil had told him a Lye, when he assured him, that his Wife was honest. *The Devils*, said he in himself, *are Lyars, and a Man must be as simple as I, to put trust to their Words.* Besides there is something in this matter that I do not apprehend: for their business being to molest Mankind, how comes this, if he be a real Devil, to endeavour to cure me of my suspicions? Thou art abus'd, Florange, added he, and like a fool, fallest into the Trap. Are not thy Eyes surer than all that can be said to thee? And what hast thou to do with the testimony of an Other, when thou thy self dost but too clearly see thy dishonour?

Thus

Thus confirming himself daily more and more in the Opinion, that he had been impos'd on, he took somewhat extraordinary measures to thrust into *Mainville's* and his Wife's Intrigue. He pretended not to take any notice of their fondnesses, but resolv'd to surprize them, when they least expected it, and to put them so many Questions in one another's Presence, that they should be nonplus'd. He knew that the motions of the Countenance commonly discover what lies most hid in the Heart: and when one does not find one's Conscience clear, it is an hard matter to keep one's Judgment. Whereupon he one day ask'd them, when they were in a deep Chat, whether there was not a great deal of Pleasure, in entertaining one's self thus aside with what one loves, adding that they must needs tast this happiness often, since it was but a few days ago that they had thus been together alone. It is easie to imagine
the

the Confusion these Lovers were under at this Discourse; they were in such a Maze they could not give him one bare word of answer. But *Florange* judging by the state they were in, that his Suspicions were but too well grounded. *To what purpose, renew'd he, is it for you to use fineness with me? and am not I so clear-sighted, as to know what I ought to believe of it? You love tenderly one another, and I should have but little regard for both, should I oppose so fine an Amity.* The coolness he affected in uttering these Words, did so to all intents disorder *Mainville* and the Marchioness, that they did nothing but gaze upon one another, as if they had complemented one another, who should answer him first. At last, *Mainville* being confus'd to the highest degree, endeavour'd to undeceive *Florange*, endeavouring to perswade him, that being so much his Friend, as he was, he could not, without an extream ingratitude, cast
his

his Eyes upon his Wife. Let's leave our friendship there, answer'd Florange coldly, and I should be very much too blame, were I contented with your Reasons, since, All dear as I am to you, as you say, my Wife must needs be dearer to you than I am. She has Charms for Men which I have not, and made as she is, she would have reason to complain, if under the Pretext of our Acquaintance, you refus'd to love her. And indeed, you cannot put it out of my head, but that you do her Justice. Minville being no longer able to endure a Conversation that maddened him, us'd then his utmost efforts to insinuate into him, that he had never had any thoughts of the Marchioness: But Florange turning towards her, And Madam, said he to her, will you be as insincere as he, and will you maintain it to my face, that you have been able to be so long expos'd to the Cajolaries of a well-bred man, without suffering your self to be affected. The Mar-

Marchioness made him answer, that he did her the highest injury, to put such a Question to her : That her Duty did sufficiently inform her, that she ought to love him only, and that he ought not to doubt but that she did all that her Duty directed her. *A meer Resvery, Madam, he reply'd to her, is that same Duty with which your Ladyship pretends to entertain me ; and a thousand Women, that are no less honest than your Ladyship, tread it daily under foot ; But since you assure me, that it is strong enough, as to hinder you from paying to my Lord of Mainville's merit what you owe it, and that on the other side he vows, that the friendship he has for me, hinders him from paying you what he owes you, you will both do well never to see one another more. And indeed, it would be laying your Reputation too much at stake, Madam, added he, any longer to suffer the Visits of a Man that has not the sence to know your worth.*

And

And you, my Lord, said he, addressing his Speech to *Mainville*, *you would do me a kindness, never to set foot more in my house : for I esteem my Wife, and do not love people that slight her so much, or are so insensible, that thus they can resist so many Charms.* At the same time he scrap'd *Mainville* a long Leg, as much as to say, that it was time for him to be gone, and shewing him the Door, he made him apprehend thereby, that he was not of a Humour so easily to be paulm'd upon in his Beleif.

I shall in no wise go about to represent to you in this place, neither *Mainville's* Amazement, nor the Marchionesse's Confusion. They could hardly imagine what they heard ; but however loth they were to obey *Florange's* Command, they must submit ; nay, and without reply. When *Mainville* was gone, the Marchioness stomacking what had newly happen'd, and being unable to bear with a separation from her
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Lover, she began to discharge her Anger upon her Husband. She told him, that his Capriciousness was beyond Example, and that she needed only to blaze about his Carriage, to put him out of repute with all the World. *Florange* could have answer'd her, that as he had been out of repute a long while, he had nothing more to manage upon that Point, but continuing in the same manner he began, he made her answer, with a mighty serious look, that he perceiv'd the ingratitude of Women; that he had newly done her a great piece of Service, in ridding her of a Man that was good for nothing; and that nevertheless, instead of thanking him for it, she loaded him with Reproaches.

After this, the Lady could not expect to see *Mainville* again at her own House; insomuch, that when they were minded to speak with one another, they were oblig'd to borrow the House of some she friend.

These

These Pre-cautions render'd their Interviews much seldomer, and by Consequence much more agreeable, because that Difficulty is wont to be a seasoning to Pleasures, though that all People are not pleas'd with such a Ragoo. It was then a little after *Christmas*, a time that Merriments and Feastings begin at *Paris*, when a Friend of *Florange's* having been presented with a Nosegay at a Ball, made him agree, that he should entertain his Lady with the Fiddles. The Lady being inform'd of it, sent notice to *Mainville*, that he should not let that Occasion slip, without making advantage on't ; insomuch, that he disguis'd himself, that he might not be known in the Assembly. It was numerous and fine ; and as the Marchioness was weary of dancing, she plac'd her self in a Corner, whither *Mainville* repair'd immediately to entertain her. He would have staid at her Feet till the Ball had been ended, if a Lady had not

not come to take him out to dance with her. He could not but out of Civility give her his Hand : But while he danc'd, another Masquerader took his Place, and began to say such particular things to *Madam de Florange*, that she was mightily surpriz'd at it. His Garb was that of a *Gypsey*, which had help'd him much to the accosting of her. *Madam*, said he to her, *Ladies are commonly curious, and the Habit I wear, informs you, that telling of Fortunes is my Province. If you doubt it, you need only to give me your Hand, and you will presently perceive that I am no Bungler in my Profession.* Thereupon he gave her an Account of *Mainville's* Amour, from the beginning to the very end, and when it came to the place of the Fortune-teller : *It is to me, Madam*, added he, *that you have the obligation of being freed from that ill step. I had some Relation to that Woman, which oblig'd me to go often to her house, and*

I came thither pretty seasonably to do you Service. After he had given her this Account, he left her, without being to be perswaded to make himself known, though she press'd him very much. But as he was going his ways, *Florange*, who had observ'd his Conversation with his Wife, and who took him for *Mainville*, by reason he had something of his Air, and of his Shape, stopp'd him by the Arm, just when he was at the bottom of the Stair-case, and told him, that he had something to say to him. The Masque staid at these Words, and *Florange* seeing that he was just ready to hear him. *I thought*, said he to him, *that after having admonish'd thee, never to see my Wife more, thou wouldst never have had the audaciousness to discourse her, and particularly in my sight. But by what I perceive, thou mak'st no account of what is said to thee, since to the prejudice of my Prohibition, thou hast been newly talking to her.* Now
for

for once and all, either let this not happen again, or I shall use such means as shall make you repent you did not take my Advice.

The Masque, that did not expect such a Complement, was very much surpriz'd at it; but having Reasons not to answer so keenly as he was talk'd to: I know not, he reply'd, what you mean by this Discourse, and you certainly take me for an other, having never spokewith your Lady before to day. Wherefore you could not give me Instances of your jealousy, as you tell me. But since I now know that makes you uneasie, I assure you, that for fear of disturbing your repose, I shall carefully avoid meeting her, being very willing thereby to let you see, that I shall ever Court the Occasions of obliging you.

Nothing could be more handsome than this Answer. But *Florange* being of a Character to be furious, when one crept before him, it augmented his Audaciousness; in-

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so much,

ſomuch, that ſpeaking a Language
 ſtill more arrogant than the former,
 he told the Maſque, *That Excuses*
were but ſlight Reparations, when the
Offences were real. That thus he
meant to chaſtiſe him for his impru-
dence, as he deſerved. And at the
 ſame time laying his Hand to his
 Sword, he oblig'd the Maſque, in
 his own Defence, to take one his
 Foot-man carry'd for him. Per-
 chance *Florance* would then have
 been glad he had not begun the
 Quarrel; but ſeeing that the Maſque
 did but parry, without making any
 Thrust at him, it encourag'd him ſo
 as to ruſh on upon him, and puſhing
 blindly on, he ran himſelf upon the
 other's Sword. However, the Maſque
 receiv'd at the ſame time a Thrust
 quite through the Body, which made
 him fall ſtone dead on the other
 ſide.

The noiſe they had made in quar-
 relling, had made the People run to
 part them; and *Florance's* Friends
 ſeeing

seeing him all cover'd with Blood, and the Masque lying in the Dust, ask'd him the Occasion of their Quarrel. *It is my Wife*, answer'd he them, *who is the Occasion of my Death. Hold me up, I conjure you; for I have but one moment more to live. But if any of you would oblige me, let him go tell her, that in shedding my own Blood, I have at least the Comfort of having taken Mainville's Life away.* At these Words the Rumour ran immediately through the whole Assembly, that *Mainville* was newly kill'd; and this News extraordinarily afflicted the Marchioness. She gave deep Sighs, and without minding in that moment either her Husband's Wound, or all that People could say of her Conduct, she ran where the Dead Man lay, to see if her misfortune was without Remedy. As soon as she had cast her Eyes upon his Cloaths, she presently perceiv'd they had given her a false Allarum; and studying to re-

pair what she had newly done, she went to *Florange*, and made his Friends believe, that the Tears she shed were only on his account.

However, she gave her Woman Order, under hand, to enquire who the Dead Man was; and this Damsel being curious enough of her self, resolv'd to use her utmost Care. But this needed no great trouble; for as soon as the Deceased's Mask was taken off, all the Servants of the House knew it to be *Grand Champ*; and she her self going near the Body, quickly perceiv'd that they were in the right. For some time she could hardly believe what she saw, as being pre-possess'd with his Death, upon the Account that had been given her her self in the Village before mention'd: But you must know, that she had been misinform'd, because at the time they imagin'd he had breath'd his last, he was only fallen into a *Lethargy*, occasion'd by the loss of Blood, and which
he

he recover'd from some Hours after.

As the Marchioness had been well pleas'd to hear of *Grand-Champ's* Death, instead of that of *Mainville*, it put her Husband into an incredible Despondency. For besides the Grief he had to know his Wife's Lover still in a Condition of disturbing his Rest, he was out of Countenance for having wrongfully shewn his Jealousie in such good Company: and what is more, he was not without Regret for having kill'd the unfortunate *Grand-Champ*. But what disquieted him more than all this, is, that the Chyrurgeons durst not ascertain he would escape from his Wound, as finding it very dangerous. While he lay a curing his Friends us'd their Interest to obtain his Pardon; and *Grand Champ*, having no body to revenge his Memory, they easily effected their Business. After this *Florange* recover'd by little and little, and seeing him-

self in perfect Health, he us'd his utmost endeavour to bring his Cause to a Trial, that so he might return into the Countrey, where he fancy'd he should live more at quiet than at *Paris*.

When he was in hopes of having it brought to Trial, the Defendants, who had not over-good Right, and who found an Advantage of deferring the Verdict, bethought themselves of presenting a Request to the Council, by which they required to have the Cause left to an other Parliament than that of *Paris*, alledging, that *Florance* and his Wife had therein a World of Relations upon the Bench. The Affair being examined in full Council, *Florance's* Parties obtain'd what they demand'd, and were referred to *Rouen*.

This Decree was extream cruel to *Mainville* and the Marchioness, who notwithstanding *Florance's* Prohibitions and Pre-cautions, did nevertheless continue to see one another.

ther. They knew *Paris* to be the only place where Intrigues could be conceal'd, and that in the other Towns, however great they might be, one remains expos'd to the Censure of all People; a Man of Quality especially not being able to take a step without furnishing matter for talk. Nevertheless haivng in their Interviews found Pleasures they could neither of them renounce, without doing a great Violence upon themselves, they contriv'd before they parted, how to see one another at *Rouen*; and no sooner was *Florange* there, but *Mainville* came thither *incognito*.

A little before, he had, with his Credit, serv'd a President of that Parliament, who had had a great Concern at Court; insomuch, that not doubting of his Acknowledgment, he went and alighted at his House. There, without scruple, he declared to him what brought him to *Rouen*, and that he had oc-

cation for his Service. A thousand
 Persons in this President's Circum-
 stances, would have put on their
 Gravity, and have likewise told him
 without scruple, that he might seek
 out an other Confident ; but this
 President being very willing to
 make Returns for the Obligation
 he had to him, and besides, being
 no Enemy to Nature, he made him
 answer, that he might dispose of
 him, of his House, and of all he
 had in his power. *J'ie not have so*
much, said Mainville to him ; *and*
all I require of you, is to lend me one
of your Coaches, when I go abroad
with a Parliament-Robes. For when
I go to my Mistress's House, I mean
to be taken for you ; and all that we
are to have a care of, is, that it be not
known that I am here. Thus you must
make me pass in your own House, for
one of your own Relations ; and if
People wonder that I make no Visits in
the Town, you may say, that I am sick.
If this was the only thing to be reme-
dy'd,

dy'd, answer'd the President, *the thing would be very easie. I know already, without your needing to speak to me of it, that you have People here in whom you confide; and I may say the same thing of mine, whom I need only to forbid speaking, that you were at my House, to bind them to silence. But the Difficulty that I find herein is, that you would, methinks, pay a Visit to the Marchioness under my Name, and that when you are at her House, it should be thought to be me. Right, Mainville reparty'd; And this is just what I desire: And if I can deceive the Publick, I will take my time so well, as never to go to her Lodgings but when her Husband is abroad. I agree to't, the President answer'd; but you are going to set me at odds with my Wife. She is jealous to the utmost extremity; and as soon as she shall be perswaded, like others, that I visit Madam de Florange, I am very much afraid I shall have little quiet at home. Let's lodg our Secret with*

her, answer'd Mainville then: 'Tis the means of being all our Safeties. I have thought of that, reply'd the President; but two things hinder'd me, one is, that she can only conceal what she does not know; the other, that it would not be handsome for me to engage her in this Intrigue. Thus it is much better to undergo her Jealousie.

Mainville shew'd himself Civil, by expressing, that he would not purchase his own Content at the expence of his Friend's. But the President made him answer. That nothing could afford him more Joy, than the doing of him Service; and though he had spoke to him of his Wife's Humour, it was not to excuse himself from the Business, but to take their measures so well, that they might keep their Concerns secret. A Lover is easie to perswade, when it tends to his satisfaction. Thus Mainville making but mean efforts to combat the President's
Civi-

Civility, consented to all he required. He then caus'd a Coachman and two Lacqueys, to be drest up in the President's Colours; and when he went abroad, not a Person, but took him for the President, by reason of his Disguise. And indeed, all People saluted him in the Streets, principally those that had any Process, pretending he would have some regard to their Civility, when he should come to try it. However, for the better deceiving of them, he took care to conceal his Face with his Handkerchief, so as that not any person living took notice of the Cheat; so much the more, as that he never went to the Marchionesses House, save when her Husband was gone to sollicite his Judges, which she fail'd not of giving him immediate notice of, that so they might not lose the occasion of seeing one another.

This he sped in for five or six times, without Fortune's playing him.

him any ill Prank ; but *Florange's* Parties being allarm'd at these frequent Visits, desired the President thereupon, to decline being of their Judges, giving him to understand, that visiting Madam *de Florange* so often as he did, he could not assist at the Tryal of their Suit, without giving them a great Suspicion. The President could easily have undeceiv'd them if he would, but that not being to be done, without discovering his Friend's Secret, he sought out sorry Excuses for the Visits those Parties fancy'd he made to the Marchioness. Thus he reply'd upon them, that they were very much in the wrong, in suspecting him of any partiality : That the seeing of a Woman did not render him the less honest man : That every Individual had his Conscience to keep : That it was not a sufficient Reason against his being a Judge at their Trial : and that on the contrary, he was resolv'd to be on the Bench,

Bench, to shew how wrongfully they were allarum'd. He thought thereby to serve *Mainville*, who had desired him to embrace *Florange's* Interests as his own. But these Parties thinking themselves lost without Remedy, after this Declaration, contriv'd to blaze about, in such manner, the President's and Marchionesses Intrigue, as to oblige him to be the first to draw off himself. They had heard since they were in the Town, that the Presidents Wife was extreemly jealous, and that upon the least appearance of her Husband's Infidelity, she was wont to make an horrible bustle. Thus they fancy'd, that they needed only to intimate the President's Visits to her under hand, and that after this the Intrigue he had with the Marchioness would quickly be publick.

Having form'd this Resolution, they signify'd to the President's Lady what they were desirous she should know: and this News made her

her almost mad. She immediately loaded her Husband with a thousand Reproaches for this new Inclination, and would needs oblige him to promise her never to go more to her Lodgings. *She's a profess'd Gossip*, said she to him, *and your frequenting of her Company is only to abuse me.* The President was at a very great loss how to quiet this Woman, whom he knew hard to be govern'd upon that Article. He endeavour'd to perswade her, that he saw *Madam de Florange* only out of respect; and that if her Concerns had not been recommended to him by all her Friends, he would pay her no more Visits. But his Lady falling into a Rage, and so much the more, as that he would not promise her to see her no more, she resolv'd to manifest her Jealousie in such manner, as that *Madam de Florange* should be oblig'd to forbid him her House.

While

While that the President's Lady was thus preparing to disturb these Lovers Repose, Fortune, that had spar'd them since they had been at *Rouen*, contriv'd to play them a Prank, which they had all the trouble imaginable to free themselves from. One Day that *Flo-range* had chosen to see his Judges, he was taken with an Indisposition on the Way, that oblig'd him to return home sooner than he expected. He found the President's Coach at his Door, and was mightily pleas'd with the Honour he did him of coming to see his Wife, as judging thence he would do his best for him, when his Cause came to a Trial. Wherefore he must needs pay him his Acknowledgments: But at his entrance into the Marchionesses Chamber, he was much surpriz'd to find a man before her upon his Knees. The Marchioness seeing him come in, was still more surpriz'd than he: for it was

Main

Mainville, who in the President's Robes, made her a thousand amorous Protestations. *Florange* had luckily made a stop one moment, to consider upon the manner of his Behaviour in so extraordinary an occasion. The Marchioness employ'd that small time to great advantage: For judging that *Florange* could not have seen *Mainville*, his Back being towards him. *Ah, my Lord*, said she to her Lover, *all my Remedies are useless, and you'l cover me all with Blood, unless you put your Handkerchief before your Nose.* *Mainville*, who had an infinite stock of Wit, apprehended by these Words, that *Florange* must needs be behind him, and seconding the Marchionesses Artifice, he took an Handkerchief out of her Hands, with which she had rubb'd her self, and which luckily for them, was all over Blood, as having her self bled at the Nose but a moment before.

fore. Then *Mainville* cover'd his Face with it ; and *Florange* seeing him in this Condition , was not sorry that he was so moderate, as thinking he had been unreasonably allarm'd. Thus instead of quarrelling him , as he had resolv'd to do a moment before, he made him a Complement upon his feigned Indisposition, bidding his Wife send for a clean Handkerchief, and fair Water, to wash his Face.

Mainville was in some sort of Security, through the Marchioness's Artifice : but seeing that *Florange* was so very officious to serve him against his Will, he knew not yet how he should get off from this Affair, when Fortune freed him by a Circumstance that in all likelihood should have ruin'd him. The President's Lady pass'd through the Street , and seeing her Husband's Coach at the Marchioness de *Florange's* Door , she immediately

ately resolv'd to go in, her Jealousie inspiring her with a thousand extravagant things. Madam *de Florange* knew her not; but seeing an handsome Woman come into her Room, and who seem'd a Person of Quality, she went towards her, to pay her her Civilities. The President's Lady stept back, with a scornful look, and then using her Tongue; *You ought, Madam, to be satisfy'd, said she to her, with caressing my Husband, without loading me with your fondnesses. The Traitor is oftner with you than with me; and I design henceforward to send all those that have to do with him, to your House.* After this, she fell to loading *Mainville* with a thousand Reproaches, taking him for her Husband, as being deceived by his Garb and Wigg, that was of the President's Colour.

How-

However, *Mainville* said not one word; which made the Lady the more believe it to be the President, and that finding himself culpable, he durst say nothing in his own excuse. Thus his Silence was a new Crime for him: She continued upon the same Tone; and after she had pretty well discharg'd her Choler, she took him by the Gown; saying, she would rather stay there as long as she liv'd, than go away without him. *Mainville*, who would willingly have given all things to have been away from thence, made use of this occasion to be gone; and being entred with her into his Coach, he on the way, underwent all that a Woman can say that thinks herself slighted. *Thou dost well to hide thy self, thou Cheat*, said she to him: *But that Handkerchief thou hold'st before thy face, does not hide from me the Motions of thy*

thy Heart. I know whom thou ad-
 dressest thy Vows to; and all the
 Caresses thou sometimes makest me,
 are only for the better deceiving
 me. In saying this, she snatch'd
 his Handkerchief from off his
 Nose: But her Surprize pass'd
 beyond all that I can say, when
 instead of her Husband she saw a
 man she did not know. For out
 of certain Considerations, the Pre-
 sident had not let her see *Main-
 ville*, though he staid in his House;
 and when she had ask'd him the
 Reason of it, he had stopp'd her
 mouth, by telling her, that there
 were certain things which Women
 ought not to know. In the mean
 while, *Mainville's* Disorder was no
 less in this Occasion, than that of
 the President's Ladies; but being
 sooner recollected, *Madam*, said he
 to her, *I know that this Adventure
 surprizes you: I beseech you not to
 let it be known, and you will here-
 in oblige a Man of Quality, who*
 is

is my Lord, your Husband's friend, and a peculiar Servant of all that regards him. I would now tell your Ladyship, continued he, what has induc'd me to disguise my self as I am; but it is better that you be inform'd of all from his own Mouth, because, that not having the Honour to be known by you, all would be suspicious I might say to your Ladyship.

In the mean while; the Coach jogg'd on, and they at length got home, without any other illustration than this. The President was then in the Court of his House. He was strangely amaz'd to see *Mainville* with his Wife; and making up to them, to know how this came to pass, he was still in a greater maze; when *Mainville* had told him aside, all that had befallen him. *This is a bad Business*, said the President to him; *and knowing my Wife's Humour, she cannot fail of blabbing it abroad.*

How-

However, to top upon her, he told her, that *Mainville* was a man of Quality, who was hamper'd in great troubles; and that it import'd his Life, that People should not know of his being in Town: That therefore he besought her not to say the least of it to any Body: and that this was the Reason that had induc'd him to give him a Retreat at his House, without telling her of it. *You think me but an ill Keeper of Secrets*, Sir, said his Wife to him, as already suspecting the mystery; and all People have not so bad an Opinion of Women as you, since that this Gentleman himself does not conceal himself from *Madam de Florange*. *Madam de Florange*, the President reply'd to her, is a Relation of his, and partakes in all that can befall him; insomuch, that she will be cautious of discovering where he is. The President's Lady, who was as malicious as any body living, and who had plainly observ'd how

how *Mainville* had hid himself from the Husband. *I believe*, she answer'd the President, *'that this Lady has still more Interest than you say, in keeping your Friend's Concerns secret ; but I very much doubt whether the Marquis de Florange has the same Regards for him. At these Words she left them both there ; and the President knowing the spitefulness of his Wife, advis'd Mainville to leave the Town, for fear her Twattle being told again to Florange , he might suspect the Truth.*

Mainville , notwithstanding the Pleasure he took in seeing his Mistress, follow'd his Friends Advice, and departed *Rouen*. The Campaign began shortly after, which solac'd him for this Adventure, as finding in the Employs of War wherewith to make him forget for a while the Secrets of Love.

T H E E N D.

L I C E N S E D,

RO. L'ESTRANGE,

October 11.
1677.

THE
Triumph
OF
LOVE
OVER
FORTUNE.

A Pleasant Novel.

*Written in French by that Great Wit
of France M. St. Bremond.*

AND

*Translated into English by a Person
of Quality.*

L O N D O N,

Printed for James Magnes and Richard
Bentley, in Russel-Street in Covent-
Garden, near the Piazzas. 1678.



T O T H E
R I G H T H O N O U R A B L E
T H E
E A R L
O F
M I D D L E S E X.

My Lord,

I Bring you here the
finest Girl of *Spain*,
a Countrey Lass,
one of the Greatest Mo-
A 3 narchs

The Dedication.

narchs on Earth admir'd, and lov'd, and I conceive a fit Present for you. The danger is mine, who bringing you acquainted with so Fam'd a Foraign Beauty, may raise Jealousie in the fairer *English*, who claim you so entirely for themselves, they will not allow a stranger, though never so deserving, a share in you : But not to displease the Charm-
ing

The Dedication.

ing Sex, by my endeavours to please you, who are so much in their favour ; I declare the Beauties I deal in are meerly Spiritual, and the Mistress I offer you, of *Minerva's* breed, a Birth of the Brain. What cause of Jealousie this Heroine would have given, could she have appear'd before you, in all the Charms Nature enrich her with, I leave
to

The Dedication.

to the Ladies to guess,
and tremble at the apprehension. But in this Paper-dress, they will freely and unconcerned allow her entrance into your very Closet, to entertain you an hour or two with the happiest Adventures of her Life. She is a Stranger, and may want Protection, and where should she address her self for it, but to the most Gallant of Men.

The Dedication.

Men. 'Tis the ordinary priviledge of the Fair, to be every where well received, and deny'd nothing: but they need not insist on their Priviledge with your Lordship, who take Pleasure in obliging the Charming Sex, with unparalel'd Gallantry; not granting only, but preventing their desires, with your favours. Thus have you merited the honour
of

The Dedication.

of their highest favorit.
And were you pleased to
impart the Memoirs of
your good Fortunes,
which you keep so pri-
vate, it would make a
Journal of Adventures,
no Age could equal.
The Chronicle of Love
having not one instance
of a Lover, so much be-
lov'd, or a flame that
hath raised so universal
a jealousie as yours.

But, my Lord, this is
not

The Dedication.

not intended any part of
your Panegyrick; for
though to be loved by
the fairest part of the
World, and make the
rest of it jealous, be a
thing charming, and glo-
rious, yet hath your
Lordship a thousand ex-
cellent Qualities more
Illustrious, more Glori-
ous, which your Re-
nown is principally
grounded on, and leads
me into a large Field of
your

The Dedication.

your praises, were I minded to display them : But for Persons of Merit, so well known as yours, and so exalted above the height of expression, there is nothing so troublesome to them, or unnecessary for others, as a torrent of Praises. I will only assure your Lordship, I am with abundance of Passion and Respect


My Lord,

Your Lordships most humble,

and obedient Servant,

S. Bremond.

The Triumph of Love over Fortune.

 HE Sun had newly past the vernal Æquinox, the Earth breath'd Sweets, the Air was mild and temperate, the Face of Heaven smil'd, and all the World look'd gay and youthful, when a King of *Spain* (whose Name History mentions not) accepting readily the tempting invitation of that charming season, resolv'd to take the Country-Air, and please himself with those divertisements a short recess from *Madrid* fairly promis'd him. He was a Prince fam'd for Gallantry and Magnificence; and of his Courtiers who could pretend to either, there was

B not

2 *The Triumph of Love*

not one he took not with him to *Aranjues*; where, besides the pleasure they frequently took in Hunting, they were entertain'd with Balls and Dances, Opera's, Races, Tournaments, and other rare diversifements, wherein the Lords and Grandees of his Court wholly apply'd themselves to excel each other.

Aranjues is a House of pleasure, seated most deliciously, distant from *Madrid* a short days journey between that City and *Toledo*, well built and neatly furnish'd; but neither Furniture too rich, nor Building too Magnificent for a Palace-Royal and Residence of Majesty. The curious, who travel as far as *Madrid*, never forget to take a turn to *Aranjues* to view the Walks and Gardens there, as worth their sight; where the Bowers, the Water-works, the Grottes, the Fountains, Labyrinths, and other Ornaments entertain them with a pleasing

sing verdure; and by the joint favours of Art and Nature appears a charming Beauty. To compleat all, what can more delight the Eye than the fair Rows of Trees there of a prodigious height, in a Country which, for twenty Leagues about, scarce produces those of ordinary growth?

The King took more delight in that house (as fitted more for Liberty) than his Palaces of *Prado del Campo*, and the *Buen Retiro*, standing hard-by the Gates of *Madrid*. The splendor he lived in there was attractive enough to bring thither all the Nobles of his Kingdom, had they wanted inclination to follow him where e're he went: But he was a Prince who, to the height of State and Power, added so many charming qualities of personal Excellency, 'twas difficult to judge whether his Subjects love, or duty to him were the greater.

Never was Reign happier than
B 2 his.

4 *The Triumph of Love*

his. He was a comely Person, handsome and witty to admiration; Young, tall, nimble, and capable of all that's brave, or great; of noble inclinations, worthy the Crown he wore. Those leisure-hours his glory and cares of State allow'd him, he bestow'd in Love and Gallantry: and no Man ever acquitted himself better, and came off with more applause.

The *Spaniards* have in all Ages been observed much inclin'd to jealousy: the Women there are slaves to that passion, before they know what 'tis to love. Hence it is they are such early Lovers: 'tis natural, especially for Women, to long for that which is forbidden them. Revolt is with them a certain effect of Restraint: and a Husband jealous (though of the most honest Wife on Earth,) is upon the point of being made what he most fears to be.

In

In this King's time, the Court of *Spain* had put on a new Face, the course of things, at least in matters of gallantry, was wholly alter'd, and Maxims introduc'd (quite contrary to those formerly in vogue; but) in favour of the Gallants: And their Party being strongest, the jealous were forced to slacken a little the rigor and strictness of Ancient Customs to make way for New. The Ladies had free access to all entertainments, and needed not those subtil Intrigues, and Multitude of Confidants they formerly us'd to carry on their Amours; the Races, the Walks and the Plays, were the ordinary Rendezvous to make and appoint, and sometimes to compleat and perform Assignations.

What a brave time was this for the *Spanish* Ladies! they think of it to this day with sorrow 'tis past: and declare with indignation that the Name of this King, which those

6 *The Triumph of Love*

of his time suffer'd to be bury'd in oblivion, deserv'd to have been engraved in Letters of Gold over the Chamber-Doors of all the gallant Ladies of his Court, and transmitted to Posterity to be had in perpetual Veneration.

Amidst the pleasures of *Aranjues*, Love, jealous perhaps to see this Prince so long free, and not sensible of the power of his influence, resolved to find him imployment by engaging him in an Amour the more difficult to manage, as having in it no pretence from Ambition or Fortune to countenance the pursuit: And the truth is, it gave him more trouble than an hundred others he had been engag'd in. This was not an Amour with the Daughter, or Wife of any Grandee of his Kingdom: He had already past through all the Degrees of his Nobility; not a Lord in his Court, but by a Wife, a Daughter, or a Kinswoman was related to the King.

King. But the present Engagement was more extraordinary, as very remote from any thing of Pomp, or of Grandeur. 'Twas in a Garden, from among the Roses and Lilles, Love pick'd out a Beauty to charm the King : a Beauty to which *Aranjues* gave Birth.

Among the Courtiers (who made it their business to find every day some new divertisement for the King) one resolv'd to entertain him with a Shepherd who play'd excellently on the Flute. The King, a great Lover of Musick, (especially on those Country-Instruments) took extreme delight in hearing him play.

And finding that the Shepherd, besides his skill in Musick, had in all his actions an Air and Grace free from any clownishness, he was so taken with him, that he admitted him of his Musick, and gave him (as the rest) a Pension of two hundred Patacoons a year.

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This generous bounty of the King had put another Shepherd into a transport of joy, but was received by *Antonine* with a calmness and moderation which astonisht that Prince, and forc'd him, after a stricter examination of his Shepherd, now his new Musician, to say, the Body of that plain Shepherd lodg'd a large and noble Soul. Some Lords taking notice of the pleasure the King took in viewing him, (though they did not comprehend his thoughts of him) told the King, that to perfect the divertisement, he must see dance to the Flute, the Gardiner's Daughter of *Aranjues*, the prettiest Maid of all the Neighbourhood: The King immediately long'd to see her, and commanded she should come before him.

She came drest like a Nymph: and *Antonine* scarce began to play on his Flute, but she fell a-dancing; and with that grace, that cadence, those gestures so proper and so taking,

king, that she charm'd the whole Court. She was a Girl about fifteen years of age, having a little of the Country Mien, and Air, but nothing rustick, and a very pleasing Face.

The King (none of the most insensible) first felt the force of her charms; every step she made, each gesture, every action of the little Country-Lass were so many Magick Spells to inchant this Prince. He felt his heart seiz'd with an unaccountable sudden joy, as she drew near him in dancing, or look'd upon him; and 'twas not in his power to forbear, once or twice, discovering his Passion by Exclamations the whole Court took notice of.

This was the only pleasure he took all that day; a pleasure that troubled all the rest they would have diverted him with at *Aranjuez*. The little Maid was scarce withdrawn with the Shepherd, but the King fell into a deep melancholy, which put him

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wholly out of humour. He had observ'd a familiarity betwixt 'em, which, though usual among Country-People, seem'd to trouble him though he knew not why. The Ladies he had most esteem for endeavour'd to divert him, but in vain; for he spent the rest of the day in walking alone, to enjoy the pleasure of his new Idea's.

He was restless all night, and could not sleep, he thought a thousand times of the little Country-Girl, and indeed could think of nothing else; he fancy'd her so beautiful and charming, so innocent, so Country-like, that his imaginations finish'd the work Love had but begun.

The Sun had scarce appear'd in his Chamber, but he got up; and being drest, went a walking in the Garden, where he sent for the Shepherd to furnish himself with a pretence for seeing the Girl, whom he presently gave order for. *Antoine*
play'd

play'd on the Flute, the Girl danced; the king charmed anew with new graces he fancy'd he discover'd every moment in her, was more and more affected, and, in a word, deeply in love with her. No sooner had this Passion taken possession of his heart, but his jealousy of the Shepherd increas'd. He saw the Girl smile on him, and observ'd a tenderness express'd in every look she gave him; and that she took pleasure in speaking to him: and that the Shepherd discover'd some little complaisances of a Lover, both when he play'd, and when he came near her, which convinc'd the King there was between them a correspondence of affection. This vext the King at heart, and the more because his passion was so new he durst not yet reveal it: At last, unable to endure the torment of his own impatience, and unwilling to be longer witness of the Shepherd's happiness to which he
thought

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thought himself contributory, he sent away the Gardiner's Daughter, but kept the Shepherd with him. He continued walking without speaking a word to any but Don *Augustin*, Marquess de *Las Tarrillas* his Confident and Favourite, to whom he reveal'd the secret of his affection, with expressions and sighs which sufficiently evidenc'd he had never been so deep in Love. The Marquess having observ'd the King had till then been taken only with Beauties eminent for Birth and Merit, was surpris'd to see him on the sudden fall so low. He was a dextrous Courtier, a great Master of the Art of pleasing Princes; but in spite of all his policy and complaisance for his King, he could not forbear telling him (with that liberty which brought him into favour) that an Engagement, that so ill became his Quality and Character, would occasion much discourse in a Country naturally too
satyrical

satyrical : “ There are, Sir, adds he, in
“ your Court more accomplish’d Beau-
“ ties, more Noble and Illustrious,
“ whose charms will not stain the
“ splendor of your affection. “ Yes,
“ replys the King, there are Beau-
“ ties who love my Quality, not me ;
“ whose kindness terminates in
“ themselves, who pretend a passion
“ for me, only to serve their inte-
“ rest, and raise their fortunes. Who
“ consent to my desires out of hopes
“ to be advanc’d by the affection of
“ a King : Take these hopes away,
“ and assure your self of a repulse.
“ Ah, Don *Augustin*, ’tis a misery
“ for a delicate and tender Lover not
“ to know whether he owes his Con-
“ quests to Merit, or to Fortune ; or
“ at least whether they are not gain’d
“ more by what appears without,
“ than what moves within. “ But,
“ Sir, said Don *Augustin*, consider
“ ’tis a Gardiner’s Daughter. “ Yes,
“ a Gardiner’s Daughter, replys the
“ King,

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“ King ; and pray, adds he in some
 “ heat, what were such and such,
 “ before I made them what they are?
 “ And how many Grandees are there
 “ this day at Court who owe their
 “ rise to Love ; and had it not been
 “ for the gallantries of my Ancestors,
 “ had perhaps been less than the Fa-
 “ ther of this charming Maid. Con-
 “ sider with your self what pleasure
 “ it will be to me to gain the love of
 “ that innocent Girl, who peradven-
 “ ture knows not what Love is, till I
 “ teach her ; who desires not Riches
 “ or Titles ; whose kindness will be
 “ an effect of my passion, and her
 “ affection a Creature of mine.

Don *Augustin* finding by this di-
 scourse 'twould be in vain to endea-
 vour diverting the King from a pas-
 sion he had so deeply espous'd, ap-
 ply'd himself wholly (as is usual with
 those of his Character) to please him
 in serving his passion, and preserve
 himself the honour of his Confi-
 dence ;

dence ; telling him, he needed only to have the Gardiner spoken to, who would think himself too much honoured that his Majesty should vouchsafe his Daughter a look.

“ Yes, replys the King ; and should
“ the Father be for me and deliver
“ me his Daughter, think you that
“ Sacrifice would satisfie my passion ?

“ No, no, Don *Augustin* ; the passi-
“ on I have for that amiable Crea-
“ ture is not such as you imagine,
“ which a bare fruition may satisfie ;
“ I must have her affection, or no.

“ thing, and cannot expect any rest
“ till I have gained her heart. I con-
“ fess the Enterprize appears diffi-
“ cult to take a Place by formal At-

“ taques, where Art, Wit, and per-
“ haps Merit will be useless : but
“ this, if I succeed, will render the

“ Conquest more worthy my affecti-
“ on, and heighten the pleasure of
“ having obtain'd my desire. You

“ speak of Beauty, adds he, having
“ walked

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“walked some paces without saying
“a word, is there any thing so pret-
“ty in all the Court? and had you
“observ’d her stature, her parts, her
“mien, the grace attends all she
“says, all she does, durst you have
“told me there is any thing so
“charming in the World? Exa-
“mine her better, view her more
“strictly, and you will see there is not
“a finer Girl under Heaven. She
“has not the breeding of our Ladies,
“but is that a fault? is not pure Na-
“ture more amiable?

After a discourse so full of Arguments of Love, which the Marquess thought not fit to contradict, the King asked who the Gardiner was, and whom the Shepherd belong’d to. The Marquess being ignorant of both, could not give any satisfactory account; but had order to inform himself particularly where the Gardiner dwelt, what Family he had, and how descended; and to take it
into

into his special protection and care: and to enquire who the Shepherd was, and whether he visited the Gardiner's Daughter.

A Master is never served with more cheerfulness than in his Amours, as the best Scene for the Servant to play his own Game in, especially having hopes effectually to answer the Master's expectation, as Don *Augustin* had. He sent that very day in search of *Dorothy's* Father, and after several discourses about his Family, let him know he was in a fair way to come to as good fortune as a Man of his condition could wish. He ask'd him if he knew *Antonine*, and was fully inform'd by the Gardiner concerning that Shepherd: then he bid him have a care of his Daughter, whom he was to look upon as the Author of his good fortune, without giving further light whether the Marquess, or any other were concern'd in the advice. This was so managed

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managed by order from the King: And the Expressions (like infallible Oracles) coming from the Mouth of the Marquess *de las Torrillas*, whose Countenance was sufficient to raise the fortune of the greatest Subject of *Spain*, so transported the Good Man that he knew not how to make his acknowledgment for joy. The Marquess, to make good his words by suitable effects, put into his hand a Purse of an hundred Pistols, the most certain confirmation he could possibly have given the Gardiner of the News he had told him. He return'd home, so fully assur'd by what he had in his hand, of the favourable influence of his Stars, that he thought himself the happiest, if not the richest Man upon Earth.

The Favourite having executed his Commission, like a worthy Confident, goes to give his Master an account; and acquainting him with the Particulars of the Gardiner's Family,

mily, told him, he was fully inform'd he was a very honest Man, who lived very privately, not admitting into his House any one might bring a scandal upon him: And that his Daughter *Dorothy* had the Reputation of a Maid so free from intrigue that she had never been suspected to have been engag'd in one. "And what of *Antonine*, says the King? *Antonine*, Sir, says the Marquels, is the "Son of a rich Shepherd near *Tolledo*, "who was recommended to the Gardiner, and lodges at his House. "*Antonine*, replies the King sighing, "doth he Lodge at *Dorothy's* Father's? "Yes, Sir, said the Marquels, very much surpriz'd to see "how the King received the News "of it; but I believe there's no "cause to fear him. "More cause, "replies the King, more a great deal "than you think. "What, a Shepherd, answers the Marquels? "Yes, a Shepherd, says the King; a Shep-

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“a Shepherd who hath all the good
 “qualities requisite to gain the love
 “of a Shepherdess. Had you view’d
 “him with the Eyes of a Lover, you
 “would have quickly discovered
 “what ’tis to be such a Shepherd.
 “Don *Augustin*, adds he, no Rival
 “is contemptible; to flight him, is
 “to lose all. “But, Sir, says the
 “Marquess, you are his Master, and
 “may rid your hands of him when
 “you please: These sort of Lovers
 “have not so strong inclinations as
 “we. Give him but a better Em-
 “ployment in another place than he
 hath here, he’ll yield up his Shep-
 “herdess to you, and quit all his pre-
 “tensions to her. “You think so,
 “replies the King, but I do not. But
 “should I comply with my affection
 “in taking your advice, what will
 “the World say of my removing the
 “Shepherd after the favour I have
 “shew’d him? will they not say I
 “have banish’d him? And the Wits,
 “who

“ who claim a sovereign jurisdiction
“ to censure all actions, when they
“ see me court this Girl ; will they
“ not say presently, I was jealous of
“ *Antonine* ? No, no, I am con-
“ cern’d in Reputation to let him stay
“ with her at the peril of having my
“ passion made publick by removal
“ of him : if he be a profess’d Lover of
“ her, ’tis my part to endeavour gain-
“ ing her from him. But I must first
“ know how far he is advanc’d, whe-
“ ther she is pleas’d with his addres-
“ ses, or barely permits them, or
“ loves him in good earnest. These
“ Mysteries are never well discover-
“ ed, but by those who have been in
“ Love ; a meer Confident cannot
“ penetrate them : Therefore get
“ two Suits made me after the Coun-
“ try-Fashion ; and let them be
“ brought me to-morrow at my ri-
“ sing : I will go in Person to the
“ Gardiner’s, to observe *Dorothy* and
Antonine.

Any

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Any Man but the Marques would have boggled, and been scandaliz'd at a design so contrary to the *Spanish* Gravity, and unsuitable to Majesty ; but he was so well acquainted with the Gallantries of his Prince, and so vers'd in the management of them for the King, who loved adventures and disguises, that he was ready to fall a laughing at the Frolick : but reflecting they had no acquaintance, nor correspondence at the Gardiner's, he apprehended some mischance which might be laid to his charge. He represented it to the King as he carried him the Habits on the Morrow, telling him he expos'd the Majesty of his Person to affront, by adventuring disguis'd into a Man's House he was not acquainted with. The King who lov'd not to be cross'd, made him a short answer, that in matters of Love he expected from a Person of his Character a great deal of Complaisance, but no Coun-

Counsel; and that the advice he commonly took in those Cases, was only such as his affection suggested him. He put on one of those Suits, and the Marquess having taken the other, they went down a privy Stair which brought them to a Walk in the Garden; where they were no sooner entred, but they saw *Dorothy* picking Flowers. The jealous Prince, ravish'd with joy, made signs to Don *Augustin* to follow him without noise; and went with him into the Muses Bower, at the corner of the Walk, where they hid themselves from her. "Tis an excellent opportunity, says the King to his Confident, we must follow her to see who the Nofegay is made for.

The patience of the Monarch, on this occasion, was admirable, but must be considered as an effect of his Love. At last *Dorothy* goes out, taking the way of the Long Walks, to the astonishment of the Parties concern'd, espe-

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especially the Amorous Prince, who more curious than ever to know whither she went, follow'd her with no small perplexity and agitation of heart. It was not long but he might guess at her design; for they were scarce past the second Walk but they heard *Antonine's* Flute, which the King thought not half so sweet then as formerly. He looked twice or thrice on Don *Augustin* without saying a word; but not able to conceal his jealousy longer, "You see
"now, says he, whether I have not
"reason enough to fear this Rival.
"Ah, Don *Augustin*, my Curiosity
"is like to cost me dear: but 'tis no
"matter, let's go and see all. They went beside the Walks to avoid being seen by her: at last they saw *Dorothy* making up to *Antonine*, and presenting him with the Nosegay; which the Shepherd receiving with actions full of Love, and of Joy, took her by the hand, which she permitted

ted him to kiss ; a great Favour in *Spain*, and signifies something more. This vext the Jealous King at the heart, to that degree of Impatience he was just making up to them. But *Dorothy* having not stay'd a moment longer with the Shepherd, the King advanced no further, but returned towards the Palace.

He was pensive and melancholy, and past those shady Walks musing of the happiness of a Shepherd, which a King was forced to envy. He acquainted the Marquess with his thoughts ; the Marquess told him, the best way to quiet his Spirits was to send away the Shepherd. ' But
 ' who can assure me, replies the King,
 ' that by removing him from *Doro-*
 ' *thy's* Person, I shall remove him
 ' from her affection. A months ab-
 ' sence, Sir, says the Marquess,
 ' will assure you of it. Absence, an-
 ' swers the King, too frequently
 ' strengthens affection ; and I am not
 C now

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‘now to learn opposition heightens
‘Love. But I am content for the
‘pleasure of the Experiment, to try
‘the means you propose. Give him
‘a Place at *Buen Retiro*, and let him
‘be sent away this day.

Don Austin undertook the business. And having put off his Disguise, went about *Antonine*’s Commission, which was presently dispatch’d. The Office they gave him was to be Porter of his Majesty’s Palace of *Buen Retiro*, as the most proper for a young Man of his Character. They who carried him the order for it, made him understand it as an effect of the King’s Bounty to him; though he did not take it so, but answered those who congratulated his good Fortune, that ‘He knew
‘not what belonged to being a Porter, that the King might honour another with the Employment, who
‘might deserve and perform it better. As for him, he had kept sheep
‘all

all his Life, and would do nothing else. They prest him however to undertake the Imploy; but the King having ordered no violence should be offered him, and the Shepherd having desired to speak with the King before he should be sent away, they let him go.

The Shepherd went to the King, fell down at his feet, and with all humility begg'd of him not to overload and oppress him with his Bounties, but permit him to continue (as he had found him) a Shepherd; and not force him to quit a Condition he had devoted his Life to, and preferred before all others, assuring His Majesty he was content, he was satisfied with what he had, and envy'd no Man. The King as soon as he perceiv'd *Antonine* come towards him, fell a-laughing; but when he heard him speak, he sigh'd; not for Jealousie, but for very trouble it was not in his power to be so happy as the

C 2

Shep-

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Shepherd. How happy, thinks he, is this Shepherd, to have all the desires either of Love or Fortune? As he made these Reflections, he view'd him from top to toe. And admiring a young Man of that Condition should have sentiments so extraordinary, he had judg'd him to be quite other than he appear'd, but that he lookt upon't as (an effect though) a Miracle of Love. This Prince had a Soul too Noble and Generous, not to make his Jealousie vail to the merit of *Antonine*; so that he could not prevail with himself to send him away. He called for *Dorothy*, and the better to penetrate the secrets of her heart, told her, She might now take her Leave of *Antonine*, for he was sending him away to *Buen Retiro*, where he had business for him, and had given him a good Employment. The poor Innocent was thunder-struck at this; her Blood flush'd into her face to compleat the Embellishment

ment of the most Charming Beauty on Earth: She suddenly made answer, She was sure *Antonine* would not accept of the Employment, because he had promis'd her he would die rather than part with her. 'But
 'I would have him go thither, replies the King; it will be his advantage, and the making of his Fortune; And will you be against it?
 'No, Sir, says she; but I humbly beseech your Majesty to command my Father to let me go along with him to look to the Garden there.
 'You love the Shepherd then I see, says the King: And *Dorothy* making him no answer, he rose, and not able to endure longer so tormenting a Dialogue, left her with *Antonine*. The Marques (who was present there) follow'd the King, admiring no less the patience of his Prince, than charm'd at the passion of the two Countrey-Lovers. 'Well, *Don Austin*, says the King to him, when they

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got a little out of the Crowd,
 'was ever Lover so unfortunate as
 'I? Here is a Rival, and a Rival
 'belov'd. I must of necessity either
 'conquer my passion, or send him
 'packing. Yet such is my weak-
 'ness, I cannot do the one or the o-
 'ther. The Favourite complying
 with the humor of his Master, an-
 swered, 'Twas in truth something
 rare to see a Prince in Love (as he
 was) express so much Goodness and
 Favour for a Shepherd, who stood
 in his way, and might cross his De-
 signs: But that sometimes particu-
 lar Engagements require particular
 Conduct. 'Hitherto, Sir, adds he,
 'you have lov'd like a King: variety
 'is pleasant, and to change some-
 'times is very delightful. Perhaps
 'you may find pleasure in divesting
 'your self of Majesty, and addressing
 'your self to a Countrey-Girl, after
 'the manner of those of her Chara-
 'cter who court her. The King was
 willing

willing to do it ; and to let the Mar-
ques see how kindly he took the o-
verture, he told him, That in Love-
Policy the first thing a Lover is to
do, is to accommodate himself to
the Condition and humor of his
Mistress: And that those Charming
bonds of Sympathy, which link'd
hearts into so close an union, had
their beginning from thence. How-
ever, they concluded *Dorothy* should
be taken from her Parents, and pla-
ced with some Lady of the Court,
where the King might see her with
more convenience and less noise.

The Marques willing to have the
honour of managing the Intrigue,
and loth any other should pretend
to the Advantage he promis'd him-
self from it, proposed to the King,
That *Dorothy* should be placed with
the Marchioness his Wife ; her Ap-
partment being next the King's, (who
was every day there) and the most
convenient of any in the Palace.

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The King had thought of it before; but the Marchioness, though young and handsome, made great profession of Vertue, and stood much upon her Honour, which made the King fear she would be hardly induc'd to accept a share in that Confidence he was willing to repose in her. No man knew her better than the King, having been formerly in love with her, though without any considerable success; which had not a little contributed to the haughtiness of this Lady, and gain'd her the Reputation of an Extraordinary Merit. So rare are the Examples of Beauties whose Vertue is proof against the Passions of Kings: we must seek them in former Ages. In our days faults committed with Princes, are so far from being reputed crimes, that the offenders triumph in their weakness, and make their Infirmary their Glory.

The Marchioness *de las Torillas* might have pretended to the honour
of

of the Vertuous Ladies of Ancient Times, and the King after the experience he had of her Vertue, had reason to fear she would not be pleased with the Employment. But the Marques, the most zealous of Favorites to do a Master service, had that confidence in the kindness his Lady had for him, and made the King believe so much of the power he had over her, that this Prince, who desir'd it as much at least as the Marques, gave him leave to propose it to his Lady.

The Marques took his time. Man and Wife can guess pretty near the good hour they may obtain what they desire of one another. *Don Austin* was of opinion the Lucky moment was much about the time of first waking in the morning. After some little endearments and caresses, for prologue to the ensuing discourse, he fell a-talking of Love; how it takes us when we least think on't,

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and sometimes by objects that little deserv'd it: that this had happen'd to the King, whose affection had stoop'd so low as the Gardiner's pretty Daughter. That in truth it appear'd a blemish to his Honour, which till now had not permitted him to place his affection on any object unworthy it. But that Love is Blind, and Kings are Men as well as others. He past then to the obligations they were under to their Prince, who daily bestow'd new Favours upon them: And when he came to the point of acquainting her with the King's desire to have the Gardiner's Daughter with her, he endeavour'd to gild over the propofal with the advantages it would bring them, to have in their Family a young Innocent thing who would be at their dispose; and by the passion the King had for her, was like to be one of the greatest Ladies at Court, and improve by that means their Credit and Favour. The
haughty

haughty Marchioness had not the patience to let him finish a discourse so injurious to the Glory she pretended to; but rejecting all that fair shew of Honour and Fortune to be purchas'd on such shameful conditions, she told him, He was a dirty and pitiful Fellow to undertake a business of this nature, and but think a Woman of her Quality and Vertue could act so base and unworthy a part. This confounded *Don Austin*, and had utterly defeated him, but that the King, who could not sleep, came in to his aid. He was impatient to know the answer of the Marchioness, and entering her Chamber, found her very angry, and little dispos'd to grant his request. She gave him almost the same Language she had given *Don Austin*, but temper'd with the Civility and respects due to Majesty: But as she complain'd what small value he had for her, after so many reasons to esteem her, she added
he.

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he was Master there, and might dispose as he pleas'd of her Apartment; but she hop'd he would give her leave to retire, that he might have the more room, and she not incommode him. The King who never quitted a design he had espous'd, heard her without the least interruption. And when she had done, he spoke her so fair, and gave her such smooth and insinuating Language, that he made her believe it would not reflect upon her Honour to grant him his desire. In a word, he obtain'd her consent to take *Dorothy* for one of her Maids, and promis'd her she should be no further concern'd.

The King triumphing for the conquest he had gain'd over the Marchioness, the most haughty and tender of her Honour of all the Ladies of his Court, told the Marquess, He must go speak to *Dorothy's* Father. The Gardiner brought his Daughter to *Don Austin*; and thought himself so
much

much oblig'd for the Present of the hundred Pistoles, that he would in acknowledgment have brought him his Wife had he desir'd it.

Antonine was then tending his Sheep, and, at his return home, sufficiently surpriz'd not to find *Dorothy* there, and to hear she was gone to wait on the Marchioness *de las Torillas*, he stay'd not a moment at the Gardiner's, but would go learn of *Dorothy* what made that Lady take her into her Family. He had discover'd it was the Marquess would have honoured him with the Employment of Porter of *Buen Retiro*; and knowing he was seldom guilty of too much generosity, nor reputed very obliging, he suspected him for the favour he would have done him. And now, thinks he, the King hath the goodness to allow me to stay here, the Marquess must prefer *Dorothy* to wait upon his Lady?

Antonine, whose Wit (as well as Birth)

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Birth) was too high for the Condition of a Shepherd, though he wore the habit, presently discover'd there was design in the Business: That the love he had for that Maid, and the kindness she exprest for him had been taken notice of: And some were grown jealous of him. But *Don Austin* was the Man he suspected, having no thought the King was concern'd. *Antonine* goes to Court, enters the Marchioness's Apartment, and making use of that liberty the King's Favour allow'd him, he runs up and down, and at last finds his Mistress, walking alone in a Chamber, where the Marquess had newly left her. He takes her aside, and being scarce able to speak for the trouble he was in, ' *Dorothy*, says he, ' you know I love you, and therefore may believe none more glad ' than my self for your good Fortune ' in being plac'd with the Marchioness ' *de las Torillas*. You will never have

' a Fortune answerable to your merit
 ' and my wishes : But, to deal plainly
 ' with you, this design of taking
 ' you from your Father's bodes me no
 ' good. I am too sensible of it; I will
 ' not tell you why, nor how, for I
 ' cannot if I would: but there is
 ' something in it makes me terribly
 ' afraid. Nor that I can think you
 ' will change your affection with
 ' your Fortune: And that being
 ' made higher than you were, you
 ' will slight a Shepherd, who slight
 ' all for you. I have a better opinion
 ' of your Kindness and Constancy,
 ' and know you better principl'd than
 ' to give me cause to suspect you of
 ' any thing so mean. But, *Dorothy*, the
 ' Court is a dangerous place for a
 ' young thing as you are, and you
 ' quit the Innocence of our Woods
 ' to follow the Court. You are here
 ' in a House, where doubtless I cannot
 ' have the same liberty as at your Fa-
 ' ther's; nor see you but in the croud,
 ' nor

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'nor speak with you but before wit-
 'ness: What a torment will this be
 'to a Shepherd that loves you as I
 'do? who desire to see you every
 'moment, and have always some-
 'thing to say to you. To these A-
 morous reasons he added a thou-
 sand considerations, which made
 great impresson on the young Maid,
 as spoken by one who had the gift
 of perswading her what-ever he
 pleas'd. She was just going back
 with him to her Father's, but *Anto-*
nine told her she must not be too
 hasty. And as he was upon acquaint-
 ing her with the measures she should
 observe, word was brought her the
 King would speak with her, and stay-
 ed for her in the Marchioness's Cham-
 ber. *Antonine*, who thought him-
 self so much in the King's Favour,
 that he might without offence bear
Dorothy company, was willing to fol-
 low her, as well to make an end of
 what he had to say to her, as to sa-
 tisfy

tisfy the curiosity he had to know what the King would have with her. They came to the Marchioness's Chamber, where they found only *Don Austin* and his Lady, which was no small help to make the Shepherd believe his first suspicions were not ill-grounded, That the Marquess had a mind to *Dorothy*, and would have got rid of him by sending him to *Buen Retiro*, and had plac'd her with his Lady, on no other design but to part him and *Dorothy*; and to make the easier prey of her Innocence, us'd the King's Name and Authority against him and her. To compleat his trouble, and convince him throughly of the misfortune he dreaded, they were scarce entred the Chamber, but the Marquess took *Dorothy* by the hand, and led her into another Room where the King stay'd for her, unseen by *Antonine* who was left alone with the Marchioness. This Lady observing the counte-

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countenance of the Shepherd, fell a-laughing to see him look so pale and wan at his Mistress being taken from him. And to prevent the suspicion of being party to the design, she resolved to divertise her self with discoursing of it; and to clear her Reputation she came up to a window where *Antonine* was, and ask'd him smiling, how he durst trust *Dorothy* with the Marquess? 'I know not, 'Madam, answers he, but believe 'I must take my measures in that 'particular from you, who are equally concern'd, and (I perswade 'my self,) have power enough to 'prevent any thing of that nature 'you had reason to fear. The Marchioness surpriz'd at the answer, would try a little further, telling him *Don Austin* was Master there, and his will was a law to her. 'I may, replies the Shepherd, say as much of 'Dorothy, and with a great deal more 'reason: For I have not any right
'over

'over her, nor is she oblig'd to give
 'me an account of her actions. But
 'you love her, answers the Lady, and
 'Lovers have great rights to their
 'Mistresses. *Don Austin*, Madam, re-
 'plies *Antonine*, is your Husband,
 'and Marriage hath higher rights
 'than Love can pretend to. The
 Marchioness, charmed with these re-
 parties so much above the capacity
 of a Shepherd, look'd upon him with
 admiration, viewing him a pretty
 while without saying a word. But
 to bring him in play again: ' *Don*
 ' *Austin*, says she, has found a pretty
 ' young Girl he likes better than me,
 ' and if he loves her, must I take it
 ' ill? No, Madam, answers *Antonine*,
 ' if you love him not: But I who love
 ' this Girl with an unparallel'd passi-
 ' on, should, I confess, be at my
 ' Wit's end to see another partake
 ' with me the happiness of being
 ' lov'd by her. You are jealous then,
 ' *Antonine*, says the Lady not able to
 ' for-

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‘forbear laughing. I really am so, Ma-
‘dam, answers he, not that I think
‘I have any reason for’t on this occa-
‘sion, but that in truth I cannot for-
‘bear it on any: And should *Don*
‘*Austin* design no more than diver-
‘tisement and do all this in jest, as I
‘am perswaded he does, yet is he
‘guilty of the highest Cruelty ima-
‘ginable, in tormenting a poor Shep-
‘herd who hath no pleasure of Life
‘but the Love of his Shepherdess,
‘wherein *Don Austin* gives us di-
‘sturbance without any reason. The
more the Marchioness heard *Anto-*
nine speak, the more willing she was
to give him occasion of speaking. She
had heard say he was very gentile in
his Expressions, and had a particu-
lar grace in speaking, which was re-
ported the reason of the Kings loving
him as he did ; but she would never
have believ’d he had the Wit she
perceiv’d in him, his discourse having
more than surpriz’d her.

Don

Don Austin coming out of the King's Chamber, took his Lady aside, praying her to send away the Shepherd; for if the King found him there, he would think she had kept him with her of purpose to cross his designs. *Antonine* seeing the Marquess come out, thought *Dorothy* was alone, and asked the Lady whether he might not be allow'd to see her. She told him, No; And that, if he might, she would not advise him to't. 'It seems then, Madam, says *Antonine*, *Don Austin* hath forbid it, and 'came in for that purpose, being jealous I would endeavour it; and 'you are willing to comply with 'him. No, no, answers she ready 'to burst with laughing, I'll secure 'you from *Don Austin*. He's not the 'Man y' are to fear: But 'tis enough, ' *Antonine*, withdraw. What say 'you, Madam, you will secure me 'from the Marquess, and would have 'me withdraw: Can I be so unfortunate,

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'nate, (addes he with a lamentable
 'tone,) to have any other to fear? I
 'know not, answers she, but should
 'it fall out so, as possible it may, you
 'must be chearful as you can: 'Tis no
 'news for Lovers to have Rivals, and
 'you may have a Rival may be more
 'for your advantage than misfor-
 'tune. The Marchioness let fall these
 last words out of negligence and
 meer carelesness, to manage (as she
 might) an affair which procur'd at
 once her vexation and her scorn.
 These haughty Ladies who glory in
 loving no body, and not admitting
 love from any, are jealous of all the
 World, when others are jealous on-
 ly of those they love. The Shep-
 herd fix'd his Eye on her awhile, as
 if he would have read in her Coun-
 tenance the truth of what she had
 said. 'More for my advantage, Ma-
 'dam! replies he, Can it be for
 'my advantage to be robb'd of all I
 'love in the World? The more po-
 'tent

‘tent the Rival, the greater the mis-
‘fortune; and I should be very sorry
‘he should prove such as you say.
‘Oh Heavens! cries he, not giving
‘her time to answer, should he be
‘the Man I imagin! and should
‘I have been born to so much mis-
‘fortune! He pronounced these
words with so vehement action, and
so loud a voice, the Lady was afraid
the King had heard him; and that
she might be charg’d with having
spoken too much, the Shepherd hav-
ing fully discover’d what she thought
she had not half told him. She took
him by the hand, and mov’d with
the tears she saw him shed, bid him
(with an air of Complaisance)
trouble himself no further, but come
again, and he should speak with *Do-*
rothy who could better inform him.
‘Ah! Madam, answers he, I am un-
‘done, I know too much from you.

With that he went out so oppress’d
with grief he was scarce able to stand:

The

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The Marchioness was troubl'd to see him gone, because she had not given him more comfort at parting; but she was so astonisht at what she had heard that she could hardly believe her senses. She had not only never seen a Shepherd who could discourse as he had done, but never known any so tender a Lover. She could do no other all day than think with what grace and what transports he express'd his passion: And she observ'd in his sentiments something so noble, so rare and so moving, that without being guilty of downright inhumanity, she thought it impossible not to be affected with them. But by perswading her-self of this truth, she found her heart unquiet, and did nothing but sigh all the night long. She saw not the consequence of it, or at least would not see it. She who had the haughtiness and height of Spirit to despise and reject the addresses of a Crown'd Head, could not fancy her self

self capable of the weakness to make account of a poor Shepherd. She had indeed pitty'd his tears, but she thought that was all.

The King the hottest Lover in the World, being never at ease but when *Dorothy* was in sight, yet unwilling notice should be taken of his violent inclinations for her, gave order for some days all the Divertisements of the Court should be in the Marchioness's Apartment, where very few had entrance, and of those few who were admitted, poor *Antonine* could never make one, though he endeavour'd to get in all the wayes in his power. This troubled him the more, as having not been able to rest day or night since his last discourse with the Marchioness; nor ever likely to be at ease; till he could speak with his Mistress.

The Marchioness who would have been very glad to see him, admiring he was not come to her for many
D days,

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days, knew not what to think on't. She spy'd him one morning walking under her windows, and having made signs to him to come up presently, gave order to an old House-keeper, her Confident, to let him in to her Chamber as privately as possible. ' *Antonine*, says the Marchioness, methinks of a Lover so passionate as you, y' are soon comforted for the loss of your Mistress. I cannot yet think her altogether lost, ' Madam, answers he, nor guess at the reason they were so cruel to deny me the favour of seeing her. ' You must look you out another ' Mistress, *Antonine*, says the Lady, ' and such a Shepherd as you are may ' have your choice. Look out another, ' Madam, replies *Antonine*, with a tone that sufficiently evidenced his grief and surprize, she must ' be first false to me, and I very clearly ' convince'd of it: Besides, I know not ' whether after all I should not rather
C
choose

'choose ceasing to live than to love
 'her. But, Madam, adds he like a
 'Man in afright, is it from her you
 'give me this advice; and has she
 'no more mind to me? I do not say
 'so, answers the Lady, I believe *Dorothy*
 'loves you: But 'twere better
 'for you to think of another in time,
 'and I tell it you as a Friend. As
 'long as *Dorothy* loves me, replies
 'the Shepherd, 'twill be impossible
 'for me to change. And did you
 'but know what 'tis for a Lover like
 'me to quit his Mistress, you are too
 'generous, Madam, to advise me to't:
 'But if *Dorothy*, adds he in a very
 'pressing and curious manner, be not
 'false to me, why should I quit her,
 'Madam, unless you take it ill I
 'should make love to her in your Fa-
 'mily. No, *Antonine*, answers the
 'Lady, you are too expert and dis-
 'creet a Lover to be found fault
 'with for making Love: I will give
 'you no trouble in't. But—

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She stopt there. ‘Ah! Madam, says the Shepherd, seeing her make a stop, what torment have you put me to for three or four days, that you have left me in doubt whom I am to fear! The Marchioness bid him come again at nine a clock at night, when the King went to Council, and she would let him see *Dorothy*, who would tell him what she was loath to let him know, being very unwilling to be the first should give him so ill news.

Antonine content with this hope, though rack’d with suspicion, returned home to wait with impatience the hour was assign’d him.

The Marchioness was more charmed than ever with the merit of the Shepherd. She found in him the Character of so tender and passionate a Lover, she confest no heart could be so insensible not to be affected with him. And for her part, her haughtiness in slighting Love, must
own

own an obligation to the Court for producing no Lovers, but what were corrupt: And she doubted now and then, whether it were not pardonable in a Lady of her Quality and Honour, to love a Shepherd as *Antonine*. These doubts and Reflections were so strong and so piercing, her heart which at first felt only the point of them, found it self at length very deeply wounded: But she would not yet complain of it, because the wound, though dangerous, had something of pleasure in't which charm'd away the pain. In these vertuous Souls so little accusom'd to love, the least touch proves an incurable wound: they rely upon their haughtiness, and their Greatness of Spirit, which often abuses them, & is sometimes the instrument which betrays them to Love. The fair Marchioness full of her New Ideas, was drown'd in an Amorous amusement from morning till night, when the

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King entred her Chamber with *Dorothy* by the hand, and pray'd her she would for a little while take his little Mistress into her care, and he would presently return. The Lady's thoughts were at that time so distracted, she heard not a word the King said, and knew not what to answer him. He was not well pleased with it; and discovering a coldness and melancholy in her countenance, he would have ask'd her the reason; but was hasted into the Council by business of extraordinary importance. *Dorothy* remain'd with the Marchioness, who taking an exacter view of her than formerly, thought her handsomer than ever; or that she appeared so at least to her who already began to be jealous. She ask'd her if she had not a desire to see *Antonine*: to which *Dorothy* having answered with a blush, 'twas long since she saw him, and she would be very glad to see him. Now, the Lady reply'd, she should

should see him that evening, but the King must not know it: she had hardly done speaking, but *Alice* the House-keeper came in to let her know *Antonine* was at the door. The Marchioness bid *Dorothy* go into the Closet, to surprize him the more. She was willing to have the pleasure of seeing him a moment in private, and make him sensible the obligation he had to her for the goodness she express'd towards him. And it was no small favour for a Lady, who in point of honour had refus'd to intermeddle with the Amours of a King, to make her self the Confident of a Shepherd and a Gardiner's Daughter. So much do we differ from our selves as occasions moves us, so easy a matter is it to dispense with scruples our passion are inclin'd to remove.

'You are very punctual, *Antonine*,
' says she, as he came in, and if I
' mistake not, are come a little sooner

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than I appointed you. Time seems
 'long to those in Love, Madam, an-
 'swers he; and they are so fearful of
 'coming too late to see their Mistres-
 'ses, they are always the first at the
 'place of *Rendez-vous*. I have pro-
 'mis'd you, says the Lady, to let
 'you see your Mistress this evening,
 'but do you know what a hazard I
 'run, & what trouble I shall create my
 'self, if this should be known? Get
 'you into that Closet for fear of be-
 'ing seen; and if *Dorothy* comes to
 'you, think very much your Friend.
Antonine, not to lose moments so
 precious, express more by actions
 than words how sensible he was of
 the favours she did him; and open-
 ing the Closet-door was extremely
 surpris'd at the sight of the fair *Do-*
rothy dress'd all over with Jewels. The
 young Lover ravish'd with joy, run
 presently to him. But he received
 her with that coldness and sadness,
 her heart was almost froz'n with fear:
 And

And she forbore her caresses to quarrel him for expressing no more joy at the sight of her after so tedious an absence. He sigh'd and made no other answer: *Dorothy* more troubled than before, ask'd him as one affrighted, what the matter was he us'd her so: The Shepherd was unwilling to be the first should reproach her for what she perhaps did not yet know; and and he had need enough to be better inform'd of, not to accuse her without cause. He ask'd her first, whence she had all those Jewels he saw about her. *Dorothy* answer'd the King had given them her, and very ingenuously told him all the Visits and fine promises he had made her, and in a word all that past since her coming to the Marchioness. *Antonine* heard her out without saying a word. then turning another way in a mortal affliction, he lift up his eyes and hands to Heaven without further explaining himself. But *Dorothy* frightned

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at the action, pray'd him so earnestly, adding so many careffes and tears to her prayers, that the Shepherd could no longer deny her the explication she begg'd of him, who was sufficiently concerned without her intreaty to ease his heart a little by speaking his mind. ' *Dorothy*, says he, the ' King is in love with you. Well, I ' know it, answers she, but if he loves ' me, he loves you too; and what ' harm in that? What harm, replies ' the dejected *Antonine* with a deep ' sigh; None, but that I shall never ' see you more, but die with despair. ' And why should you die, says she, ' alarmed at these words; and why ' see me no more, when the King ' who loves you, takes so much pleasure to see us together. Yes, replies *Antonine*, do not you see that ' these three or four days I am not allow'd the liberty to enter this Apartment? But 'tis over, I am undone, and you are to expect no more
of

‘ of me but my death. Poor *Dorothy*
 opprest with grief at this Discourse,
 gave free course to her tears, and
 embracing him tenderly, ask’d him
 what reason he had to wish for death,
 since she loved him above her Life.
 ‘ What am I the better for your
 ‘ Love, answers the Shepherd, when
 ‘ my Rival is possessed of you all day,
 ‘ and courts you, and is a King and
 ‘ can do what he pleases. Ah! how
 ‘ unfortunate am I! Never fear the
 ‘ King, says the innocent *Dorothy*, for
 ‘ he hath promised me he will ne-
 ‘ ver do any thing to displease me.
Antonine asked her, on what account
 he made her that promise; she told
 him, it was upon occasion of some
 little Favours he would have obtain-
 ed of her. A cruel explication for
 one so deeply in Love! He look’d
 upon her with a languishing Eye, and
 dying away for fear of hearing more
 than he desired to know, he fell into
 a mournful and sad silence; he was
 just

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just expiring for grief, when on the sudden he heard the King's voice in the Marchionesses Chamber. Nothing could have happened more effectual to fetch him again, than the approach of his Rival, jealousy being the passion that best quickens and most heightens the courage of a Lover.

This Prince was under an Amorous impatience too strong to permit him to stay long in the Council: Affairs of State, and of Love never agree well, not that they are incompatible, or that a Great Genius is incapable to bear at once the burthen of both. But this is very rare, and 'tis commonly seen he that acquits himself well of the one, is a little negligent of the other. This Prince having very able Ministers, rely'd on them for the conduct of the State, that he might intirely apply himself to his affairs of Love. He was much addicted to that passion, and more
sen-

sensible of the Pleasure that attended it, than ambitious of the Glory of good Government: while they treated in his Closet of the most important affairs of his Crown, his mind was in the Marchionesses Chamber, where he had left his Heart with his Mistress; but he was not a little surprized not to find her there at his return. He asked the Lady what was become of her, she answered very coldly she knew not. 'I thought, Madam, answers the 'King, having left her to your Care 'a few minutes, I might have had a 'better account from you. I de- 'sir'd it of you, 'tis an innocent Crea- 'ture, and knows not how to behave 'her self; you might without wrong 'to your self have instructed her a 'little, and told her she was to wait 'my coming. But I perceive what 'the matter is---- I did not think, 'Sir, replies the Lady, that in leaving 'with me a Gardiners Daughter, you 'desir'd

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'desir'd I should be her Governess.
 'No indeed, says the King, but if
 'you should be her Governess, think
 'you that to be employ'd so on my ac-
 'count could be a dishonour to you.
 'Ah Sir! answers she, with an affect-
 'ed smile, I come of a Blood--- And
 'you might have come (says the
 'King, interrupting her angrily) of
 'the best Blood of *Castile*, and have
 'esteemed it an Honour, to serve a
 'King as I am in any manner whate-
 'ever. With that he went out very
 little satisfied with the proceedings
 of the Marchioness, and sent for
 Don *Anslin* to make his complaints
 to him. *Antonin* and *Dorothy* were
 in very great perplexity having
 heard part of the discourse, but the
 Shepherd was the more troubled of
 the two. The Lady bid *Dorothy*
 come into the Chamber, that if the
 King came back again, as she feared
 he would, he might find her there.
 As for *Antonin* she thought it not
 con-

convenient to let him come out for fear of being seen, and perhaps met by the King who was not far off: the meantime she fell to instructing *Dorothy* what to say to the King, if he should question her for the little Eclipse she had been under: but she was forc'd to cut off her Lesson short, for the Amorous Prince impatiently desirous to know if she were returned, came presently back and entred the Chamber with anger in his Face and much discomposed, but at the sight of *Dorothy* his Choler vanished, and he recovered his good humour.

The Marchioness would have helped *Dorothy* to make her excuse, and at the same time make her own peace with the King: But he could not hear her, but said he was satisfied; but entreated her to lend him her Closet, to pass a few minutes with *Dorothy* there. This put the Lady into an extraordinary

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nary perplexity, with all her coldness and indifferency she could not forbear blushing ; she knew not on what pretence to deny him ; the key was in the door, and she was ruin'd if the King found *Antonin* in the Closet. Poor *Dorothy* was no less disordered, and though she thought she had no cause of being in fear for her Shepherd; yet she could not rid her self of the fear that follows things done in private. Had the King taken notice of her looks, they had all been undone. She had not then learnt the Art of concealing or commanding her passion : but by good fortune the King's Eyes were fixt on the Marchioness, who assisted with the readiness of Wit, which never fails an able Woman at need, entreated him to stay a moment till she had put the Closet in a condition to receive them, every thing being out of order there. The King though in never so great haste (believing

ving Ladies Closets are often full of several things that belong to their dresses, and they are very willing Men should not see, and that this was the cause of her blushing) gave her leave to put it in order. She went into the Closet, and not well knowing where to hide the poor Shepherd, she put him under a bed of Repose, where he lay coop'd up in a very narrow room. This done she came out to make way for the King, who entred with *Dorothy* and made her sit with him on the same Bed. Well *Dorothy*, says the King, you will never love me. The poor Girl who knew not what was become of *Antonine*, surpris'd to miss him in the Closet, looked all about, sometimes this, sometimes that way, without answering the King, who continued his discourse; 'I may tell you I sigh
'and die for love of you, you can
'give me the hearing without pitty-
'ing my sufferings for you. *Dorothy*
heard

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heard not a word he said, 'twas kindness thrown away; she was troubled for her Shepherd, and her sense as well as mind was wholly taken up with thinking what was become of him. The King thinking 'twas the Ornaments, the gilding and rarities of the Closet amused her, took her by the hand to make her look towards him; 'Look upon me, and answer what I ask you, you little Baggage, will you never love me? 'Yes, Sir, says she, if you will promise me not to send away *Antonine* from *Aranjuez*. And who told you, replies the King, I design to send him away--- No, Sir, says she, I was not told so, but I know not why they will not let me see him, and I am afraid if I love you, you would not have me love him too: And if I allow you to love him, answers the King, will you love me in good earnest, or at least as well as your Shephera? *Dorothy*

thy made him no answer, not knowing how to resolve that point without having *Antonine's* advice in that case. The King fell a-laughing, and pressing her farther, 'Is it possible, says he, you should think it so hard a matter to allow a King a share with the Shepherd in your heart. Any other but you would have quickly ended the difference, and no other but my self would be content with what I ask. You are not just, *Dorothy*, you demand of me what I ought not to grant you, and you make a business and a difficulty to grant me what cannot but be for your Glory. You are afraid I should send away *Antonine*, you complain you cannot see him; you would, if you love me, have me allow you to love him too: these are strange conditions. And yet if I ask you whether you will love me as much as him, you will not answer me. What are you afraid of? I
'would

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' would not have you consider me as
 ' your King : among Lovers matters
 ' should be equal at least. Let's come
 ' to Articles, *Dorothy*, addes he smi-
 ' ling, and if I grant you yours, you
 ' must not refuse to sign mine. *An-*
 ' *tonine* shall stay at *Aranjuez*, you
 ' shall see him and love him: This is
 ' for you. Now for my part, you
 ' must love me as well as him, and
 ' do me the same favours you do him,
 ' and if in time you find my care and
 ' my passion for you greater than the
 ' duties he pays you, without bring-
 ' ing my Character or your duty to
 ' me into account, you will be con-
 ' tent to be intirely mine.

This Prince, who was infinitely witi-
 ty, would not make use of a Court-
 gallantry to gain the affection of an
 innocent Countrey-Girl. He was a-
 bove it, and made use only of plain
 native simplicity, so much the more
 delicate as it suited her capacity and
 wrought more effectually on her.

The

The truth is, it shook her. So that the Monarch to take th'advantage of the agreement, began with kisses which she could not refuse him after the promises he had made her in favour of *Antonine*: But the Shepherd scarce heard the smack of 'em, but all in a rage he pinch'd her by the Leg. This so frightened the poor Girl, that she skrick'd, which astonisht the King. He ask'd her what the matter was; she told him something had bit her. By good luck for *Antonine*, there stood between the King and *Dorothy* a little Bitch of the Marchioness's which came with them into the Closet; the King thought her guilty of the assault, and with great animosity drove her out of the Closet. But *Dorothy*, having had time to recover her self a little from the fear she had been in, judg'd her hurt came by the hand of a Man, rather than the teeth of the little Bitch: And reflecting immediately on *Antonine*,
she

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she made no doubt but 'twas he, and that he lay hid under the Bed of Repose. The King having assur'd her she need not fear being bit any more, would have been at his former sport; but *Dorothy* would not agree to it, having understood by her Shepherd's action what she had already done had not pleas'd him. The Prince press'd her, and ask'd why she would be so cruel; but all was lost labour, she would not be brought to't for fear *Antonine* should bite her the second time. You know our Agreement, ' *Dorothy*, says the King seeing her ' obstinacy, I shall not be oblig'd to ' keep my promise with you if you ' refuse what I demand of you. You ' must love me as well as you do *Antonine*, and express the same complaisance for me as for him, if you ' have a mind I should allow him a ' sight of you, and not send him ' away from *Aranjuez*. *Dorothy* much troubled at these threats, knew not

not what to answer. In the mean time she granted nothing, but defended her self still against the King's importunity, who thinking her lightness an effect of her humour, and attributing to it her refusing him so obstinately what she had granted at first without any difficulty, he easily flatter'd himself with hopes to obtain it another time, and without pressing her further that evening, retir'd.

Antonine no sooner saw him gone, but he crept out of his prison, grievously tir'd with staying so long there. *Dorothy*, to make him amends was liberal of her careesses, but found him not so well pleas'd with her as to return them: His heart smarted still with the sound of the kisses the King had received of her, or at least given her, which made *Antonine* requite her careesses with reproaches. The Marchioness came in presently, and observed a little coldness between the two Lovers, which she took no great care

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care to remove. And Don *Austin* coming in from the King, there was a necessity of parting.

The fair Ladies went out of the Closet, where they lock'd in *Antonine*, and the Marchioness went to *Dorothy's* Chamber not far from her own; and having resolv'd to stay there till the Marquess were abed, that she might return to *Antonine*, she made *Dorothy* relate all that past in the Closet.

The Shepherd waited with impatience enough to know what they would do with him. He could have been content to pass that night in the Closet, in hopes of an opportunity to see *Dorothy* in the morning, having not yet told her half what he had to say to her, being just upon losing her, not by any falseness of hers, which he knew her incapable of, but through her innocence which maddened him. He had a thousand reflexions on what had past that evening, and the
very

conjectures he drew from them were very displeasing : when on the sudden the Marchioness, opening the door softly, entred smiling, and having shut it after her, ‘ Well *Antonine*, ‘ says she, with a low voice, you are ‘ my Prisoner. ’Tis true, Madam, ‘ answers he, I am so, and ’tis no small ‘ honour for a Shepherd to have so ‘ fair a Lady (as you are) to his ‘ Goaler. This Answer was a little too Gallant for a Lover, who should have then been full of trouble and care, but he thought himself obliged to some sweetness and complaisance, towards a Lady who had been so much his Friend. ‘ You are condemn’d to stay here all Night, says ‘ the Lady. I shall not complain of ‘ my sentence, Madam, replies the ‘ Shepherd, and would to God it were ‘ all the ill I am like to suffer here. The Lady presently understood he reflected on the King, but having a design to turn the discourse another
E way,

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way, she made as if she had not ap-
 prehended him; 'there shall no ill
 'befall you here, says she, unless the
 'Marquess chance to awake, and
 'have the curiosity to come and see
 'what I do thus late in this Closet.
 'What would he say to find you a-
 'lone with me here at this hour, and
 'what would you do, if you had not
 'time to hide your self? I know not
 'in truth, Madam, says *Antonine*
 'laughing, what I should do, but
 'what could he suspect of a poor
 'Shepherd? Do you think because
 'you are but a Shepherd, answers
 'she, a Husband could rest satisfied?
 'The Marquess, Madam, answers
 '*Antonine*, is too well assured of
 'your Virtue, to have any cause to
 'fear the most presumptuous at-
 'tempts. The most severe Virtue,
 'replies the Marchioness, may be lya-
 'ble to suspicion (with Men less jea-
 'lous, and less interested than the
 'Marquess) when expos'd to a Shep-
 'herd

' herd, so handsome as you ; and re-
 ' ally my Judge must be very indul-
 ' gent and favourable, who knowing
 ' you have been alone with me at this
 ' hour lockt up in my Closet, and my
 ' Husband asleep, will do me Justice,
 ' and think no more of the business. I
 ' must confess I expose my self a lit-
 ' tle, but I am usually gain'd by me-
 ' rit, and find so much in you , I do
 ' not repent it. *Antonine* failed not
 to answer this excess of Goodness, in
 the most acknowledging , and most
 obliging expressions. He thought it
 a great happiness to have gained the
 esteem of such a Lady. Yet could
 not this ease him of his sufferings on
Dorothie's account, though his pain
 was somewhat abated by the hopes
 he had this Lady would pity him, and
 espouse his interest.

The Night was far gone, and the
 Marchioness, who had more than one
 reason to undress and go to Bed, told
Antonine, she had for love of him

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sent back her Maids to their Chambers, and that for once he must be her Chamber-Maid. *Antonine* undertook the Office with a great deal of joy, and did it with so much neatness and Gallantry, that of all she had seen him do, the Lady most admir'd him for this. Being but a Shepherd, and a Shepherd that pleased her, she was not very shy of him, nor observed the measures she would have done with a Man of another Character. The time, place, and employment she gave him, permitted her not to keep the distance and privacy usual in those cases : And these secret affairs, though innocent, inspire a Liberty into those employed, they believe they are allowed to do any thing. The Marchioness laugh'd, and so did *Antonine* ; she permitted her self to be undrest, just as he pleased, giving him occasion to press very far, had he had the courage : But he was young, and knew not
how

how to use the complaisance she had for him. He had put her at last into a condition to want her Night-Gown; and if the Beauties he saw did not charm him, they at least diverted him, and made him forget for some moments the troubles of that Evening. The Marchioness, though brown, had an excellent Complexion, and a Neck made to inspire Treason into the admirers of other Beauties; Qualities the more esteemed in *Spain* for their Rarity. Her Eyes were beautiful, and black, but so quick and piercing, you could scarce indure to look stedfastly on them. Her Mouth, her Nose, her Teeth, and the rest of her Face had not the least blemish: Her Height, her Ayr, her Meen, were answerable, and it was not without reason the King had been in love with her, being unquestionably the handsomest Lady in the Kingdom. She looked from time to time upon *Antonine*, to

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observe in his Countenance what effect the sight of some Beauties not ordinary wrought in him ; and seeing him one time very busie, she put him back, whether out of anger or shame, I know not, and resuming her serious Meen, ‘ I cannot tell, says she, ‘ what people would judge of me, if ‘ it should be known at Court, I had ‘ allow’d you this liberty, I were utterly undone. Be sure you let *Dorothy* know nothing of it, for she is ‘ an innocent Girl, and will be presently jealous perhaps, and then tell ‘ it the King. *Antonine* answered ‘ her, Discretion was a virtue not altogether unknown to Shepherds : I ‘ believe it, says she, especially to such ‘ Shepherds as you, who are not ‘ born to be unhappy : After this, she bid him adieu, and having lock’d him up in the Closet, she went to bed, where she did nothing all night but dream of him, and sigh. She called to mind all he had said, and
all

all she had seen him do that Evening, and found not his Discourse only, but the least of his Actions were so unlike those of the Character he bore, she could not possibly believe him a Shepherd. Her heart at least too proud to stoop so low, endeavoured to make her believe him a young Gentleman of Quality, who had disguised himself for love of *Dorothy*. 'Happy Maid, says she, sighing, how few Women in the World 'but would be jealous of thy good 'Fortune, to have the affection of a 'Lover, the most tender, and most 'deserving on Earth! Never was 'Love more gallant and passionate; 'never were sentiments more elevated and noble than his. Who can 'but be affected with them? what 'Virtue can withstand so many 'Charms? These were her thoughts, of which she was so full, the Idea of *Antonine*, intirely took up all her reflexion, that she minded not her sighs

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which she gave free vent to, with such violence that they awak'd the Marquels; who asking her what she ailed, she was so surpris'd she knew not what to say, but that she was not very well. Don *Austin*, who was fond of her beyond measure, and knew her subject to vapours, imagin'd that hindred her rest, and would have gone to the Closet for a Viol of Essence, very good for that Distemper: but the Marchioness told him that was not the thing that troubled her. But Don *Austin* would not be perswaded from rising to fetch the Essence, believing his Lady, to save him trouble, would not own her Distemper. This put the Marchioness to her shifts, so that to stay him, she told him, 'twas only a Dream had frightned her, and kept her from sleeping, and that nothing else troubled her. The Marquels having acquainted her there was no notice to be taken of Dreams, being an effect only

only of a wandring imagination, of which no account is to be made, asked her, what she dream't. She seem'd very loth to tell him; but being very much pressed by the Marquess, who said he would ease her of the conceit of it; to satisfie him, she had presently this dream. (For before she had dream't of nothing but *Antoine*.) 'Alas! Sir, says she, with a deep sigh, I thought I was with 'Child, and brought to Bed of an 'Infant so big and so monstrous, I 'died for very grief. With that I 'awak'd, much troubled to know 'what ill this dream signify'd; and 'having pray'd Heaven to be merciful to me, I made a Vow not to lie 'with you for nine days. Don *Austin*, to comfort her, made the most favourable interpretation he could imagine of the dream, running over all he knew in Story, Sacred and Profane, of the dreams of *Daniel*, King *Abasuerus*, and many others he told her of,

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to let her see 'twas good to dream of being delivered of an extraordinary Child: But like a good Man he was willing she should perform her Vow, and to have it over the sooner, promised she should begin that very day.

Any Man but the Marquess would have nullify'd the Vow as against the laws of Matrimony, or at least, suspected it feign'd to colour some Amorous treason; but he who was firmly perswaded of the Vertue and Piety of his Wife as an Article of Faith, would have been very scrupulous to entertain the least doubt of the sincerity of her intentions. 'Twas time for him to get up if he meant to wait upon the King at his rising: And as he was dressing, he discoursed his Wife all the while about the vanity of dreams, that she might be undeceived, and make no more such Vows. He gave not over talking till he went out of the Chamber, and had so tired his Lady with the discourse,

course, she wisht from her heart she had never spoken to him of a dream. And she was not a little glad to be rid of him. He was no sooner gone, but she took her Night-gown, and slips softly into the Closet where she found *Antonine* asleep on the Bed of Repose. She would not awake him, that she might view him at more leisure. And sitting on a stool by him, there was not a feature in his Face but she examined narrowly, and Love at the same time imprinted it in her heart. She fancied a thousand things of his Person, imagining sometimes this, sometimes that; and out of love or curiosity did so long to be satisfied, that nothing but the fear of awaking him could have kept her back. At last, between struggling with, and yielding to motions more prevalent than all her considerations of Honour and Decency, she adventured (not without blushing) to kiss him. The Happy Shepherd a-
wak'd

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wak'd at it, was surpriz'd at the sight of her, much more at the favour she had done him. ' You load me with ' favours, Madam, says he half asleep. ' If you knew, answers she, leaning upon him in a very languishing ' manner, all the kindness I have for ' you ! but do not abuse it: For you ' see, adds she, opening her Night-gown, to let him see she had no ' more on, with what complaisance ' and familiarity I use you. You see ' me just as I came out of Bed, and if ' you are not discreet, 'tis the last ' time you shall see me so.

The troubled *Antonine* made a sorry return for so Charming Overtures ; he put on a very serious face, and full of respect, like a right Country-Shepherd. The Marchioness was that day handsomer than ever he had seen her. *Antonine* wanted neither Eyes nor Wit, but he was young and and play'd the Innocent. So much Favour on the sudden having peradventure

venture confounded him. But by little and little, he began to be familiar, and the Marchioness who was almost out of conceit with him, began to have some hopes of him: but the House-keeper interrupted very unseasonably, and hindred the consequence of the pleasant Conversation, by coming to tell her Lady, that *Dorothy* in great haste and earnestness desired to see her. The Marchioness gave her small thanks for her pains, letting her see by her looks how unpleasing her message was. But there was no remedy; she must give place to her Rival: And turning towards *Antonine*, she ask'd him, if he would be glad to see *Dorothy*: *Antonine* had the civility not to appear very desirous of it, though he longed for nothing more. But the Marchioness who needed no instruction, seeing his Civility, and satisfy'd with his indifference, (though but affected) to make him sensible what complaisance she had

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had for him, bid the House-keeper let *Dorothy* in. *Antonine* pray'd her to stay and hear their discourse: The Marchioness look'd upon him, and with a malicious smile, 'I know, says 'she, you desire nothing less than 'what you ask; and if I had a mind 'to punish you, I would stay; but be 'not afraid on't, 'tis not my design. 'And I am more concern'd for your 'Amours than to take pleasure in being an Eye-witness of your caresses 'to another. With that she went out of the Closet, and got her to Bed again. The House-keeper let in *Dorothy* into the Marchioness's Chamber, where having paid her devoirs and desir'd leave to go into her Closet, she went to her *Antonine*. The Shepherd receiv'd her with a more pleasing air than the night afore: the anger of Lovers is very short-lived; but the truth is, the Favours of the Marchioness had not a little contributed to put him in good humour. In the

the mean time the Marchionefs had a sad part to act, and had dearly paid with sighs and vexation for the imperfect pleasure of that morning, had not the King, who was in search of *Dorothy*, sent in the *Duenna* to know if she were with the Marchionefs. She could not have wish'd a better pretence for parting the two Lovers. And not to lose the advantage of it, would have presently sent *Dorothy* back into her own Chamber to keep the King there; but he came in, telling her (upon the news he had from Don *Austin* she had had an ill night on't) he thought nothing but Love could have broken ones sleep, but since it happen'd the most insensible Persons could not rest, it was some comfort to him for the many ill nights that Passion had caused him. The Marchionefs, who wanted neither Gallantry nor Wit, return'd him an answer suitable to the subject. But the King thinking she needed rest, told her,

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her, he would not add a new disturbance to that she had been afflicted with; and taking *Dorothy* by the hand, led her into her Chamber. The Marchioness happily deliver'd at once of two Persons who troubled her more than all the World besides, run straight into the Closet to bring her dear Shepherd the news; but he was no less griev'd at it, than she was joyful. It was not in his power quite to conceal from her the rage he was in for jealousy of the King. He spoke with some heat of the Amorous persecution that Prince afflicted a young Maid with; insomuch that he let fall a word, That it was the part of a Tyrant rather than a Just Monarch, to force one to love him. The Marchioness did but laugh and railly at him to be so passionate. But taking notice of those last words, and the action he express'd them with, she discovered a boldness and hardness in his countenance, which did but too clearly

ly evidence the Greatness of his Soul.
'Twas not the first time she had suspected him to be of quite another Quality, than what he pretended to, her passion and opinion of Honour, having perswaded her he was not of ordinary Birth. But in the transport he was in on that occasion, there flash'd out such a fire out of his Eyes, which with the liberty he took in speaking of the King, appear'd so extraordinary, that she begun thenceforwards to use him as she believ'd he deserved. And after she had for some moments fixt her Eyes on him, 'Sir, says she, for I cannot call you ' *Antonine* any longer; I am your ' Friend, and you cannot doubt it: ' If the freedom I use with you deserve any confidence from you, deny ' me not a request I am making to ' you. Let me know the truth of a ' thing you can no longer conceal ' from me. This Shepherd's Habit ' you are in, su it better with your
Love

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'love to *Dorothy* than your Birth :
 'you have not sufficiently disguised
 'your self from me, or rather I have
 'too long, and too studiously obser-
 'ved you, not to see your actions, and
 'your words, the Ayr and Grace of
 'your Person, belye the habir you
 'have taken : Had you confin'd your
 'self to playing on the Flute, and
 'keeping Sheep, you might have past
 'for a Shepherd ; but when you
 'meddle with othes things you are
 'discovered with half an eye. Hide
 'your self no longer from me, who
 'trust my self with you. I confess,
 'I am much concerned in it, and this
 'makes me so curious : If you fear
 'only my revealing the secret, assure
 'your self, I will keep it as religi-
 'ously as you could desire from the
 best Friend you have in the World,
 for I am certainly she.

Antonine, who was a little disor-
 dered at the Ladies first words, ha-
 ving by this time recover'd himself,
 fell

fell a-laughing, and told her it was her excess of goodness made her use him better than he deserved, that he was no more than the Son of a poor Shepherd near *Toledo*. And that if there were any thing in him extraordinary beyond those of his condition, he was beholding for it to Nature, not Birth. All this could not persuade the Lady from the opinion she had of his Quality; but she told him that she would, if he desir'd it, still call him *Antonine*, and use him in publick like a Shepherd; but as for her particular, she very well knew the difference she was to make; And that he might have already concluded from the freedom she had used with him, she had not been long deceiv'd. *Antonine* made but a weak defence, telling her at last, ' she might
' rest assured, if there were any thing
' in his Life that deserv'd confidence,
' she should be the first that he would
' impart it to. The Marchioness under-

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understanding what it meant, pressed him no further: And Dinner-time being come, she sent for it into her Chamber, as being indisposed, that she might have the pleasure of seeing *Antonine* dine with her. The *Duenna* told them, the King did as much with *Dorothy*, having dined in his Chamber, to have her Company the whole day.

The Marchioness was ravished at the News, and *Antonine* began to be less troubled at it. Not but that his passion for *Dorothy* was still very great, but that the thoughts he then had of the King, had filled him with rage and vexation, that he was glad of the opportunity he had to be revenged of *Dorothy*, or at least to be even with her. He saw her Innocence could not long hold out against the love of that Prince; and he was so mad at her for it, he began to form a design to abandon her quite. But how unjust are Lovers in these cases?

cases? What could a poor innocent Girl do, that had in a manner not seen the World above three days, who knew nothing of Love, but what he had taught her, nor could distinguish what did, from what did not belong to a Lover; but believed, that, except one thing, all was free for the King, as for *Antonine*; what could she do? Besides, she was to deal with a King, who was a great Master of the Art of Love, and infinitely witty; which with the advantages of Majesty, might have prevailed with a Maid more experienced, and more difficult, than *Dorothy* to be gain'd.

In that unquiet condition the Shepherd's Heart had reason to be in, 'twas no small comfort to have the kindness of a fair Lady, as the Marchioness, to qualify his misfortunes: she was a charming Woman, excellently skilled in the Art of pleasing, and forgot nothing that might tempt
him

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him to a desertion ; sighs, kindnesſes, languishing looks, tenderneſs, obliging actions, all the moſt pleaſant poiſons of Love were made uſe of, and to very good purpoſe. Here was cauſe enough of fear for *Dorothy*, had not her good fortune delivered her from the King ; and 'tis uncertain what would become of her, had ſhe ſtaid a moment longer out of the Marchioneſſes Chamber. Such power hath a fair Lady in Love over Hearts, however engaged or indiſſerent : That Women how deeply ſoever in Love with another, can reſiſt the Engines and Artifices Love inſpires her to make uſe of.

The *Duenna* had acquainted them with *Dorothie's* coming, that they had time enough to put themſelves in order, though any other but *Dor.* might have however found cauſe enough of ſuſpition in the very eyes of the Marchioneſs : But *Dorothy* was innocent, and had too good an opinion of
her

her Shepherd, to whom without his asking her, she presently gave account of all that past in the extraordinary visit His Majesty had made her. She was so ingenuous not to conceal from him the favours she was forced to grant him, having terribly threatned to ruine him, and send him away where she should never see him, if she were not as complaisant to him as to *Antonine*. The Shepherd from time to time shrug'd his Shoulders as she talked, and when she had done, asked if this were her faithfulness to him. *Dorothy* who thought she had done nothing against the duty of one in Love, in complying a little to divert the strange menaces the King used, would have justified her conduct with reasons, which quite drove poor *Antonine* to despair. That is, interrupts he, had the King put it to your choice to have me banisht your sight, or comply with his passion; you would have preferred the shame
of

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' of yielding your self up to him, to
 ' the displeasure of my absence.
 ' What would you have had me have
 ' done, replies she, with some tears to
 ' see him speak as he did. The Marchi-
 oness was present at this Comedy;
 and had all the divertisement of it.
Antonine and *Dorothy* continued long
 in dispute, without her taking either
 party. But the King coming so sud-
 denly, that the *Duenna* had scarcely
 time to tell her Lady, he was like to
 have surpris'd them all three. He
 went into the Closet, and having
 complemented the Marchioness, sat
 him down on the bed there, and she
 went out, leaving him and *Dorothy*
 together, who resolv'd to repair her
 fault: for let the King beg, threaten,
 fret himself never so much; say, do
 what he please, she would not so
 much as let him kiss her hand, which
 put him almost beside himself; and
 made *Antonine* glad at heart. Well
 done *Dorothy*, thinks he, this is brave,
 thou

thou revengest me to purpose for the torment he hath put me to.

The King finding *Dorothies* humour so strangely altered, since he parted with her, being not above an hour or two; imputed it to some ridiculous counsels the Marchioness, with whom he found her, might have given her in some unseasonable Principles and Precepts of Virtue. He turned all his anger that way, and as he went out of the Chamber he made it sufficiently appear to the Lady, he was not well satisfied with the good offices she had done him: He past by her without saying a word, quite contrary to the obliging carriage he always used towards her. The Marchioness was extremely surprised at it, and applying her fear to that she was most careful of, she fancied the King had discovered *Antonine* in the Closet, which made him look so angry:

F

she

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she ran strait to *Dorothy* to know the News, and perceived by the Relation, her rigours had put him out of humour. This was presently confirmed by *Don Austin*, who came in shortly after to tell her, the King had complained bitterly of her, for the ill instructions she had given *Dorothy*: And that if she took not heed, she would ruine him. Time was, when a complaint of this Nature would have been very offensive, but it was in the days of Yore; she had now changed her humour, and was become more tractable. She easily defended herself against the King's Charge, and exprest that zeal for the concerns of his passion, that she told *Don Austin* he might assure his Majesty, it should be no fault of hers, if he were not successful. There was reason enough for it, she did her own business by it: and had the King known how far she was engag'd on his part, and

and concerned to promote his interests, he would never have suspected her of the injury he charged her with. Don *Austin* went directly to bring the King the News, and the Marchioness stept immediately into the Closet, to laugh with *Antonine*, who could not heartily thank her for making a party against him, yet, knowing the reason of it, he could not be much displeased.

The Marques came the second time to tell his Wife, the King was well satisfied with the expressions of her good will; and pray'd her if she would not do him service, which he would not adventure to desire of her, yet that she would not make a Confederate against him. She not only promised this, but added, that upon all occasions the King should find her for him, and that she would never speak to *Dorothy* but for his advantage. Persons of her Character, where they allow themselves

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liberty, become more indulgent to others in like cases. Don *Austin* was the first that gave her thanks, being so well pleased with her that Evening, that had it not been for her Vow, he would have done somewhat extraordinary that night, to let her know how much she had obliged him, in espousing the interest of a Monarch, whom next her, he loved the best of any living, this was excellent divertisement for the Marchioness: At last the visit and conversation of the too grateful Marquess, was so long, she began to be a weary of him, and very willing to be rid of him. His stay was no less troublesome to *Dorothy*, who having left the Closet when the Marchioness came forth, wisht him gone presently that she might return. But the Marquess having been so taken up all day with State-affairs, that he had not time to pay his Lady the duties of a kind Husband, thought himself

himself that day more than ever obliged to keep her company in the Evening, after the complaisance she had exprest in what concerned the King. The Marchioness and *Dor.* rose from their Seats, they walk'd about, they held their peace, but all to no purpose, he stir'd not till it was time for his Wife to go to bed, and he would not leave her till he saw her a-Bed, and past some kind complements to comfort her against the rigour of her Vow, praying her particularly never to make the like again. *Dorothy* was forced to retire and go to Bed, though much troubled, and angry, she could not see *Antonine*. But he was reserved for the Marchioness, who had no sooner lodg'd her Husband safe, and commanded the *Duenna* to make all the doors fast, but she got up, and told her dear *Antonine*, he might come out of the Closet, the coast was all clear, and they had the

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whole Chamber for themselves.
 ‘ Yes, Madam , answers the Shep-
 ‘ herd, but if the Marques should
 ‘ come on the sudden, and I not
 ‘ have time to hide my self, what
 ‘ would he think? Alas! nothing,
 ‘ says she, what should he fear from a
 ‘ Shepherd, so discreet and so ho-
 ‘ nest? I know not, replies *Anto-*
 ‘ *nine*, laughing ; but what you told
 ‘ me yesterday, (it would be very
 ‘ hard not to suspect something, if
 ‘ any found me, (as very a Shepherd
 ‘ as I am) lock’d up with you at this
 ‘ time of night) made such impressi-
 ‘ on upon me, that I begin in good
 ‘ earnest to be afraid. Fear nothing,
 ‘ says she, laughing also, I am a good
 ‘ virtuous Lady, and Don *Austin*
 ‘ believes me so, and the pity I have
 ‘ to see you so ill lodg’d in the Clo-
 ‘ set, makes me willing to give you
 ‘ half of my Bed if you dare lie
 ‘ there, I mean upon the Bed, for it
 ‘ would not be handsome for a Shep-
 ‘ herd

‘herd as you are, or a Lady as I am,
‘it should be any otherwife. And
‘to let you know what a Favour I
‘do you, I can tell you ’tis more
‘than the King in the height of his
‘passion could ever obtain from me.
‘It was doubtless, Madam, says
‘*Antonine*, because you were afraid
‘he would not use the Favour di-
‘screetly enough, and are well as-
‘sured of the respect I bear you. ’Tis
‘rather, says she, playing with him,
‘that I loved not the King, that he
‘had not the Art to please me, and
‘that *Antonine*----- She stopt
‘there. *Antonine*, Madam, answers
‘he, is happier than all the Kings up-
‘on Earth, in that he hath gained
‘the Favour of so fair a Lady as the
‘Marchioness *De las Torillas*: He
‘hath nothing more to wish for but
‘a Heart to offer and dedicate whol-
‘ly to her. But alas! I have it not.
‘Ah! Cruel, says she, interrupting
‘him, why do you mind me of it?

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‘ why speak you of a thing I do all
 ‘ I can to forget? Permit me to
 ‘ fancy, adds she, with tender and
 ‘ languishing looks, that you neither
 ‘ love nor will love any but me: And
 ‘ if it be not altogether true, yet
 ‘ allow me to say so, and deceive my
 ‘ self, which in this I am very willing
 ‘ to do.

I know not what this happy Shepherd thought then, but I believe him in some perplexity. He was forc’d in honour to answer civilly so much kindness and tenderness! the Lady was the most obliging, as well as the most Beautiful of the Court; and had such a winning way with her, a Man must be very ill-natur’d to deny any thing she desired: It is easie to guess how two Persons so well agreed, spent the rest of the Night. You may presume *Antonine* strain’d a point, and committed a little treason against his allegiance to *Dorothy*. And if the Fidelity

delity of any Lover be proof against such a temptation, it deserves to be Chronicled.

The King had not so good a night as *Antonine*, fretting and vexation fell to his Majesties let, and having not slept till towards morning, he lay a-bed longer than ordinary. *Dorothy* would fain have made use of that time to see *Antonine*, but the *Duenna* had her Lesson; and told her, That her Lady had been ill all night, and must not be disturbed. *Dorothy* reply'd, she would make no noise, and only go into the Closet. She might have as well held her peace. The *Duenna* found reasons enough to deny her, till the King came to talk with her; and soon after the Marques, who sent in the *Duenna* to see if his Wife were asleep; she brought him word, her Lady was newly awake; and he entered the Chamber, and told her, she must needs rise, and go to *Belviso*,

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where the King dined that day: The Marchioness excus'd her self, pretending she was indispos'd. But the Good Man her worthy Spouse told her, if she would but endeavour to go so far, being but a walk, where the Air and Divertisement would certainly recover her, she would very much oblige the King, who would not go without her, and scarce believe she was ill, having that morning a complexion more fresh and more beautiful than ever. The Marchioness could not forbear laughing to see how Don *Austin* cajol'd her. And finding what-ever she did she was not to expect being at liberty that after-noon, she chose rather to please the King, and avoid the occasion of giving perhaps some umbrage, by pretending an indisposition, which by her Husband's report she could not sufficiently feign. She took her time to give *Antoine* notice of this Walk, and acquaint

quaint him what a trouble it was to her to leave him, putting it to his choice to stay there or go along. *Antonine* told her, he must needs get forth, and appear at his Lodging, where *Dorot.* Parents were doubtless much concern'd what was become of him, having not layn there these two nights. The *Marchioness* witht him to come again at night, and she would give the *Duenna* orders, so that he should need only to apply himself to her for entrance.

Belviso is a House of Pleasure within two miles of *Aranjuez*, the most agreeable and charming in all *Spain*. 'Tis a little enchanted Castle in the middle of a Lake, at the point of a Valley, than which nothing can be more delightful to the Eye. The Castle both without and within is equally rich, painted, and guilded all over, which glitters admirably in the Sun. 'Tis all of wood, and so curiously carved, that there is nothing

thing more rare and more curious for Invention or Work. All the Chambers may be lower'd or rais'd at pleasure, by Screws and Machines. And though but four, and a Hall in the middle, they have a way to make them appear twelve several Chambers, different not only in Furniture and Ornament, but in Figure.

The King being arriv'd at the side of the Lake, embarked in a Canot with the Marquess, his Lady, *Dorothy*, for whom the Entertainment was designed, with two or three other Ladies, and some principal Lords of the Court to go to the Castle. In the mean time they were troubled *Antonine* appeared not. 'Tis not the King was so concern'd, but *Dorothy* and the Marchioness, who look'd a good while round about them to see if he were come. *Dorothy* had never been in that Castle, and the King would in Person give her the pleasure of seeing it; and for love of her,
set

set all the Machines of those moving Chambers a-work. He was scarce got to the third, but *Dorothy* disappear'd, not by the force of any Machine, but because she stay'd in the second Room; the King not willing some Lords about him should take notice of the concern he was in for her, went forwards, hoping in so small a place he could not long want her. And indeed he found her in the second Room speaking to one of the Pages. He surpriz'd them, and asked *Dorothy* laughing, if she had any office of Gallantry to imploy that Page in, that she was in so private discourse with. She blush'd a little, & fell a-laughing too, at the King's not knowing the Page. This made the King fix his Eye upon him; and with no small surprize discover him to be *Antonine*. 'And how long is it, says he to him, that you are turn'd from a Shepherd into a Page? *Antonine* answer'd, But from that very morn;

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‘ morning, having a desire to see the Castle; and finding there was such order given, that there was no getting in but in his Livery, he had borrow’d a Page’s Coat for the purpose. The King said no more to him; but scarce took any pleasure the rest of the time he spent there, having almost always this Shepherd in his Eye, speaking constantly to *Dorothy*: which put the King in no small trouble and perplexity with his forcing himself as much as possible to hide the concern he was in. His passion for *Dorothy* had not yet been much taken notice of, and he was willing to observe some measures in publique; so that he found it very difficult to be in private with her there. *Antonine* making use of the liberty the King allow’d him, followed him where-ever he went, as well as the Lords and Ladies of his Train, and seem’d to affect keeping close to *Dorothy* more than ever. The King
might

might have got rid of him by sending him to Land; but 'twould have been too apparent, and what pretence soever he had taken, they would have guessed at the true cause. So that the very maxims of Decency forced the King to permit a Shepherd, under his very nose, to cross his desires, to torment him, and ravish from him undisturb'd what he best loved in the World, without the Kings daring to complain of it, or express the least resentment: Only he spoke of it to the Marquess his sole Confident, who had pray'd him to let him know the cause of the disorder that appear'd in his countenance. This Faithful Minister of Love as well as State, having learnt what it was, resolved at any rate to ease him of the sight of the Shepherd, at least for some time. He thought of several ways to do it, but knowing that Women are generally better than Men at such matters, he went
to

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to his Wife; and taking her into another Room, ask'd her, if she could not device some means to take that Shepherd aside, who troubled the Entertainment, and get him kept out of the King's presence, without sending him to Land, which the King for some reasons was unwilling to do. The Marchioness very officiously propos'd two or three ways, which indeed were neither proper nor approved by the Marquess. At last she told him, That to disabuse the King, and wipe out the ill-impressions he had taken of her conduct as to *Dorothy*, she would serve him on this occasion, and take *Antonine* into another Room, under pretence of making him play on the Flute; and would keep him there as long as he pleas'd; but she fear'd 'twould be to his cost, and that the World was malicious enough to talk of such a thing. Don *Austin* fell a-laughing heartily at the apprehensions

sions of his Vertuous Wife, and embracing her with extreme kindness, told her, Her Reputation was so friendly established, it would never be suspected, though there were no more Vertue nor Honour in the World. That she might take his word for't, who was most concerned. And that it could not be at least a Shepherd could do him any injury. Having said this, he pray'd her to do as she propos'd; adding she would do the King a singular pleasure, being no longer able to endure the sight of the Shepherd. The Marchioness failed not to do it; and with an Address her affection, more than any design to please the King or oblige her Husband, inspir'd with, she drew *Antonine* aside from *Dorothy*, and took him to another Chamber, where she stay'd with him till they went back for *Aranjuez*. The King was never the better for it: *Dorothy* did but fret and vex when she

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she lost sight of *Antonine*, and her Eyes discovered the trouble she was in, not to know what was become of him.

The Sun was set when they came to *Aranjuez*. And the King having a desire to take a turn or two in the Garden, the whole Court follow'd him, except the Marchioness, who had designs in her Head; and having accompanied her Husband a-while, told him she was not very well and must withdraw. The Marquess more civil and kind than she wisht, brought her to her Chamber, and bore her company till she was quite tyr'd with him. She undrest her self, she went to bed, she complain'd her Head ach'd, and that she must go to rest; and not knowing what to say or do more, she order'd the Windows should be shut, that the light might not trouble her in the morning; but Don *Austin's* Love was the same in the dark as in the light.

light. But she must send him away at last, telling him the trouble she was in he should be there in the dark, and she not able to speak to him, increased her malady and kept her from sleeping. The good Marques charm'd with the kindness of his dear Spouse, took his leave of her, praying her she would send for him, if she grew worse in the night. The Marques was scarce gone, but the *Duenna* came in to let her Lady know *Antonine* was in her Chamber; the Marchioness bid her let him into hers, and immediately the *Duenna* led in a Shepherd who was not a little surpriz'd at the darkness of the Lodging: the Marchioness imagining his surprize at the Novelty, fell a-laughing as soon as she heard him come near the Bed; and reaching out her hand to him, 'Fear nothing, says she, this is all done for you, and you know you are not in an Enemies Country: she made

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made him sit on her Bed, and going on with her discourse told him the Darkness was a Friend to fearful Lovers as you are. But you are very mute methinks *Antonine*, why do not you answer me? She had scarce said this, but in comes the *Duenna* almost out of breath, to tell her the Marques was coming with a Flambo, and was just at the Chamber-door. 'Go hide you in the Closet, says the Marchioness to her Shepherd: but finding he stirr'd not, she was astonish'd, and pushing him with her hand, 'do not you hear what they say, Don *Austin* is just here, go hide yourself, unless you will ruine both me and your self. With that the Marques entred, who told his Wife he was very sorry he must disturb her, but he had lost a Paper of great importance to the King, and must needs have left it on her Bed. The affrighted Marchioness being then so
angry

angry with *Antonine* she wish'd him
hang'd, told him, 'you come the
'most seasonably in the World to
'chastise a Fool; an Insolent Fellow
'came into my Chamber the very
'moment you were gone, and has
'put me into a most terrible fright,
'sitting upon my Bed, and I cannot
'remove him. The Marques's aston-
nished at the insolence, ran towards
the Beds Feet; and in the Wrath
he was in against such an impudent
Rascal, not willing to be at the pains
of examining who he was, he look'd
only for a stick, to baste him into
better manners, and teach him the
respect due to his Wives Bed; when
he heard the Kings Voice who was
disguis'd like a Shepherd, and fell a
laughing to see himself upon the
point of being bang'd, and bid the
Marques open his Eyes and mo-
derate his fury: What a deadly
blow was this to the Marques!
he turn'd pale and dismay'd, he
could

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could not speak a Word: at last having recovered his Spirits, ‘Ah, ‘Sir, is it thus, a King as you are keep ‘his Word? Have you done me so ‘many Favours, only to rob me of ‘my Honour? Ah Heavens! (cries ‘he quite distracted,) have I lived ‘thus long to see my self loaded ‘with Infamy by a Prince for whom ‘I would have lost my Blood! Having said this he withdrew. The King would have staid him, that he might clear himself before the Marchioness of the unjust suspicion he had of him, but he had not the patience to hear him. The King follow’d him, that he might disengage himself from a Lady, who had more reason than the Marquess to complain of him; though in truth he was not in fault towards the one or the other, as will appear by the truth of the adventure.

For the King staid not long in the Garden, having not been well satisfi’d

tisf'd with *Dorothy* all that day, and being full of suspicion and jealousy of her, he let her go where she pleas'd, not doubting but a rendezvouz had been agreed on at the interview between her and *Antonine* at *Bellviso* ; To see whether his suspicions were well-grounded, he resolved to put a trick on her, and going to his Chamber took the Shepherds Habit he formerly made use of, and put it on. His design was to go pray the Marchioness to help him to deceive *Dorothy*, and send her to him under the name of *Antonine*. He came for that purpose into her Apartment, and within some paces of her Chamber he found the *Duenna* going in search of the Shepherd ; and being prevented by him, mistook him for *Antonine* ; it being then so dark she could not distinguish them, so that she brought him to her Lady in the manner you have heard.

Don

Don *Anstis* was so enraged, he resolved to die or retire from Court never to appear there again. The King knew the appearances which deceived him, were enough to give him mortal displeasure, unless he disabused him. But he knew not how to do it, without giving him light into the Correspondence between his Lady and *Antonine*, which would make the matter much worse and ruin a Lady he had still some respect for. He was sorry he had not hid himself, that he might have diverted himself about the adventure with the Marchioness, without making the Marquess jealous. But that which induced him to be so malicious, as not to get out of the way when she bid him, was the pleasure of being reveng'd of a Woman who had play'd the *Lucrece* with him, and yielded to a Shepherd: If he could have believed she would have put the confidence in him to
take

' nough to recover him. And that
 ' he should not want Physician or
 ' Chyrurgeon. In the mean time he
 ' could neither eat nor sleep; he was
 ' so tormented with his Love, which
 ' was his only Distemper, and at
 ' length much prejudiced his health.
 ' But fearing the business would at
 ' last come to light, and having ever
 ' had confidence in me, who am his
 ' Governour, he took me one day a-
 ' side to acquaint me with the Se-
 ' cret, praying me, if I lov'd him,
 ' I would be so kind to him, as to find
 ' out the means to stay some time at
 ' *Aranjuez*. I omitted nothing that
 ' could be said to divert him from the
 ' pursuit of so extravagant a Passion.
 ' I represented to him a thousand in-
 ' conveniences would attend it; I
 ' minded him of the Glory of his
 ' Birth, and the blemish it would be
 ' to him to amuse himself with an
 ' Engagement so much beneath him:
 ' and at last threatned to write of it

H

to

See G (pp 121-144) misc

14-4-44

Stb

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' to his Parents. But all to no pur-
 ' pose. He fell down at my feet,
 ' begg'd of me upon his knees and
 ' with tears in his Eyes, that for a
 ' Month or two I would permit him
 ' to please himself in his folly, swear-
 ' ing he would die or kill himself, if
 ' I forced him from *Aranjuez*. I knew
 ' not what to do; I was almost di-
 ' stracted, and wish't I had never been
 ' concern'd with him. At last, after
 ' long resistance, I yielded to his
 ' prayers and tears, and consented
 ' to one Months stay at *Aranjuez*;
 ' and that he should play what part
 ' he pleas'd there, but not under the
 ' Name or Character of what he
 ' really was; least, if that came to
 ' be known, it might prove an inde-
 ' lible stain to him and to me. The
 ' fifth day we left *Aranjuez*, with
 ' design, according to my Promise,
 ' to return both together in a very
 ' short time. We went to *Toledo*,
 ' and having sent away all our
 ' People

' People to wait our coming at *Cor-*
 ' *dova*, in the way to *Seville*, where
 ' we designed to go; we bought us
 ' two Habits of Shepherds, and re-
 ' turned to *Aranjuez*. Our design
 ' was to send him to the Gardiner's
 ' to live with him, and offer him
 ' very good terms, in hopes he would
 ' not know him in that disguise. In
 ' our way to *Aranjuez* we lay at an
 ' Inn, within two leagues of this
 ' Place, where the Host was a friend
 ' of the Gardiner's, and very ready
 ' to serve us, after a small present I
 ' made him. This Man recommend-
 ' ed him under the Name of *Anto-*
 ' *nine*, the Son of a Rich Shepherd
 ' near *Toledo*, who desired to have
 ' his Son kept at some distance from
 ' him, and offer'd a very good al-
 ' lowance for his maintenance. *Anto-*
 ' *nine* was very well received by the
 ' Gardiner. I stay'd at that Inn, and
 ' came two or three times a-week to
 ' see the young Shepherd, but could

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' never prevail with him to come a-
 ' way, putting me off still from one
 ' Month to another ; till yesterday
 ' in the evening, the Gardiner sent
 ' me an Express to bring me the
 ' news of his misfortune. I will not
 ' trouble your Majesty with the sur-
 ' prise and grief it put me to, I stay'd
 ' no longer than while I could put
 ' off my disguise, as no longer use-
 ' ful ; and resume my former Habit,
 ' and came immediately away to the
 ' Gardiner's last night , where I was
 ' told all the passages.

The King no less charm'd than
 astonisht at the circumstances of this
 Story, resolv'd to do Justice to the
 prejudice of his Affections ; and to
 declare that Don *Alphonso de Leon*,
 whose passion was so strong and so
 tender, deserv'd better than he to
 enjoy the fair *Dorothy* ; he took the
 resolution from that moment not to
 cross him in his Amour. He got
 himself drest to go carry the news to
 that

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that Charming Maid, and to give her full liberty to dispose of her Heart as she pleased ; thinking himself obliged by such a Sacrifice, to repair all the trouble and injury he had done that young Gentleman. But he was strangely astonisht ; when, coming to *Dorothy's* Chamber, he was told she lay not there that night ; and that they knew not what was become of her.

He thought first she was gone to see *Antonine* ; but then finding little reason for that, he fancied she was gone to her Father's, but could not guess for what end. Yet the jealousy he was not yet rid of, for all his resolution against it, had made that impression within him. It perswaded him against all appearance his first thoughts were true, and that she was certainly gone to *Antonine* : And to satisfy himself, he must go to the Prison to know the news.

H. 3

He

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He asked the Officer, who had been to see the Shepherd: He told him, Not any but the Marchioness's Maid, (so they called *Dorothy*) who had been all Night with him; and was there still. The King reddened to hear him, and asked him in some heat, if he had not given him order no body should see the Shepherd? Except those, Sir, answers the Officer, who should shew me your Signet, which that Maid brought me. My Signet, says the King, putting his Hand in his Pocket: he found it was gone. And being highly offended with the boldness of the little Lasse, he went into the Prison to complain of her, where he saw the two tender Lovers, falling presently at his feet. *Antonine* was the Speaker, and begg'd the King's Pardon, for two Loving Youths, who placing all their happiness in the Enjoyment of each other, had united by indissoluble Bonds, what Love had

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had already strongly chained together. 'You should not (answers
'the King, making them both stand
'up) by desiring my Pardon, have
'robb'd me of the the glory I design-
'ed my self, by preventing your Pe-
'tition with my Bounty: I am not
'come hither as a Rival jealous of
'your Happiness, to cross your Love
'any more; but I come as a Prince
'to do Justice to the most tender
'Passion in the World, which, (how-
'ever it trouble me) I must own to
'have charm'd me.

'You shall be married, Don *Al-*
'*phonso*, adds he, embracing him,
'and I shall be very sorry (having
'the esteem I have for *Dorothy*) to
'hinder her good Fortune. *Anto-*
nine hearing these last words, could
no longer doubt, but the King had
been fully informed who he was:
and falling the second time on his
knees, would have excused what
his excess of love made him do.
The

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The King embracing him again, answered, ‘ He could not condemn
‘ a passion himself had been subject
‘ to; that the Beauty and merit of
‘ *Dorothy* deserved better fortune
‘ than her Birth promised her. That
‘ it was no news to see (not Gentle-
‘ men, but) Princes to choose Con-
‘ sorts out of Cottages: That Love
‘ wrought far greater miracles: and
‘ as for Birth, it was no obstacle in
‘ their Case, who are in a condition
‘ to bestow Honours, and Dig-
‘ nities.

This Discourse was received with thanks and acknowledgments, from *Don Alphonso* and *Dorothy*. After which the King having sent for rich Cloaths for the one, and the other; he led them to the Palace, where he was pleased to have their Nuptials celebrated, with all the splendour and Magnificence due to the Quality of a Gentleman of the Ancient and Illustrious Family of *Leon*. The
King,

King Honoured *Dorothie's* Parents with Titles of Nobility, and made her Father Governour of *Aranjuez*. The poor Marchioness was put into a Nunnery, and after two years penance, her Husband who notwithstanding the accident at *Aranjuez*, had a love for her still, set her at liberty, and took her home to himself, where they liv'd the rest of their days in a fair correspondence, if you consider with how much reason they had been parted.

F I N I S.

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F I N I S.

LOVE VICTORIOUS OVER FORTUNE.

FORTUNE is a Goddess so Capricious, that Love with all his charms, could never yet gain her entirely to his party, or render constantly favourable Her, that takes pleasure only in change.

B

Incon-

Inconstancy is so much her Character, that if to day she seconds those favours, wherewith that God gratifies his Devotes, to morrow she will cast them into a thousand Misfortunes, and often makes no difficulty, to destroy those by a mischance, whom she hath preserved in a thousand dangers. The following Novel will let you see the whole truth of this, and I flatter my self, that you will receive no small satisfaction, when, having deplored the fate of two Lovers, you shall have an opportunity to rejoice at their prosperity, and to share the happy success of their loves.

Oronces was a Gentleman, of one of the best Families in *France*, and of a Province, that acknowledged his Father for its Governour. He was endowed with all qualities, that render Nobility recommendable, and it had been hard to draw a true resemblance of beauty, without having recourse to his face; he

he had more Courage, Wit, and a better Meen, than any in his Country, and love could not make a fairer Conquest, then to be assured of the Heart of this *Adonis*.

He was but sixteen years old, when he received the first touches, and when his Soul first resented the tender Motions, and sweet sallies of that Passion, in its beginning; and since it was Impossible for him long to resist Charmes, so powerful, as those were, which attracted him, he gave himself up to them without resistance, and became desperately Amorous of a young Beauty, of the same age, who was a most accomplish'd creature.

Eugenia, so was the Young Lady named, was obliged to Nature, for all advantages desirable by her Sex, and indebted to Fortune, who to Nobility of Blood, had joined a vast Estate.

Love, fearing, that the long Courtship, which *Oronces* was to make,

to convince *Eugenia* of his Flames, might give him some distast, and make him quit his Party ; with the same hand, and with the same arrow, that he struck his heart, he wounded the Fair ones ; and rendered them so Amorous one of the other, that the very Moment of their first Interview, was that of their Engagement.

It was at a Ball, wherein these two Lovers met, that they were mutually smitten by looks, and that one half hours Conversation, made them sensible of inclinations to love each other Eternally.

Oronces, who had a most agreeable Voice, was desired by the Company to Sing, but he handsomly excused himself, because he knew one Present, who was more capable of satisfying it, than he. *Eugenia*, of whom it was he spake, after some small resistance, ravished all their Hearts with her Musick ; her Lover followed her, and sung with so
much

much Grace, that he equally charmed all those, that composed the Assembly: It was hard to judge where to bestow the Prize: Many were for the Spark, and thought that the sweetness of his Voice, even excelled the Fair ones; but Our Lover, to benefit himself of the opportunity, loudly gave her his applause; and so obliged the rest to confess, that she had the advantage over him.

The divertisement being over, *Oronces* desired of his Mistress, that she would permit him the Honour, of waiting upon her home: This he did, with a design of declaring himself more openly, than he could hitherto have done, and of drawing from that Fair one, some words, that might prove advantageous to him. Ah Madam, said he, unto her, as they went, how ashamed am I of my Age, since, I am as yet, methinks, too young to be believed in Love: Nevertheless, continued

he, I am, and that with the most fair and amiable Person, that Heaven even created. Alas, if you have the curiosity of knowing, who she is, I will immediately tell you. Is it some Beauty unknown to me? Said *Eugenia*. Ah, Madam, replied our young Cavalier, you know her well, and you alone have the absolute power of making her favourable to me. But I dare not discover her. Very well, said she smilingly, inform me within three days, who she is, or you shall not be assured of my service with her.

This Order, so gallantly given, caused no little joy in our Lover; he parted from his Mistress, after having shewn her a thousand Civilities, and having conjured her, to mind the Promise, which she made him, of doing good Offices, in order to procure for him, her favour, who created all his Passion.

Love causes more disorder in hearts, newly wounded, then in those,
who

who for some time have experienced his smart. *Oronces*, and *Eugenia* did nothing else, but think of each other, and he cursed his bashfulness, which had hindred him from speaking to her, whom he loved, after a manner, that might discover, what he truly felt for her. The term of three days appeared to him an Age, and what embarrassed him yet more, was how to acquit himself of his promise, without displeasing the Fair one, and to do things with that aire, as should not be disagreeable unto her. In fine, the Excess of his passion transported him above all those measures, which ordinary Prudence would have dictated unto ; he believed that he could not speak too plainly to one, in whom, he had observed some dispositions to receive his Love, and that the fire of Youth would be an excuse for his rashness. Therefore he writ unto her the following Letter, and

sent it by one of his servants.

I Must confess, Madam, that my wit is very shallow, and capable of little : It is said, that there is nothing sweeter, easier, or more agreeable then to declare ones Love : But for my part, I have not found any thing that causeth more pain, trouble, and confusion. Three days are past, since the Order, which I received, of telling you her name, whom I adore, makes me sweat Blood and Water, and gives me a thousand inquietudes, I do not even yet know, how to acquit my self of it. Ah God, how vexatious is it to be without Experience : But I will tell you, that she is the most charming that can be seen, that she hath all qualities necessary to render her most accomplish'd. In fine, that she resembles you so much, that without being deceived, I could take you for her. This is enough, assist the Letter, and divine the rest. I am ready to expound it in case of necessity.

Orances.

Euge.

Eugenia was full of Impatience, to see after what manner, her lover would declare himself, when she received that Billet; and as in love, the most negligent Style is always the most perswasive; so she could not take ill that way of writing, but she was overjoyed, that that she had an occasion of answering him upon that Subject, and of letting him know, that if he loved her, she had no Indifference for him. But alas, this was to prescribe to themselves bounds too close; an Interview transported them much farther, and three hours of entertainment put them in such disorder, that they no longer kept any measures in their declarations, but discovered to one another, what they really resented in their hearts. As soon as *Oronces* was arrived, he, with a Gallant aire, told *Eugenia*, alas Madam, I am come to know, whether I have sufficiently performed my Commission, and whe-

ther my expressions be not so obscure, as to need an interpretation? You have done well, answered the Lady, in coming to explain your self a little more clearly, for in truth I knew not, whom you meant, nor has your Letter made me any wiser, than I was before. Oh Heaven! Replied *Oronces*, how full of dissimulation are you, and what pleasure do you take, to see a Young Lover before you, whom bashfulness restrains from telling you, how much he loves you? At these words he cast his Eyes to the ground, and then lift them up to *Eugenia*, with an aire, that might let her understand, what he felt in his Soule. She appeared a little amazed, and in a serious Tone said to him, that she was much obliged to him, but that she plainly saw, that he intended to divert himself with her, and that she had reason to take, what he had said, rather for a Complement, then for a convincing.

vincing Truth; as to the rest, that he went a little too fast. Ah Madam, continued he, great Passions never goe slowly; they immediately produce great Effects; and you ought not to be surprized, that even on the first minute, in which I saw you, I became so Amorous of you, that it is now to no purpose to endeavour to dissemble it, my Eyes and all my Actions would discover, what my Heart would fain conceal; and this dumb Language would shew it, as much as if I declared it out aloud. You must then (persuaded he, with a sigh, see the bottom of my heart, and I must tell you, that there is not any thing in you, which charmes me not; that I have no other Ambition, then That of enjoying you, and that your Will alone shall hereafter Govern all my Actions.

Eugenia, during this discourse, affected a great deal of Modesty, and seemed much astonished. As her
soul

soul was agitated by the most violent passion, that a fair object could inspire, so her answer made appear the confusion of her Spirit, and let *Oronces* know, that her heart was no less wounded, than his. Then he used all the Arts, which a passionate young Spark is capable of, to assure his Conquest, and to benefit himself of the disorder, which he had caused in his Mistresses soul, he expressed his regards with so much languishing, he pressed his sighs to so much purpose, that he reduced that innocent thing, to be no longer able to defend her self from a thousand Complaisances, which enflamed them yet more, and obliged these two hearts, who never had loved any thing before, to confess to one another, that they were taken.

Ah *Oronces*, said *Eugenia*, after having received a kiss from her Lover; do you believe, that we can be so happy as to love successfully? The fear that I am in, that it cannot

not be, makes me already represent to my self a thousand Obstacles, which may oppose our Love, and fancy a number of Mischances, which ill Fortune may expose us to.

We must not be so fearful, replied our Cavalier, we have cause rather to hope, than fear; for I dare tell you, that I am resolv'd, to neglect all Considerations whatever, but those of pleasing you; and there is no difficulty, which I will not overcome, to attain and preserve a Good, that I prefer before all the Treasures in the World. These words were followed by a thousand kisses, and other favours, which altho' they were not incompatible with virtue, yet were rather stolen, then freely granted. One embrace followed the other so closely, that it seemed as if they designed to render them Eternal, and as if, finding nothing else grateful to their Hearts, they intended to live
only

only upon tenderness, sighs, and affections.

In Effect, this life was very pleasant, its being was only in the most tender Amity, that ever had united two hearts, and its nourishment was seasoned with the most innocent delights, that could charm an excellent Soul.

Our Lovers past some time, by favour of their great Youth, in this amiable tranquillity, for as much as that their Parents did believe, that an age, more advanced, would make them change their Sentiments; but they were deceived in that; for time, far from diminishing that Love, which they had entertain'd in their tender years, made it the stronger for their weakness, and rendered it incapable of receiving any alteration by inconstancy.

Our Lovers, to make good use of this interval of Liberty, neglected nothing that could contribute to their Common satisfaction; their

their visits were no longer formal; for they hardly ever quitted each other; and they past whole days in talking of the Excess of their passion; but in termes so tender, with regards so languishing, and sighs so amorous, that their behaviour had been enough to raise Love, even in the most unsensible Heart.

There appeared fire, as well as languishments, in these amorous Entertainments; they resented nothing but tenderness, and transports, and their Caresses were like those of innocent Doves, who never are tired with their Courtship, and always find new Charmes in the tender Object of their Pleasures.

The good Intelligence, which had always accompanied the agreeable moments of those lovely young ones, was disturbed to the quick by extraordinary Prohibitions, which they on either side received, to see one another any more. *Oronces* his Parents, perceiving that his assidui-
ties

ties to *Eugenia*, might draw after them such Consequences, as would oblige him to consent to his marrying a Person, very rich indeed, but whose Nobility was much inferior to his, pushed on with Ambition desired to break the Course of these Amours, and, in order to it, at the same time, resolved to send him out of the Province. On the other side, *Eugenia's* Mother, being informed of what had past, and having learnt from her Daughters confession, that without raillery she loved the Governour's Son, and was also beloved by him, she reprehended her very severely, for having so long suffered his visits; and told her, that she had higher designs, than to engage her to a younger Brother, who never should have any other Estate, but what Fortune, or the chance of War, could procure him; that she ought to consider; that she was the only Child in the Family, and that

that she esteemed her Nobility as good as *Oronces* his Fathers, who was only considerable for Government.

One must have loved, equally with our Lovers, to conceive their Affliction ; *Oronces* abandoned himself entirely to Sorrow ; Murmurs and complaints came only from him, and he even called his Father inhumane, and assured him, that he took away his life, if he did not moderate those rigorous Orders, which he had given him.

Eugenia, for her part, was inconsolable, and being of a softer Sex past whole Nights in weeping, and breathing forth sighs, able to soften Rocks, and change the Sentiments of any, transported with Motions more reasonable, then those of Interest.

There wanted little of our Cavaliers disobeying his Father's commands, but having reflected on his severe humour, that never commanded

manded the same thing twice, he with impatience expected the following Sunday, which only could give him an opportunity of seeing her at Church, whom he cherished more than his own Eyes.

Although this was not directly against the Orders, which had been given him, yet it was not perfectly to obey them: And any other, less passionate, would have feared a Father, who with difficulty admitted of Excuses; but his Spirit being quite filled with Love, there was no place left for Reflections of that nature, and he would have esteemed himself over Scrupulous, had he demurred upon such thoughts.

In the Morning he was happy enough, to find, as he proposed, *Eugenia* at Church, busy at her devotions; he placed himself near her, and after a few words, he gave her a Letter sealed, and told her, that it would instruct her farther: He
was

was even rash enough to make use of that place, to authorize his passion, and made no difficulty to confirm by Oath, and before the Altars, his perseverance in his Love to her. He also received all Protestations of an Amity, answerable to his, and after a thousand amorous Glances, which they gave one another, they parted the most contented in the World.

Our Cavaliers Father, who knew by experience, what Love is, and how hard it is, to destroy the first sentiments, which that passion engraves in a heart, resolved to send his Son to the War, to the end that the employment of Armes, which requires a young man's whole application, might give him no leisure to think of other things.

To dispose him to receive these News, as he would have him, he amplified it's advantages, he represented to him, that, Nobility, without that experience, was base, and
without

without Virtue, and nothing being more charming than Glory, those exercises were not to be neglected, wherein it was to be found in all its Splendor, and by which it might be easily acquired.

Oronces understood well enough his Fathers designe: He had courage, but he did not believe, that Honour could give him pleasures, as solid as those were, which Love had made him taste: Therefore he did his utmost indeavour, to turne aside that blow, which he look't upon as the most Fatal, that he could ever receive. But alas it was to no purpose, he must resolve to part, and he received, as a favour, permission to bid his Mistress adieu, whom apparently he was to quit for ever.

Eugenia's Parents, who never had any designe to give their Daughter to *Oronces* were overjoy'd to hear, that he was sent away to the War, to the end that he might be otherwise

wife

wife employed, then in making Love: But the News created in *Eugenia* an inconceivable Melancholy. The reading of the Letter, which he had put into her hand, afflicted her yet more, and but for the strength of Youth, she had without doubt fallen sick with sorrow conceived at her Lovers departure.

During these restless Moments, she was advertised, that *Oronces* was come to take his leave of Her, and as he had received permission from His, so her Parents likewise made no difficulty of granting, for her consolation, this last interview.

It would be difficult to describe here with what Meen, our new Warriour was received by his Dear *Eugenia*. Looks, Sighs, and Tears had as great a share in their entertainment, as Words, and the sweet overture of Hearts, made in that moment, gave them a sense of pleasures, not to be expressed. Ah

Ah my Dear *Oronces*, said our poor afflicted Lady, how happy should we be, if we were not opposed in our innocent Divertisements ? But alas we must part, and it may be never to see each other more. Ah, what will that absence make me suffer ? What pains do I foresee, I must endure ? And what do I apprehend for your Person ? Fear not, my Dearest, replied *Oronces*, I am too much concerned to preserve my self, not to do it. And the thought only that I cannot destroy my self, without losing you at the same time, will restrain me in my most furious transports. As for the rest, either of us are to our Comfort so much Masters of our own wills, that in spite of all the World, we can love on, and, by our Constancy, weary out those, who would prevent the success of our Designs. As for me, continued he, in kissing her, I dare swear, that I will love
you

you Eternally, that there is nothing, that I will not surmount, to bring about our pretensions, and that my fidelity shall be proof against the roughest and most pressing attacks.

These words were followed by a thousand Protestations; on *Eugenia's* part, her Eyes and Sighs confirmed all that was said: she was besides her self, and thought of no other thing, than the object of her Love, which she saw before her; She sunk amorously between his armes, and conjured him with languishing regards, to pity her weakness, and pardon the excess of her Passion, which transported her after that manner.

While our Lovers resented these pleasant Motions, and employed these last Minutes, in tenderly expressing sure Evidences of their Love, one advertised our Cavalier, that his people, were a horse-back, and that his Equipage expected him at the Gate.

Ah now, he cried out, it is, that
we

we must part. He was not able to speak one word more; but tenderly embracing his Dear *Eugenia*, he mingled his tears with hers, and made appear, that his Love was very violent, since it made him guilty of so great a Weakness.

This departure put the Lady in the greatest perplexity in the World; she told her parents, that they would be the cause of her death; that she could not live without him, whom they tore from her; and that one day, they would repent being averse to an alliance, which could not be otherwise than advantageous, if they thoroughly considered it, that for the future, they should have little satisfaction from her person, and excepting the respect due to them, from which she could not rationally dispense with her self, she would have but little complaisance, to answer their wishes and desires.

All these complaints were received

ved as they ought to be; that is to say, there was more regard had to *Eugenia's* weakness, than to termes, which she made use of in her expressions: Her Parents did believe, that something was to be allowed to her resentment, and that absence would make her lose the *Idea* of him, that caused all this disorder. They put every thing in practice to draw her out of the Melancholy, she was in; they made her take all manner of divertisements, and by new acquaintances, with whom they would engage her, they unprofitably endeavoured to restore her to her former Humour.

They then perceived, that all things were to be referred to time, and that a Passion, so violent, could not be cooled by Ordinary meanes. In Effect, she by little and little seemed to have lost the Memory of her Lover; she talked not of him, so frequently as before, and in fine, it was believed, that she had re-

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covered

covered her former liberty. But these appearances were deceitful, and though she thought fit to compose her outward behaviour after that manner, yet her heart was still equally wounded, and was not sensible to any Love, contrary to the faith, which she had sworn to her Dear *Oronces*.

There is usually no better remedy for Love, than Love it self. Therefore *Eugenia's* Mother, named *Laurentia*, proposed to her the designe, which she had, of making, by her means, an alliance with the Family of *Dorimont*, who was a handsome and well behaved Gentleman; and whose Nobility was supported by a considerable Fortune, which rendered him one of the Principal men in the Province. Therefore, she was not to be surprized, that she had, in prospect of her advantage, been cross'd in her first inclinations, which could not be reasonable; since they proceeded from a blind Passion without reason.

Al-

Although those Propositions infinitely displeased *Eugenia*, and that she had no designe to obey them, yet, she did not let that appear presently; but contented her self with answering, that she no longer had any sensibility for Love, and that she did believe, no Lover could sigh for her with success; however to satisfy Her, she would receive his Visits, whom she spake of, and if she foresaw, she could live happily with him, she would not oppose his good fortune.

Though that answer was sufficient to let them know, what the Faire one's Sentiments were: Yet they perswaded themselves, that so witty a Lover, as *Dorimont*, could manage her spirit, and by his Diligence and Assiduities, blot out the first impressions, which love had engraved in her heart. But alas, how difficult is it to deface stroaks, so deeply cut, and extinguish fires, that draw their nourishment from our Inclination? This new Cavalier

had much merit ; but he succeeded another, which had yet more.

He then began to shew his love for her, by all the complaisances imaginable ; he desired nothing, but what pleased her, and did nothing, but what he believed agreeable to her Humour. She on the contrary answered all this, with civilities, which denoted only her indifference, and were enough to let this poor Lover understand, that he laboured in vain, and that all his presents, his *Promenades*, and his *Regales*, would be more successful, bestowed on some other Mistress. He sighed, but his sighs touched not Her, his languishing seemed to Her, affected, and all his Gallantries loathsome, and improper ; in a word, even the best thing, he did, offended Her, and she wished for nothing more, than to be freed from these Visits, which were already become insupportable torments to her.

This unhappy Lover made his
Courting

Courting in vain. He could obtain no love, and his perseverance was followed only by a stubbornness, which he found invincible in *Eugenia*, never to love any thing, but her Dear *Oronces*.

When he knew perfectly, that there was nothing to be done, and that the Fair one could never be reduced to favour him, he thought of a retreat, and acquainted *Eugenia's* Parents, with the little success of his enterprise, and his designe of leaving her.

Then it was that the Combat grew rough, and that *Laurentia*, to little purpose making use of a Mothers Authority, would force her Daughter, to doe that, thorough Obedience, which she would not do by Inclination; and knowing, that she had a great aversion for a *Cloyster*, she threatened to shut her up in one, if she persisted in her stubbornness. But all these frights were unuseful, and *Eugenia* protested, that

though she had a great Antipathy for a Monastick life, yet she would embrace it, rather than do any thing contrary to the Faith given her Lover, that all these false Alarms should work no effect upon her, and that the only way to retain her in the world, was not to perplex her in an Honourable Love, which might prove Glorious to her Family: That in all other things, she would have for her Mother all the respect possible; but in an affaire, that concerned the Liberty of her Person, she desired, that she might not be made unhappy, by any evil engagement.

Laurentia said to her, all that anger could inspire a provoked Mother: She threatned her with the loss of her Favour, and gave her only one whole Week to resolve upon the choice, either of a *Cloyster*, or of Him, whom she had proposed to her for an Husband. That afflicted Mother had no real designe of forcing

cing her to quit the World, she was rather entirely averse to it ; but she flattered her self, that the only means to be obeyed, was to act after that manner, and that she would sooner make choice of a Marriage with *Dorimont*, than of a Voluntary confinement in a place, which she could never approve of.

While these affairs past thus, *Oronces* had an Employment in *Flanders*, conformable to his Age and Birth, he acquitted himself of it, with the approbation of all those who knew him, and they admired that courage, which he made appear in the most dangerous assaults, and which accomplisht the most difficult Enterprises. Whatever diversions these Exercises might give his spirit, yet he could not lose the memory of his Dear Mistress. He thought of her night and day, and the excess of his Passion made him long for a Peace, so that there might be a possibility of his enjoying her,

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whom

whom he loved, more then his life.

As soon as the time, given *Eugenia* to determine her choice, was expired. *Laurentia* would have her openly declare, which of the Two, proposed to her, was the least disagreeable. She, having had leisure to think thereon, told her Mother, that she had not changed her Opinion, that the Affection, which she had for *Oronces*, was not at all diminished; and, that she might not fail in the fidelity due to him, she had rather enter into a *Cloyster*, if it must be absolutely so, than give her Heart to another, in prejudice of her true Lover.

Laurentia, who was enraged at these words, told her, that she might then prepare her self, for that she her self would conduct her to the place, where perhaps she should, at her own expences, learne, how mischievous are the consequences of such a Disobedience. *Eugenia* made no other answer, but that she believed,

lieved, they could not in Conscience engage a Free person, to a Course of life, for which she had a Repugnance; but that she hoped, she might one day take advantage from the Constraint, which she received.

All this was alledged in vain, she must enter into Religion, and hide from the Eyes of men a Beauty, which seemed not to be created with so much perfection, to be Enclosed. *Laurentia* and *Eugenia* dissembled the true cause of this Retreat, and gave out, that it was only for a Tryal, whether her Vocation was not there, or if Heaven would call her otherwise.

All the Religious admired with astonishment so sudden a change, and were yet much more surprized, when they saw that it was real, and that *Eugenia* did earnestly demand the favour, of being received into the number of *Novices*, and that they would grant her the habit of the Religion. She

She had not any real designe to engage her self; but did this, only to make her Mother believe, that no other return was to be expected from her, nor any thing else to be hoped for ; for, unless she should be replaced in her former liberty, she would perhaps lose it forever, by Professing in that house.

Her Solicitations were so earnest, and her fervour so surprizing, that the Superiour invested her in the habit of the Religion, and believed that she could not, without opposing the will of Heaven, refuse it to the extraordinary Zeal of the Demandant. This young *Novice* made a Friend-ship with the whole Convent: She was Fair, like an Angel, and her voice, which, as I have already told you, was charming, ravished the hearts of her Companions, when her Office obliged her to sing.

Laurentia, who knew well enough, what aversion she had for a Monastery,

Monastery, did believe all these outward appearances of Devotion were false, and counterfeit, in which certainly she was not mistaken; for *Eugenia* thought of nothing less, then of engaging her self by any Vow, but she was perswaded, that what she did, would convince her Mother, that she was not at all disposed to follow her will, and that she would sooner make choice of a Monastick life, then suffer constraint in an affaire, which, as she judged, ought to be entirely free.

There was nothing more agreeable, then to consider *Eugenia* in this new habit; her Eyes, half hid under the obscurity of her veile, cast Flames, which penetrated the hearts of those, that beheld her. She performed all her Exercises with so much Grace, and with such Ease, that she seemed never to have lived out of a *Cloyster*, and all her behaviour was so winning, that, were the things she said never so indiffe-
rent,

rent, she gained the Affections of those, that conversed with her.

In the mean time, her Mother, who saw no change in her Daughter, informed the Superiour of all that past, and knowing that the Religious have a wonderful address in the managing our Spirits, she intreated her assistance, to reduce *Eugenia* to the Obedience, due unto Her; and also, that she would not be ungrateful for her cares therein, especially if they produced some happy success.

But the *Nun* was too much interested, to declare this to her *Novice*. She therefore concealed from her, all that *Laurentia* had informed her of, and applied her self only, to encline her to make Profession, when time should come..

She had already borne the habit of *Novice* ten Months, when her Lover, who knew nothing of all this, writ to her from *Flanders*, where having found no particular oppor-

opportunity to send his Letter, he committed it to the Hazard of the Post, not mentioning any thing in it, which was unknown to her Parents, or that might be prejudicial to Her. It was in these terms.

M *E* thinks, my Dear Eugenia, that it is an Age, since I parted from you; nevertheless I faile not to possess you; for Night and Day you are present in my mind. Those, who did believe absence would be a remedy for my Love, are much mistaken; for since I parted from you, I fancy, that I love you as much more, and that my Ardour gathers force from my Exile. I am every day exposed here to a thousand Perils; but that God, that made us love, takes care of my Person, and preserves it in the midst of dangers. All my Friends here are surprized at my way of living: they call me Solitary, and Hermit, and say, that I do not know what Gallantry meanes, since that no Mistress
could

could as yet make me put it in practise ; but I excuse them, because they know not, that those, who are banisht from what they love, take little care to gain Hearts, and that I have need of all mine, to support the assaults of our ill Fortune. Adieu Dear Heart, Comfort your self, and believe that we shall one day be happy.

Oronces.

This Letter was directed upon the cover to a Chamber-maid, now gone away, and by that accident fell into *Laurentia's* hand, who having, out of Curiosity, read it, conceived a thousand Malicious designs of using it for her advantage.

When she had for some time meditated, wherein it might be useful unto her ; the News of the Battel of *Seneff*, gave her an opportunity, of executing an Artifice, which might in probability have drawne after it an effect, conformable to what she could desire, from her Daughter.

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To bring her enterprize more successfully about, she endeavoured to counterfeit the writing of the surprized Billet, and, in few days, became so skilful in that deceit, that the one could hardly be discerned from the other.

To the end, that nothing might be wanting to her Stratagem, she caused a Seale to be cut, like *Oronces's*, and counterfeited the following Letter, to be sent to our fair *Recluse*.

I Can no more, my dear *Eugenia*, I am wounded even to death in the *Battel of Seneff*. The Surgeon, who hath care of me, is Ordered by me to write unto you more at large. Adieu, my heart fails me: I can say no more, unless it be, that I should have died contented, if it had been in her service, whom I will love even to the last Minute. Have compassion upon the unfortunate *Oronces*, Adieu.

This

This was accompanied by a supposed Letter from a Chirurgeon, which was filled with all the Circumstances of the Fight, and the nature of his wounds ; it shew'd, how he had expired three Hours, after he had writ the Billet, and how he had received Commission to send it to Her, to whom it was directed.

Laurentia doubted not, but that this Artifice would succeed to her advantage, and that her Daughter, seeing her self disengaged by her Lovers death, from all Protestations made to him, would make no difficulty of accepting, whom she desired and giving her heart to second Affections ; but alas, that poor Mother had the displeasure of seeing all her Projects without success, and this innocent deceit had no other consequence, than her loss by the very meanes, that were intended for her preservation.

The time of *Eugenia's* Profession approacht, when she received the
Letter

Letter and Billet spoken of. She had no sooner read them, but she fell into a Swoone, and made those, who were present, take notice, that she had not intirely quit all worldly Inclinations, by entring into a *Cloyster*. She was so readily relieved, that she soon came to herself again, but it was only to abandon her self to tears and sadness, and to deplore his death, who was still alive.

In this deplorable Estate, she raised the compassion of all her Companions, they heard, with a great deal of feeling, all the complaints, that proceeded from the heart, but they were not able to comfort her in that extream sorrow. This News made such a disorder in her minde, that she remained for some time as it were senseless, and then it was, that she resolved not to part from the place, where she was, but to bid Adieu to the World, since it had now nothing in it, that
 she

she ought to Love; and to carry all her life, under the habit of a *Cloyster*, the Mourning, which she owed her Lovers Memory.

The Superiour of the Monastery made use of that vexatious minute, to speak to her *Novice* of her Vows. She told her with a mild and engaging Aire, that she shared very much in her Affliction, and that she did not blame the Tears, given to the remembrance of an Honourable amity, which she had had for the Person whom she lamented; but that she ought, after having considered that accident with the Eyes of the Body, regard it also with the Eyes of the Spirit, and think, that it was only a blow from God, who intended, by that means to withdraw her from the World, and make her one of his Chast Espouses.

Our *Eugenia*, having already taken that resolution in her self, answered the Venerable Dame, that
she

she had no other thoughts, that she wished with all her heart, that the time were already expired; and that she could do nothing with greater joy, then augment the number of so holy a Company. Moreover, she desired her, not to acquaint her Parents, with the weakness, which had appeared in her, and altogether to conceal from them the Excess of her grief, because then they could have no pretence to oppose her good fortune; but would be obliged to give their consent to her engagement, which otherwise they would have right to deny, if they might have place to believe, that it was more through a Humane, than Supernatural motive.

In the mean time, *Laurentia*, being impatient to know the success of her Stratagem, went to the Superiour to be informed of it, and to bring *Eugenia* back along with her, not thinking to find any more resistance; but all that she learned from

from her, was, that her daughter had been received by the whole Convent, that she had had all their Voices, and that she seriously prepared her self by a holy Retreat, to make her Vows. the week following. Moreover, that she had, with admiration, seen the indifferency, which appeared at her reading the News, which, according to the world, should most sensibly have touched her; that she was a Girl of Prayer, and of great Virtue, and that her Spirit had no other Conductor, than God.

This discourse surprized the poor Mother the more, in that she expected nothing less from a Person, whom she had made a Confident of her Designs; and whom, she did believe, she had engaged to her side. She expressed her astonishment, and declared to her, that she would be Mistress of her own Daughter, that she should not make any Profession without her consent,
and

and that she would disinherit her ,
if she would any way oppose her
will.

The Superiour made answer, that
she had seen in *Eugenia* so great a
disposition to the life, she would em-
brace, that she thought it impossible
to dissuade her from it, without
opposing the Ordinance of Heaven ;
that she had no other Prospect, and
that Human Interest had the least
share in it. This said, she took leave
of *Laurentia*, and called her Daugh-
ter to her, whom she left alone in
her Company.

The Afflicted Mother was quite
transported at the sight of *Eugenia*,
and with tears asked her, if it was
true, that she would continue in
that Monastery ? If she did, that it
was the way to kill her with displea-
sure, and that she ought to consi-
der the great obligation, which she
owed her. She used the strongest
Arguments, that tenderness could in-
spire her with, to move the heart
of

of that Rebel (it was so, that she called her) but it was without effect, and all that she could get from her, was, that it was by her Order only, that she entered that place. That she was resolved never to quit it, and that she desired to make her Vows only, that she might not be far from her Vocation. These words, so contrary to her Mothers wishes, were followed by a thousand Menaces, and made *Laurentia* understand, that we often hazard the loss of all, when we would gain too much.

Then she retired very much discontented, and went to take counsel of the Learned, how she might bring about her enterprise. They represented to her, that she had no great cause to be troubled; for the Religious never do any thing for nothing, and that she need only give her Daughter no Portion, infallibly to prevent her Professing.

This Proceeding was indeed the best,

best, according to the Ordinary Rules; but the good qualities of the *Novice*, together with a considerable sum of Money, which her kindred, who, by her engagement, would become Heirs to her Estate, underhand gave, did break all these just measures: They prevailed above all other considerations, and *Eugenia* Profess after the accustomed manner.

While these things past, Our *Cavalier* began to be tired with the War: He an hundred times a day called to his mind the amiable qualities of his Mistress: He remembered all the Amorous favours, which he had received, and in that agreeable contemplation, he almost died with a desire, of seeing her again. Whilst he thus sighed, they brought him a Letter which, after reading, almost drove him to despair. One of his Friends acquainted him, that the report of his Death was every where spread abroad, that *Eugenia*,
to

to avoid constraint from her Relations, who would force her to marry *Dorimont*, had embraced Religion, and had made her Vows, and that it were proper, he should write himself, to let her understand of his being in health, least they might prevail by the falseness of the first News, which they had Published of him.

I leave you to Judge the excess of grief, which touched the heart of our Lover, when he understood, that he had lost his Mistress. He could not imagine, that she ought to fly to that Extremity, for any reason whatsoever. Nevertheless he could not be perswaded, that she wanted fidelity to him. In this perplexity he thought it necessary to have some clearing of the Matter, before he declared her Guilty : Wherefore he writ to her the following Letter, which he gave a Gentleman, one of his Friends, who was to be the Bearer.

IS it possible, fair Eugenia, that the news which I hear, of your entring a Cloyster, and Professing, should be true : I am told, that it was to avoid Dorimont, but then, you should have preserved your self for Oronces. I cannot dissemble with you, I know not what Opinion, I ought to have of all this, and whether, I should regard you, as a Person insensible, who please your self at the misfortunes of others, or as a weak inconstant creature, passionated for some trifles of Devotion, who love every thing, that you see, who forget that which is no longer in sight, and give up your Heart, to every one, that demands it. I know very well, that absence is a dangerous thing, but alas ! if I were absent, it was for loving you, you know that my passion was Innocent, and Pure, you should not then have rendered it Criminal, by infidelity, while on my side, I render it Illustrious by an inviolable constancy ; acquaint me, as soon as possible, if

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my

*my complaints are unjust, and deliver
from his Pain, the unfortunate
Oronces.*

This Letter, was put into her own hand, by the Gentleman, we mentioned; it produced, in the Soul of our young Proest, very very different Motions, for she was equally toucht with Grief, and Joy, and in that moment, perceived the Reliques of the Fire, to rekindle in Her, which were almost extinguish't.

If her Joy was great, to understand, that He, whom she loved, was living, she conceived no less displeasure, to see her self tied, and bound, and, according to all appearance, a Captive for the rest of her days; that Reflection caused in her, an extream Melancholly, and raised troubles in her Spirit, which tormented her to the Quick.

She endeavoured to get out of that confusion, and to enjoy her former tranquillity; by overcoming her
her

her Nature, and mastring her Inclination for her Lover ; She believed, that Meditation, and the Devout Contemplation of several Pious Mysteries, and the exercise of a severe Virtue, might take her off from these Sentiments of the World, and Terrestrial thoughts, by approaching Heaven. She therefore made a Tryal of this for some days, but it was without any profit. Devotion was to her, an Insipid Dainty, which she could not at all Relish. She in vain forbid Love an entrance into her heart, he so constantly crept in, and made a greater ravage then before. He caused a thousand distractions in her most fervent prayers : He maliciously led her into all Places, where her Lover had been. He obliged her to stop in the place, where he had given her a thousand Kisses, and where she had received a thousand Caresses, and where he had assured her of his Constancy. In fine, he overcame, and constrained her to yield,

and still to nourish in her Soul, the same Passion, which had made her sigh so often heretofore.

Eugenia, then finding her self too weak to resist this little God, that attacked her, abandoned her self entirely to his conduct, and writ to *Oronces* the most passionate Letter, that her *Genius* could dictate; she informed him of her Mothers deceit, and conjured him to seek some remedy, for an evil, that in its self seemed irrecoverable, that she was altogether His; and that Love of him only had obliged her to embrace the Condition, wherein she saw her self unhappily engaged.

I leave you to judge, how this Letter was received by our young Lover; without reflecting upon his Mistress's condition, he was excessive glad to hear, that she had been faithful to him, and that He only was beloved; and tho' there was no cause for it, yet he flattered himself with the hope of some good fortune, whereof

whereof the thought only transported him with Pleasure : Nevertheless, this Extasie, being ill grounded, continued not long : it gave place to more serious considerations, and was followed by an extraordinary Melancholly, which represented to him, that the loss of *Eugenia* was without recovery, and that it was impossible to repair it.

While this inquietude afflicted his mind, he wholly applied himself to find out means of getting *Eugenia* into his possession ; He presently thought of stealing her away, which would have been without doubt easy, since she, without any great difficulty, would have consented to it ; but many considerations dissuaded him from it ; and made him reject that Expedient, for fear of not being able to make use of it, but with prejudice to his Mistress.

At length after much consideration, Love inspired him with an Artifice, which at the same time, was the

most pleasant, and most rash in the World.

He understood, that a young Gentleman, one of his intimate Friends, called *Camillus*, had made a close Familiarity with a young Nun of that Country, who had conceived for him so great an affection, that she would have followed him all the World over : her name was *Aurelia*.

Oronces made a confidence to this Cavalier of his ancient Passion for a Mistress, who by a Mothers Stratagem was blindly shut up in a *Cloyster* for the rest of her days ; he intreated him to serve him, in that affaire, from which he himself could draw nothing, but advantage.

Then he proposed to him his designe, and told him, that to bring it succesfully about, he must obtain leave, for sister *Aurelia* to change her Convent, so that she might go and remain in that, where *Eugenia* was, and that if this could be done, as it was

was apparently possible, they Two should be the most happy Lovers, that ever were in the World.

Camillus became of his Friends opinion, and told him, that he would speak of it to his Mistress, without whom nothing could be performed. But alas ! how weak is a young heart, when it suffers it self to be conducted by Love.

Aurelia, far from examining, with the Scruple, which she ought, the Proposition made to her, immediately consented unto it, and approved of the project ; admiring, that *Oronces*, in so tender an age, should be capable of imagining so witty a contrivance.

Then our two Lovers met again, and *Camillus* gave an account of his visit to our Cavalier. Both obtained from their General upon a decent pretence, leave to withdraw, and they seriously applied themselves to succeed in their designe. It being unfit, that they should appear to

have any interest in the retreat of Sister *Aurelia*, they left her to act all alone, and supplied her with the sure means of obtaining her request, seeing underhand the persons, employed to sollicite the fair *Nun's* Petition.

The Town, wherein she was, had been conquered from the King of *Spaine*, and thereupon it was, that she grounded her request. She represented with a great deal of Spirit, and Ingenuity, that she had ever born an inclination to the *French* interest, and more particularly since His Majesty became Master of the Town, wherein the Monastery stood; but that, farr from gaining the love of her Superiours, by the Obedience which she paid her Prince, she was become the hate of the whole Convent, that they respected her as a stranger, and that those that Govern'd, being still *Spaniards* in their hearts and affections, made her suffer a thousand torments, from
which

which she could not be delivered, but by quitting the place, from whence she humbly prayed to retire.

This pretence, being specious enough, and these reasons having some appearance, she easily obtained her wish, but not without special regard being had, that *Eugenia's* Convent, to which she was to go, was governed by the same Rule, as That, which she was to quit; and there was no other difference, but that in This, wherein *Aurelia* was, they wore a little white scarfe upon their Habit, which the others observed not. But this distinction, not being essential, they without difficulty, gave her all the necessary Orders for her departure.

In the mean time, these two Lovers consulted together, of what they had to do. *Orouces*, following the *Genius* that pusht him on, resolved to take *Aurelia's* Habit, and to go in that manner, to shut himself up in a *Cloyster*, with his Mistress;

and *Camillus*, making use of the opportunity, and good will of his Mistress, designed to conduct her into a *Castle* of his own, and to live there, as Lovers, as long as Destiny would be favourable to them.

This so bold a Metamorphosis was performed, as it had been projected. *Aurelia*, having departed by the way of the Coach, and knowing the place where the two Cavaliers waited for her, did on the second day pretend to be distempered with that way of travelling, and seemed not able to continue without danger her journey, without some other conveniency. She plaid her part so well, that nothing was suspected, and the Coach arrived at the place, where *Oronces* and *Camillus* had already taken up their Lodging. There our *Nun*, having agreed for a Litter, did on the morrow dismiss the Coach, after she had satisfied the Coachman.

It was here, that both parties made a Voluntary change of Habits, O-

ronces

ronces was but eighteen years old, he was fair like *Aurelia*, and almost of the same Stature, so that there was such a resemblance between them, that the disguise was never known to any, but those who were privy to it, who could not sufficiently admire at their behaviour, which appeared not more unnatural, then if both the one and the other had been born in the Estate, in which they were at that time.

Oronces, thus travestied into a *Nun*, and furnished with all the dispatches necessary to his new condition, prepared himself to depart in the Litter, accompanied only by a Girl, whom he took in the Town, to render his conduct irreproachable; he was instructed in every thing, necessary for his knowledge, to appear before the Superiour, and having a Voice very sweet, and very pleasant, he perswaded himself, that he could easily live in that House, and perform all the Exercises, conformable

formable to the Habit, which he wore.

Camillus, for his part, conducted the fair *Aurelia* into a very pleasant Castle, where he proposed to himself to enjoy with her solid Pleasures ; and, wishing to his friend all content, never to be disturbed by any unforeseen misfortunes ; they parted, after having exchanged a thousand Marks of Affection, and settling a sure means of holding a correspondence with one another. Our Fair *Nun*, impatient to see her, whom she loved, so hastned her departure, and continued her journey with so great diligence, that within three days she arrived at the Town, where she was to remain.

She went immediately to make a visit to the Bishop of the place, who was the Chief Superiour of *Eugenia's* Monastery ; she shew'd him her Obedience, and her other Payments, wherewith she was furnish'd ; She did him reverence with so much Grace, she spoke to him with so much Modesty, and always entertain'd

tain'd him so wittily, that the Prelate was charmed with her, and was overjoyed with himself, that so Fair a Person rendered her self subject to his obedience, and came to place her self under his direction.

He was too much taken with the fair qualities of our Metamorphos'd Cavalier, (whom for the future we shall call *Aurelia*) to permit her so suddainly to shut up her self in the *Cloyster*, he would for three or four days have her walk in his Coach about the Town, and make her acquainted with other Monasteries, with whom she might, for the future, have some Communication. *Aurelia*, who had reason to fear every thing in a place, where she was so well known, did for a while refuse those marks of goodness, which she received from her Prelate, telling him, that she desired nothing, but a retreat, and that, being entered into Religion very young, she had no manner of Relish for affairs of the World,

World, whose fashions she was even ignorant of. Therefore she intreated him to excuse her, and to grant her Leave to retire to her *Cloyster*, that she might there be at leisure for exercises, more conformable to her Profession.

This young Prelate had no regard to the entreaties of our Religious. He did not believe, that her heart had any share, in what she seemed to desire, and he could not perswade himself, that a Lady, so fair, so witty, and whose Eyes were so filled with fire, did despise that which others, with such earnestness, seek after. He therefore shew'd her all the fine things, and curiosities of the Town. In all her visits she gained a general applause; her behaviour in them appeared so free, and disaffected; her words so noble, and elevated; and her judgment so solid, that she gained the hearts of all the companies, she came into.

The time of his absence from the
Province

Province, having a little changed his Meen, and the disguising of his Sex under a Petti-coat and Vail, being not imagined by any, he preserved himself from being known, even by those, who had been his intimate acquaintance, and ended all his visits, without being discovered, or in the least suspected by those, who were his nearest relations.

This will not seem incredible to those, who shall reflect on the many adventures, happening every day, by which we are so easily surprized; and if, in a Comedy, a Player, whom we have already seen, becomes afterwards unknown, by the change of his Part and Garments, why should it be difficult, to believe the success of a Stratagem, perfectly contrived, and executed with a marvellous audacity?

The Bishop, having spent three days in walking up and down, as well for his own particular content, as for the satisfaction of *Aurelia*,
he

he himself conducted her into the Monastery, and did himself the Honour, to represent unto the Convent a person so amiable and accomplish'd.

The *Abbess*, who had heard the News of her departure, and arrival, received her with incredible transports of Joy ; and the other *Nuns*, at the sight of so much Beauty, conceived, for her presented to them, an interiour Friendship not to be expressed. She thanked the Prelate, with much respect, for those testimonies of his goodness towards her, and he, for his part, giving her a Pastoral Kiss, and taking her into his protection, recommended her, as his own Daughter, to the Superiour, and left her with her Companions.

It was then, that Embraces were redoubled, and Kisses given without Number ; never was Reception accompanied with so many Caresses.

Aurelia was all on Fire, and the colour, which enlivened her Countenance, added an agreeableness, which

which render'd her so amiable, as that she ravished their hearts. In the mean time, *Eugenia* appeared not in the Troop; she was become so solitary and melancholly, after the News, which she had received about *Oronces*, that she was indifferent for all things, and employed her thoughts only in Vexation and Displeasure, for having unhappily engaged her self by a solemn Profession, and publick declaration of her Vows.

Her Lover was no less unquiet, not to see Her, whom he loved so tenderly. She had no manner of notice of his designs, and therefore, when some of her Companions advertised her of the arrival of Sister *Aurelia*, she made no other answer, but that she should have time enough to see and salute her, since she was to remain in the House.

In the mean time, the Superiour, according to custom, caused all the Sisters to be called together, to the publick

publick reading of *Aurelia's* Patents, and to receive her, according to Form, into the number of the Religious. *Eugenia* was then present with the others, and while one of the Ancients read the dispatches, and that the other Formalities were observed, she had her eye continually upon this new Commer, but she little thought, that she beheld her Lover.

After the Ceremony was over, *Oronces* received fresh kisses from the Company, but he found none so sweet, as that which his Mistress gave him. He could not refrain from clasping her more amorously, than he did the others, and although he did not design to discover himself so soon to her, he could not forbear a certain whisper, followed by some glances, which penetrated the heart of that lovely Creature.

The poor Lady, agitated with a thousand thoughts, retired immediately into her Chamber, to meditate

tate of what she had seen, and to reflect upon the resemblance of *Aurelia*'s face to her Dear *Oronces*. Nevertheless, she durst not be convinced of what, her heart declared to her, and though she had been moved with an infinite tenderness, at the time she was embraced, yet a designe, so hardy and surprizing, could not enter her thought. In this embarras, and confusion of Spirit, she flumbered, and her mind, being filled only with the resemblance, that was between *Aurelia* and *Oronces*, she continually dreamed of that Subject. Let us leave her in this moment of repose and tranquillity, to see what her Lover does.

Aurelia was all his time entertained by a *Nun*, who finding in her self a great inclination to love her, resolved with the first to gain her Heart, and Friendship. She was young and fair, and *Oronces* was not insensible, but, his Affections
being

being already placed, he made no return of real Love or Tenderneſs, but only of a little outward Complaiſance.

This *Nun*, who was called *Pamphilia*, never found in her ſelf ſo ardent a deſire to love one, of her own Sex, as ſhe did in reſpect of this new Commer; and this Love, appearing to her innocent, and impoſſible to have in it any thing impure, ſhe puſht it on, as far as ſhe could, and, knowing by experience, that the Night was more proper than the Day for a thouſand amorous declarations and an infinity of engaging wantonneſſes, ſhe proffered *Aurelia* to paſs it with her, in one of the Common Chambers, becauſe as yet there was no particular one, provided for her.

All theſe Careſſes, enough to have transported with joy, any other, that had ſence, gave *Aurelia* but a ſlender ſatisfaction. She did indeed find her ſelf a little warmed,
but

but she needed only think upon *Eugenia*, to quench immediately those Flames, which begun to blaze. Nevertheless, she could not forbear telling *Pamphilia*, that her company would be very agreeable unto her, and that she received extraordinary pleasure in her conversation: But that which gave her no small content, was, to hear from this Religious, a recital of every thing that had past, concerning her Mistress, who being one of *Pamphilia's* intimate Friends, had made her a Confident of it all, and had prayed her to keep it secret, and impart it to none.

Oronces, who almost died with a desire of speaking to *Eugenia*, took thence an occasion of asking *Pamphilia*, where was her Chamber? and told her, that she would be glad to go along with her, and visit that amiable Nun. Then *Pamphilia* conducted him thither, and immediately left them together, to
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the end, that they might be the more easily engaged in a Common amity, wherein she might have a part.

Our Metamorphosed *Cavalier*, for all his Mistresses Melancholly, found her fairer, then ever, he had seen her, even in her richest Garments. Her youth inspired him with Joy, her Beauty with new desires, and what she had done for him with admiration. He at first dissembled, who he was, and understood from her, that she was newly risen from sleep, and that she had had a Dream, which, while it continued, gave her a great deal of pleasure, but, after awakening, created nothing in her, but disquiet. He prest her to declare it, and told her, that he would shew the true meaning of it, if it had the least conformity with reason. She immediately gave him a look, and their Eyes meeting together, said in their Language, that Love was very ingenious, and that they could not
long

long be unknown to one another. Nevertheless *Eugenia*, being the more fearful, did not dare to declare her thought first, and *Oronces*, who took pleasure in seeing her in that confusion, made no great hast to draw her out of it.

In fine, Love overcame Affection; *Aurelia*, or rather our *Cavalier*, could no longer resist those tender motions, which the presence of his dear Mistress made him resent. He cast himself about her neck, and embracing her with transports of extraordinary joy, he cried out, yes, 'tis I, *Eugenia*; and Love has given me the Habit, which you see. That word, chasing all doubt from *Eugenia's* mind, replenished her with an inconceivable satisfaction, and for some moments deprived her of the use of her senses, that she might the more peaceably enjoy within her self, that excess of pleasure, which she felt.

As soon as they had recovered
their

their surprize, they began again their Careffes ; and *Oronces*, to take *Eugenia* out of pain, related to her, how every thing past, and that they had no cause to apprehend any thing, as long as his youth would leave his chin unfurnished, and as the sweetness of his voice would continue. She for her part, acquainted him, with the Artifice, which her Mother made use of, to abuse her, and conjured him to behave himself discreetly in regard of the Convent, least that, by some wrong step, he might spoil an enterprize, that required all the good conduct imaginable, to make it succeed.

She instructed him moreover in all the ways of living in a *Cloyster*, and she fashioned him so well, that he was in a little time, as skilful, as the ancientest Dame in the house, and he performed his Duty so well, as shall be seen hereafter, that he merited to have the direction of the *Novices*, when their ordinary Mistresses

treſs, who was very Aged, could not attend that exerciſe, by reaſon of indiſpoſition.

In the mean time, the promiſe, which he had made *Pamphilia* to paſs the night with her, troubled him not a little. He told it *Eugenia*, who could find no ſurer means to prevent it, then by offering the ſame thing in the others preſence; an opportunity ſo to do preſented it ſelf immediately, for *Pamphilia*, impatient to ſee *Aurelia* again, went and rejoyned them in a Friends Chamber, who told her, as ſoon as ſhe entered, that ſhe would not quit *Aurelia* before the morning, and that, being for that day exempted from aſſiſting in the Quire, ſhe would keep her company.

Pamphilia for her part alledged, that ſhe had made the firſt proffer; that the Bed, wherein they were to ly, was too little for three, and that ſhe muſt yield to her, as to one who was her elder. But *Eugenia*

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was

was too much interess'd, to let her gain that point, Therefore the conclusion was, that they should accommodate themselves as well as they could, and that both should take care to divert the new Comer.

In the mean time, nothing was more embarrassed than our *Cavalier*, he was so fearful, of giving his Mistress some apparent cause of Jealousy, that he thought himself oblig'd to prevent her, and to intreat her, not to make any ill construction of the Amity, which she should outwardly shew, in return to the Caresses of the other *Nuns*: that he would abstain altogether from so doing, if she absolutely desired it; but that he believed, that the best way to conceal their Game, was to live outwardly alike with all the world.

Eugenia, who had a good wit, and was perfectly convinced of the great Love, which *Oronces* had for her, told him, that he might act

in all things without Constraint, that, although she loved him much more then he could imagin, yet she did believe, that no jealousy could ever trouble her: That he might really upon these words and hereafter use all the liberty, he would do, were he that in Effect, which he was only in Appearance.

There is nothing that agrees with Beauty better, or gives it more lustre then joy; *Eugenia*, being rid of her vexation, and a gay humour succeeding her Melancholly, recovered in a little time, together with a good plight, those charms, which formerly rendered her so lovely, and were now sullied with the trouble and disquiet of mind, to which her retreat had reduced her. She sapt with her Lover, and *Pamphilia*, who was become jealous of the Caresses, that all the young Nuns made to sister *Aurelia*, flattered her self, with the sensible pleasure of lying, and passing the night

with a Person, whom she loved with an Extraordinary tenderness, and affection.

Eugenia, that she might have an opportunity of being sometime alone with *Oronces*, undertook her self to go, and make the Bed, and put in a readiness the Chamber, wherein he was to remain, untill another were provided in the Common *Dormitory* of the Convent. The disguised Lover followed her, and was sufficiently perplexed, to satisfy all the questions, which were asked him in a quarter of an hours conversation. She immediately asked him, what were his sentiments, when he received so many kisses from the youngest, and fairest in the house. Alas! my dear *Eugenia*, he answered; I will dissemble nothing from you. 'Tis true, that two or three, who acquitted themselves with a great deal of heat, caused in me some slight emotions; some Sparkles of the Fire, wherewith they

they seemed to burn, did warm my heart, and touched it with some sence of sweetness, which did a little tickle me.

How, said she to him, did you not resist that springing Affection, and condemn in your self a Love, which could not be lawful, since you conceived it to my prejudice? Ah, he replied, you ought to excuse me for several reasons, faults, that we committed in spight of our selves, should easily be pardoned. Besides I can assure you, that if these Embraces have raised in me any passions, they were but wandring ones, which only disturbed the soul, but possess it not for any long time. My reason is not become irregular upon their account, and the extream love that I have for you, hath suffered no alteration, for your presence only hath driven out of my mind, all the Idea's, formed therein by these strange Beauties. I must believe you, interrupted *Eugenia*, and I

foresee well enough, that I must prepare my self to pardon you many of the like faults, while you remain here ; but for the rest, continued she, have a care of favouring the weakness of any in this Convent, or of making your self known, and no less of requiring from me, what I will never grant, but according to Form. All other favours for your comfort, shall not be denied you, and we will live together, as a Brother would with a Sister, whom he cherishes, and by whom he is equally beloved. Especially, since that we shall be obliged to ly together this night, to avoid the wantonness of Sister *Pamphilia*, who otherwise will without doubt discover you ; behave your self discreetly, and consider, that your fortune and my Life and Honour, ly upon your following these measures, which I give you. Your Father, who is the Principal obstacle to our liberty, is very old, and the manner

ner, that I enter'd this House, is known to many, who can upon occasion bear witness of it, and I hope, that by the assistance of some powerful friends, we may at length bring about our first pretensions, and then pass the rest of our days in pleasures, by so much the more pure, as that they will be lawful, and shall never more be disturbed by any Accident, from the long enjoyment of them in perfection.

They were in this Discourse, when *Pamphilia* entered, who finding them all on fire, demanded how they had over-heated themselves? *Eugenia* replied, that they were forced to righten the Chamber, for it was quite ought of Order. Truly, said *Pamphilia*, you are not very conscientious, to cause sister *Aurelia*, to work thus, could you not stay for company, but must tire a poor girl, just arrived from a long journey, and in saying that, she cast her arms about *Oronces*

his neck, and gave him a kiss. *Eugenia*, who in spite of all her precautions, did believe, that her Lover robbed her of every thing, that he granted another, could not restrain her self, but would be a sharer, so that our new *Nun*, was the most embarrassed in the world, to satisfy these passionate Creatures.

But this was but a Prelude, or slight Attack, if compared with what was apparently to follow. As soon as the retreat was rung, and that all the *Nuns* were retired each one into her Cell, the two Sisters, together with the young *Nun*, began the evening with a thousand little divertising Sports. *Oronces*, who had no experience in the greater part of these Cloysterial Games, was almost continually out, and was condemned to an hundred wanton trifles, which would infinitely have pleased him, had he been at liberty.

These pastimes were followed
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by a Collation, where Marchpanes, and other delicacies grateful to the tast, appeared with profusion: The most tender *Airs*, out of *Operaes*, were also sung, and Sister *Aurelia*, who had a great deal of skill, performed her part to perfection.

After having spent much time in these divertisements, they began to talk of going to bed. *Eugenia* had before hand acquainted her Lover, with all the fooleries he was to endure, if he lay near *Pamphilia*, besides, that it would be impossible to do so without discovering his Sex. Therefore he was to place himself by his Mistress's side; do not imagin, that this was any pleasure to him, but quite contrary; for she had imposed upon him such rigorous Laws, that he never past a night with less repose, or more disquiet than that.

Pamphilia, who was almost ready to ly down, told *Eugenia*, that although she only had right to ly

with Sister *Aurelia*, having made the first proffer; yet she was willing to admit her to a share in the bed, so *Aurelia* lay in the middle.

Though, according to Rules, a Proposition, so reasonable as this, ought to be received without dispute; yet *Eugenia* would not agree unto it, foreseeing as a thing infallible, the discovery of her Lover, if it should happen so. *Pamphilia* also for her part, being unwilling to yield, had however Complaisance enough, to offer to decide the Question by some kind of game, which was done, but to the disadvantage of *Eugenia*, who lost and no longer knew, what Saint to invoke, that she might escape the danger, wherein she was.

In the mean time, her naked Companion, after kissing *Aurelia*, went first to bed, and left the two Lovers busy, at Prayers in appearance, but indeed in contriving some Artifice to deliver themselves from the

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the Winners perſuites. At length after having meditated ſome time, *Eugenia* reſolved to put out the Candle, before ſhe lay down, and to creep readily into the place, appointed for *Oronces*, and then to ſuffer him by her ſide. She advertiſed him of it, and ſeeming to ſearch for ſomething with the light, ſhe let it fall deſignedly, and extinguiſh't the Flame, ſo as *Pamphilia* could obſerve nothing, to make her ſuſpect, that it was done purpoſely to deceive her.

Oronces, who was neer the Bed, and undreſſing, was called upon by her, who was impatient of being alone, I will come unto you preſently, ſaid he, but I deſire you would not trouble my reſole, it will be in vain to talk to me; I ſhall not answer one word, for I am already half aſleep.

He had hardly ended theſe words, when *Eugenia* threw her ſelf into Bed, and placed her ſelf in the middle, and

Oronces

Oronces soon after lay down by her.

Pamphilia no sooner felt *Eugenia* by her side, but mistaking her for *Aurelia*, did most straitly embrace her, and demanded of her, if she would not be her Friend? *Eugenia* answered not, but with a kiss, which she could not soon get rid off, and which was followed with all the Caresses, and wantonness, which the poor Recluse are wont to put in practise, to assuage the heat of their fire. 'Tis very true, that *Eugenia* did expose her self to her Companions fury, only to deliver her Lover from it, and that she rather sought his safety, then any satisfaction, which she took therein.

While the two Sisters were exercising these wantonnesses, the Poor *Oronces* suffered more pain, then they could tast pleasure; he was like *Tantalus*, condemned to die with hunger, in the sight of several dainties, he was Poor in the midst of Wealth, and what seemed sufficient.

cient to compleat his joys, was now become the cause of his pain and sorrow.

He could not reflect upon the condition wherein he was, without becomming sensible of a thousand importunate thoughts, which tired his Imagination, and burnt him with a Fire, that he was not permitted to quench, even upon the brink of a Fountain. He was so filled with the Idea of his Mistress's attractions, that all his desires were fix't upon that amiable Creature; all his sighs half stifled, were for her; and all the motions of his heart had no other cause than her Charms.

He perceived sometimes his Reason growing weak, and without Heroical endeavours, he would never have been able to resist such forcible temptations: Alas! what did he not think? What did he not say to himself? what torment said he, is this I feel? and whence proceeds

proceeds the unquietude and disorder, wherein I am? What? must I be the most unhappy man in the world, for lying by the fairest Creature in it? Can so fine an object, accustomed to inspire me with nothing but joy, put me now to so much pain? Ah! how dangerous a passion is Love, and to what rough Tryals do's it expose us, before it imparts unto us, even the least of its pleasures.

While he thus thought, *Eugenia*, defending her self from her Companions embraces, did without considering it, approach him with a great deal of precipitation, it was then, that he being ignorant, whether Chance or Love threw her so into his Arms, did almost forget all the Laws, prescribed him, and there wanted little of his committing a fact, contrary to his duty. This approach did sensibly augment his Fires, and the Heat, received from it, consumed him even to the very heart,

heart, insomuch, that though she was retired, yet the remembrance of that surprize did continually redouble his Affliction ; that is, if it were possible to imagine any addition to a Grief, which, from the first moment, that he conceived it, had been extream and insupportable.

At length, *Pamphilia* cloyed with kisses, and wearied with the violence of her exercise, found herself overcome with sleep. She bid her Neighbour Good night, by the name of *Aurelia*, who also counterfeited sleep, though it was impossible for her to rest one moment. She had much ado to constrain herself, and on what diversions soever she employed her mind, she could never take it off from her Lover, her imagination represented Him so forcibly, that all the various reflections, to which she applied herself, proved too weak to prevail over the violence of her Passion; and loving *Oronces* no less then she
was

was beloved by him, she was sensible of all the motions, concerns, and transports, which Love made him resent.

In the mean time, *Oronces*, seeing these two Companions quiet, believed, that they were really asleep. So that to ease a little of the extream heat, which consumed him, he laid his hand upon *Eugenia's* Body, and for some time ran over it with extraordinary transports, which made him forget himself, and gave him a taste of pleasures not to be equalled, to his wonderful Satisfaction: His Mistress's fear of his being discovered by some unhappy word, was the Cause, that at first she durst not say any thing to him, to rebuke him; but at length, he became so importunate, and his toying provoked her in such a manner, that she could no longer endure it, but seizing his hand, she put it off from her, and whispered him; as softly as she could, that
he

he should consider the danger where-
to they were exposed ; He took that
warning, and giving *Eugenia* a kiss,
he let her understand, that he
would no more.

There is nothing more vexatious
to Lovers, than to spend the nights
after that manner : *Eugenia* would
not have *Oronces* to ly there, until
the appearance of day, but, least the
light should discover him, she made
him rise, and dress himself, and
gave him the key of a neighbou-
ring Chamber, where he threw
himself upon a Bed, to take a little
repose. After which, she lay in his
place, and left the middle empty,
to the end to make her Comp-
anion believe, that it was Sister *Au-
relia* who had filled it up.

In effect, *Pamphilia* was convin-
ced of it, as soon as she awaked,
and *Eugenia* acquainted her, that
she had so tired and overheated that
poor Girle, with her embraces, that
she was obliged to withdraw into
another

another Chamber, for a little rest, it being impossible for her to sleep with so great heat, and importunity.

As soon as our two Lovers saw each other, *Eugenia* smilingly asked *Oronces*, how he had past the night? Ah! malicious Creature, he replied, have you the heart, so to insult over an unfortunate man? Know, that I never gave you greater proofs of my Love than last night, and without extream Affection, my Obedience could never have been so perfect. You made me dye a thousand times by your continual motions, and I ^{will} ~~will~~ admire, how I have been able to observe with so great submission, those rigorous Laws, which you had given me.

By this, the time was come, wherein they were to attend all the usual exercises of a Monastick life. *Oronces* was instructed in them by his Mistress, and performed them with so great success, especially those

those that regarded the business of the Quire, that in some time after, she who had the care of forming the Voices of the *Novices*, being fallen sick, that charge was given to sister *Aurelia*, who took pleasure in the Employment, and did execute it to the satisfaction of all those, put under him.

The truth is, that he so behaved himself, as that under the Countenance of a *Venus*, he made Virtue itself, and Modesty shine out. He seemed unmoved with any ambition. His Beauty gave him not the least pride or affectation. He was simple or witty according to occasion, and so plain a sincerity appeared in him, that even the most penetrating were deceived.

Under the Veil of an easy and attracting Devotion, he gained the hearts of all the World; and his Mistress, and himself following the same Rules in their Conduct, and being endowed almost with the same

same qualities, they were esteemed, as Persons, that one day would fill up the Chief Places of the Convent.

Eugenia was of a tall and slender stature, her face round, and of a wonderful complexion ; her black Eyes were filled with Fire, which she tempered with a great deal of sweetness, and modesty, her teeth were white, even, and well ranked. In fine to give a perfect Idea of Her, it may be said, that her Veil hid more beauty then outwardly appeared, and that it was reserved for him only, who one day was to enjoy her, to admire at its Perfection.

Oronces had already remained almost a year in the Monastery, and lived there, with the Approbation of the whole Convent, when an unlucky Accident made him a thousand times repent of his rash entring into that place, and of trusting himself so long to the inconstancy of Fortune.

A *Nun* of the house, called, *Lucia*, having been a little too familiar in private with at Directour, who would conduct her into Heaven, by ways very different from the Gospel, so resented his devout Instructions, that she could not hide the fruits of it; but appeared big with Child in the sight of all her Companions.

There is nothing that destroys the esteem, which the world hath conceived for these kind of People, more then the knowledge of their Crimes, and Offences. They therefore kept the business as secret as they could, and the Superiour forbade them, under great penalties, to say any thing of that disorder. In the mean time, the poor *Lucia* was examined, and because, she had read in a Book, containing several Fabulous Stories, that a Vestall had conceived by a Spirit, She thought, that she also might deny her having any communication with a man.

In

In effect, she so stubbornly persisted in the denial, that the Superiour, fearing that there might be some *Hermaphrodite* among her maids, ordered ten of the most Ancient, to search all the *Nuns* of the Convent without exception, and then to make a true Report to her, of what they had seen.

I leave you to judge, what extremity, this Order reduced our two Lovers to: *Eugenia*, who feared all things for *Oronces*, counselled him to withdraw, and depart that night, through a place in the Garden, where the passage was not difficult. There was so little probability of saving himself otherwise from the danger, whereto he was exposed, that he resolved to follow the Countel of his dear Mistress, whom he bid adieu to in the evening, and took leave of her, without having time to reflect upon the means of recovering her, thus abandoned by his departure.

He

He was not yet arrived at the place, by which he was to make his escape, when he met a *Nun*, whom chance, or the desire of taking a little fresh air had brought thither. She immediately perceived Sister *Aurelia*, by reason of her Habit, being white mingled with black, which reaches the sight, sooner than any thing else, and joyning with her, retained her in spite of all the Artifices, which she used, to get rid of her.

She entertained her with what had past in the House; and with what was to be done, on the morrow, according to the command of the Superiour. These discourses put *Aurelia* upon Thornes. Nevertheless it was impossible for her to get from that Impertinent, and to add to his misfortune, she, who had the charge of locking up all the Gates, came to advise them to retire, that the retreat was rung; and that she came to perform her office.

This

This unhappy rencounter broke all the Measures of our poor Lover, he was forced to reenter the *Cloyster*, and go to his own bed, thinking continually how to secure himself from the storm and tempest, which threatned him. But alas! that Wit, that suggested to him his former Stratagem, failed him upon this occasion.

Eugenia, perceiving him in the morning, in the Quire among the rest, was in the greatest amazement in the world. The search was to be made in the Afternoon, and there was no possibility of escaping by day the sight of so many people. She spoke to him, and understood, what had hindred his departure, she thought, she studied, she meditated, but still in vain, and in that disquiet, she remitted her cause to the God of love, whom she conjured, not to abandon them in so dangerous an extremity.

In the mean while, the time appointed

pointed for the execution of the ordonnance being come, all the *Nuns* had fresh notice, to go and present themselves, one after another, to the old ones deputed to search, and several had already undergone that mortification, when *Eugenia* came thither, and retired as soon as she could out of the hands of those old Matrons, whose fashions would have made her laugh, had she not had so much cause of affliction.

Oronces his turn approached, when *Eugenia* perceiving her self all of a suddain transported, went to find him out and readily changing Habits with him (which differed from the rest) as we have already told you, she bid him not to torment himself, and said, that she hoped, that with this disguise every thing would fall out to their advantage.

In effect she went again, to present her self, with her Veil, down before these Venerable Dames, who took her, by the White and Black Habit,

F which

which she wore, for sister *Aurelia*. She being esteemed very vertuous, they believed that it was modesty, obliged her to be so Veiled, and therefore they would not vex her with any demand, but putting their spectacles upon their noses and taking their candles in hand, they visited that fair place with a great deal of diligence, which they could not know again, though they had exactly viewed it just a little before. Being so escaped from the danger, she went immediately to *Oronces*, and restored to him his Garments, assuring him, that there was nothing more to be feared: then he gave a thousand Kisses to this witty Lover, and at the same time, they both resolved, to go together to *Rome*, to the end, to annul the vows by which *Eugenia* was engaged, and to have her remitted in her former liberty.

The good Matrons made their report to the Superiour, and said, that although

although they had seen great matters, yet that they had perceived nothing capable of giving Sister *Lucia* the Tympany, that incommoded her ; that the mischief must have come from without, and that by using a little cunning to convict her, they might discover, who had been the Author of so great a scandal. This advice was followed with success, for *Lucia* fell into the snare laid for her, and became obliged to confess her fault without any disguise.

A little time after this had past, *Oronces's* Fathers death was published over all the Town, though our Lover saw himself by it, at more liberty than before, yet he resented it very much, and his natural tenderness made him, in secret, shed abundance of tears, to the Memory of him, who had given him life.

In the interim, his elder brother, hearing that he was no longer in the Army, caused him to be enquired after on all sides, and the report of it

being come to the Monastery, where he was, upon the account of his Mistress shut up in it, they thought it time, to contrive their retreat, least some Misfortune should discover them to those, who made such curious enquiries after their Persons.

Nothing is more industrious than Love, *Eugenia* found a way to have two Gentile suits of man's apparel, by the means of a Confident whom she had abroad, telling her, that she had a design to make presents of them to two of her Cozens, who were almost of the same stature, but because she would surprize them with that liberality, she purposed to keep the matter secret. This Friend, not knowing any thing considerable of her Amours, could not imagin the use she would put these Garments to; but did unfeignedly believe what was told her, and within three days she delivered them ready made and finisht, into her hands, who had given her Orders about them.

As soon as these two Lovers had wherewithall to shift their Habits, they thought of nothing more than of their departure. *Oronces* had brought with him two hundred Pistols, which the war had enriched him with. These he had always preserved for a time of necessity, and it was wisely done, for they were of great use to him in the journey, which he now undertook. After that both had made themselves ready, and taken with them what was necessary, they departed about nine of the clock in the Evening, through that place, already mentioned, in the Garden, and went immediately by favour of the night to put on their new Equipage.

The fear they were in of being known in the Town, made them walk a quarter of a league a foot, after which they arrived in a Village, where having taken lodging under borrowed names, they hired two Horses, to depart on the break of day.

day. Though the young *Eugenia* was not accustomed to this kind of riding, yet her address was marvellous, and she would have given those, who did not know her, reason to believe, that she had performed all her exercises in the *Academie*.

Whil'st our two Fugitives made all the hast they could to *Marseilles*, the whole Monastery, from which they ran away, was in disorder. It seemed that all the Furies were let loose against them, by reason of the continual misfortunes, that assaulted them, and of the irregularity that became so publick. In this conjuncture they knew not what to say of the present scandal, nor think what might be the cause of it. They never dreamt of *Oronces*, and the manner, that he and *Eugenia* had behaved themselves in the House, added to the surprize of all the Religious.

Several People were sent after them, but in vain, for besides that they had taken a way quite contrary,

ry, to that by which they were per-
 sued; they were already embarked
 at *Marseilles*, where they arrived, be-
 fore their departure, which was for
 some time concealed, had been pub-
 lish't abroad, and before it came to
 the knowledge of Secular Persons,
 who caused the pursuit after them. I
 cannot express, how great was *Lau-
 rentia's* sorrow, it was so much the
 more in that she knew, that she her
 self had occasioned by her constraint
 all this irregularity, and had forced
 her Daughter, to inclose her self in
 a place, for which she had never had
 any inclination. Let us leave her
 to deplore the loss of her dear *Euge-
 nia*, and follow the way of our Lovers.

Oronces having been so happy as
 to find at *Marseilles* a Vessel ready
 to saile to *Civita Vecchia*, he embar-
 qued therein, together with his Mist-
 ress, and made provision of all ne-
 cessaries for their voyage. The wind
 was so favourable, that in two days
 they arrived at *Genoa*, where after

taking some refreshment, they departed, that they might not lose the opportunity of the fair weather. But alas ! the more they advanced, the nearer they approached their ruin. The weather changed in a moment, and a storm succeeded the fair day they had had, and the violent agitation of the Waves threatned nothing less, than an assured Shipwrack. It was in vain that in this disaster, the *Pilots* and *Mariners* endeavoured to recover the Coast, which was too farr off. They must yield to the Tempest, and place all their hopes in him, who alone can command that fierce Element, and be obeyed. In the interim, *Eugenia*, more dead than alive, lay extended between her Lovers arms, who, though he himself was no less afflicted, endeavoured to comfort her by all the reasons, which his troubled Spirit could afford him, in this lamentable confusion.

But the night, which the *Pilots* dreaded most, proved not so vexatious, as
was

was feared. The wind suddenly abated, and the Sky, disclosing some Stars, gave them a little comfort, promising them according to apparencies, weather proper to persue their voyage. In effect they weighed anchor in the Dawn, and having fitted the Ship, they sayled away, singing a thousand songs of joy, which made them forget their past dangers.

But alas ! how short was their joy, and what hardship did their ill fortune still provide for them ? They scarce began to enjoy that interval of fair Weather, when they saw themselves exposed to a danger, a thousand times more tormenting, than that which they had so luckily escaped. They perceived from far a *Corfaire*, who, rightly guessing that the Tempest would scatter some Vessels upon their Coasts, lay in wait for them, and already made appear by his motions, that he looked upon this Ship, as an infallible Prey.

Those, who guided the Vessel,

where our Lovers were, gave them notice of the misfortune threatening them, and of the slavery, to which they should be reduced, if they fell into the hands of the *Corfsair*, whom they perceived out at Sea. Captivity is an evil a thousand times more insupportable, to a well born Soul, than death it self. Now crys and lamentations only were to be heard, and this news began to put all things in disorder, but this as yet was nothing, in comparison of what past, when they saw that the *Barbarian* bore up with full sail towards them ; and that it was impossible to save themselves. Had *Oronces* not been there, *Eugenia* would have flung her self into the Waters ; the evident loss of her liberty and honour, made her esteem death much more agreeable, than the rude constraints, and infamous violences, to which, she apprehended, she was going to be subjected.

Though in this to be pitied condition, her Lover was nearer death
than

than life, yet he comforted her, with giving her hopes, that she might escape undiscovered in the Habit, which she wore, since it was not conformable to her Sex. That it was not without example, that captives have found clemency from those kind of People, and that Love, who had drawn them out of an infinity of troubles, would not now forsake them in a rencounter, where his succour was absolutely necessary.

In the mean while, the *Corfsair* came up to them, and obliged them to lowre their Sails, and shot of several pieces of Cannon, to fright them, the others, not being in a condition to defend themselves against such powerful Enemies, were constrained to yield to their force, and to receive into their Ship those, who were about to enslave them. As soon as the *Barbarian* was entered, he was ravished with the beauty of our two young *Cavaliers*; he enquired of what Nation they were, and whither

ther they designed to go. They answered, that they were two Brothers, born in *France*, and that they had departed thence to travel into *Italy*. The *African*, who understood the Language, was charmed with the engaging and respectful air, wherewith they had answered him ; he preferred these fair youths before all the rest of his Prey, and for their sake, all those of their Company were treated with less inhumanity, than is usual in the like accidents. Nevertheless they were forced to put on Irons in order to prevent all designs, that despair might inspire them with, in so vexatious a conjuncture. *Oronces* and *Eugenia*, being more favoured by the *Barbarian*, and having dissembled their affliction, were exempted from the Chains, and took for a good Omen, these first favours, which made them, as it were, still enjoy an entire liberty.

These poor unfortunate creatures, were brought to *Tripoly*, and were
all.

all exposed to sale, except our two *French* men, and to change their their Master, as soon as they arrived there. The *Corsair*, knowing by the Carriage, Manners, and Habits of the two Brothers, that they were not of the common sort, would keep them himself, and always treated them, as Persons of the first Quality, and from whom, he expected a considerable Ransome. So that it might be said, that they were free in their slavery, and that they might relish the same sweets, as they heretofore found in their entertainments, when they were without imprisonment or constraint.

Nevertheless, all this good usage was capable only of lessning their trouble, but not of freeing them altogether from it. The remembrance of what they were, and their shame and confusion to discover to their Relations what had hapned to them, tormented their mind more than I can express. They even resolved not

to

to send them any account, or news of themselves; but chose rather to resigne themselves to Fortune, that does often please it self in delivering the miserable out of Dungeons, to raise them up to Thrones, than have recourse to persons, who would not relieve them, until they had past severe censures upon their conduct.

In the mean while, the *Corfsair*, who expected suddainly to receive money for their deliverance, began to grow impatient at the delay, and he had already entertained them four Months, without obliging them to any employment, disagreeable unto them. He again demanded, whether there were any thing to be expected from them? *Oronces* answered him, that they acknowledged him for their Master, that they were at his discretion, and that they did believe, that none were disposed to ransom them.

The *Barbarian*, whom the Hopes of Gain, rather than the Lustre of Beauty,

Beauty had moved to the clemency used towards them, was very much surprized with that answer, and told them coldly, that they might then dispose themselves to change their dwelling, since that, they being unfit for any labour, he would not any longer maintain unprofitable people in his House. In effect he exposed them to sale in the first Markets.

For you must know, that amongst these Infidels, men are not in a much happier condition, than beasts; and that they are there bought and sold, after the same manner, as Animals void of reason are with us.

As soon as our *Pirate* had exposed the two Young *French* men to public sale, they were encompassed by a number of Persons, who, judging by their meen, that they would be sold at a dear rate, approached them more to admire their Beauty, than to make any proffer. Nevertheless, there were some, who endeavoured to become Masters of them, but the

Corfair

Corfaire, who took them, desiring to be reimbursed of the Expences which he had been at in their Entertainment, put so high a prize upon them, that they still stuck upon his hands.

Whilst that the *African* was in paine, to be with advantage rid of his Captives, he received news of the arrival of a Ship from *Alexandria*, sent by a *Beglerbeg* or Governour of the Country, to transport Slaves, that were to be bought at *Tripoly*, but above all he was overjoyed, when he understood from the Captain, that he had order to search for all the Fair Youths, that he could find, to carry to his Master, who had a design to make a Present of them to the *Bassa* of *Egypt*.

He imparted these news to our two Lovers, telling them that they were very much favoured by Fortune, in that they had fallen into no other hands than his, from whom they had not received any ill entertainment, and that they parted not

from.

from him, but to be yet more happy, since they were destined for the pleasures of a Prince, who acknowledged no man above him, but the Grand Seignieur.

Eugenia, who understood not the *Barbarians* meaning, received much joy at these news, but when *Oronces*, who was a little more knowing, had told her what he conceived, she was not to be comforted, and wish't that an excessive Ugliness might succeed her great Beauty, and that by some happy Metamorphosis, the charms of her Youth might be changed into the horrid wrinkles of old Age. Her Lover did not differ from her in his wishes but these were all in vain: Appear they must before him, who was to buy them, if he approved of them.

Though they stood in no need of Ornaments, to please those who looked upon them ; yet they were clothed in Vests of Silk, branched all over with Gold, and wore upon their heads

heads a *Turbant* after the *Ottoman* Fashion, and in that dress were brought to the *Alexandrian* Captain. These Garments, which were very splendid, did not a little set off the Beauty of our two young Captives; and they received from them so great advantage, that the Captain was charmed, and gave the *Tripolin* his own price for their Persons.

See here *Oronces* and *Eugenia* ready to sail for *Egypt*, and in all appearance, for ever deprived of the happiness, which they hoped for, in once more seeing their own Country. Yet they durst not discover their Melancholy, for fear of rendring themselves more miserable. They gave the night only to their tears, and some secret Moments which they as it were stole, to ease their hearts of those Pains and Tortures, which they felt within.

They being destined for the *Bassas* pleasure, you may be sure that they were not ill treated by the Captain,

taine, who considered them, as men one day likely to become Favorits to his Prince, rather then as unhappy Slaves: he granted them every thing they desired, and forgot nothing that might contribute to their satisfaction. They eat at his Table, which he caused to be served with the most delicious dainties, and meats most proper to preserve them fresh and fair.

But alas! all these favours did not at all touch the hearts of our Lovers, they stifled a thousand sighs within themselves, when they outwardly appeared any thing joyful; and the reflection, which they made upon their Fate, fretted them with horror, and inspired them with nothing, but sentiments of despair, to which, without particular Grace, they had without doubt abandoned themselves.

They were fifteen days in the *Port of Tripoly*, ere the wind stood fair for their departure. This gave them much joy, but it continued not long
for

for on the sixteenth, it changed and became favourable. The *Egyptian* Captain, who desired nothing more, than to return presently to *Alexandria*, to make his Merchandise be there admired, caused the Anchors forthwith to be weighed, and with full sails departed, not designing to go far until they had attained the sight of the neighbouring *Promontory* of the small Isle of Lea.

The beginning of their voyage, was so prosperous, that on the first night they came within sight of *Pontia*, which is more than an hundred and fifty miles distant from the place whence they set out. All who were in the Ship, rejoiced at this good speed. Our Lovers alone continued sad, and regarded themselves as poor Victims, who were to be sacrificed to the Brutality of a Prince, if God by some extraordinary effect of his power, did not deliver them from the evident danger that came every moment nearer and nearer to them. In

In fine their Tears and Prayers ascended even to Heaven ; the Wind changed in an instant, and became so fierce, that the *Pilots* were obliged to turne their Course back again, and to seek out some harbour, to shelter from the Storme, wherewith they were menaced. But the danger prest them on all sides, for they could not stay at *Pontia*, without exposing themselves to Banks of Sands, that encompassed them : They could not also go far from thence, without approaching *Malta*, which belonged to their most untractable enemies. In this confusion, they judged it more proper to retire from the sands among which it was impossible to avoid Shipwrack, and to advance towards the Isle, where nothing was to be feared, if they could escape unperceived.

But they had hardly shifted Sails that way, when they were discovered by three Galleys and a man of War, belonging to the Island, which having deceived them with a false Flag,

Flag, attack't them so unexpectedly, that the *Egyptian* Captain, being unable to defend himself against so great a Force, was obliged to yield up himself, his Slaves, Ship and all.

Then our Lovers began to breath again when they saw themselves in the hands of Christians, and at the disposal of a Nobility so generous, as are the Knights of *Malta*. *Oronces*, who had a Kinsman in that Order, made himself known immediately, and received from the Great Master, and all the *French* Knights then present, all the Honour and fair entertainment, which his good Fortune had prepared for him. He told them a part of his adventures, and declared the design he had of going to *Rome*, along with the Gentleman that bore him Company, yet he could not prevent staying some days among those of his own Nation, who had a desire to retain him for a longer time ; but the opportunity of departing in a *Galley*, which had lately transported
an

an *Italian* Prince, separated them, after returning a thousand thanks to the Great Master, and taking leave of the other Knights, who had so kindly entertained them.

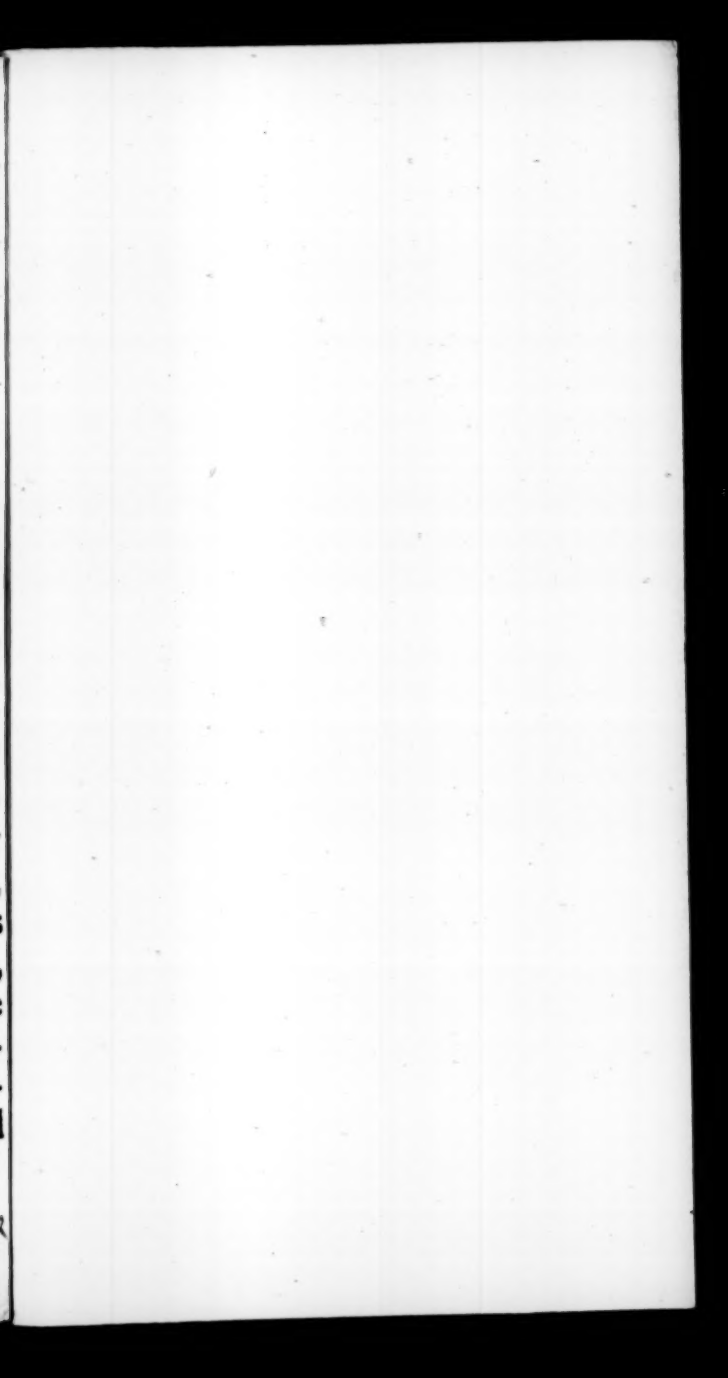
It was in this Voyage, that Love, victorious over Fortune, happily conducted these two delivered Captives. They past the straights of *Messina*, and after having coasted part of *Calabria*, and past within sight of *Naples*, they arrived at the Port of *Ostia*, from whence they went to *Rome*, with Letters of Recommendation to a *Cardinal*, who was Brother to the *Italian* Prince, we mentioned.

As soon as they were arrived in Town, they earnestly solicited their business, and *Eugenia* having made a declaration of the manner, that she entered into Religion, and of the surprise, that had caused her to make her Vows, *Oronces* presented it to the *Cardinal*, that he was recommended to; he gained his favour, and related to him every thing that he had done,
for

for that Lady, and the hazards which he had run through. The recital of so many misfortunes so moved the heart of this Lord, that he caused all the proceedings of her Profession to be made null and void, and replaced her in her former liberty.

After this they returned into *France*, where their Marriage was celebrated, with so much the more joy, as that the Elder brother of *Oronces*, having been killed in a Duel, left him the only heir to all the Estate of his Family, and so obtained *Laurentia's* consent, (who was overjoyed to see again her dear *Eugenia*) yet she never would have given it, but that she could no longer refuse it, without opposing her Daughters advantage. Pomp, sports, and mirth accompanied the Nuptials of our Lovers. The Feast was publick, and the Pleasures of successful Love was to both of them the more grateful, in that they had struggled with infinite obstacles, which now they had happily overcome. 6 AU 55 01

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